



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07493757 8

ONE
M
ES-
TH



NCW
Palmer-Lytton
v.f.

No 5612
Harper's Stereotype Edition.

EUGENE ARAM.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"PELHAM," "THE DISOWNED," "DEVEREUX," &c.

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

* * * All things that are
Made for our general uses, are at war,
Ev'n we among ourselves!"

JOHN FLETCHER,
Upon "An Honest Man's Fortune."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

By Edward George Bulwer-Lytton

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. & J. HARPER,

NO. 83 CLIFF-STREET.

AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES

1832.

P

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

799531 A

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1936 L

ROY W. B.
CLUB
1936

EUGENE ARAM.

BOOK III.

CONTINUED.

WOR 20 JUN '34

100

100

100

100

BOOK THE THIRD

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VII.

ARAM'S SECRET EXPEDITION—A SCENE WORTHY THE ACTORS—
—ARAM'S ADDRESS AND POWERS OF PERSUASION OR HYPOCRISY—THEIR RESULT—A FEARFUL NIGHT—ARAM'S SOLITARY RIDE HOMEWARD—WHOM HE MEETS BY THE WAY, AND WHAT HE SEES.

"Macbeth. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead.

Donalbain. Our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer.

Old Man. Hours dreadful and things strange."—*Macbeth.*

"And you must really go to ****, to pay your importunate creditor this very evening. Sunday is a bad day for such matters; but as you pay him by an order, it does not much signify; and I can well understand your impatience to feel discharged of the debt. But it is already late; and if it must be so, you had better start."

"True," said Aram to the above remark of Lester's, as the two stood together without the door; "but do you feel quite secure and guarded against any renewed attack?"

"Why, unless they bring a regiment, yes! I have put a body of our patrol on a service where they can scarce be inefficient, viz. I have stationed them in the house, instead of without; and I shall myself bear them company through the greater part of the night: to-morrow I shall remove all that I possess of value to **** (the county town) including those unlucky guineas, which you will not ease me of."

"The order you have kindly given me will amply satisfy my purpose," answered Aram: "And so, there

has been no clew to these robberies discovered throughout the day?"

"None: to-morrow the magistrates are to meet at ****, and concert measures: it is absolutely impossible but that we should detect the villains in a few days, viz. if they remain in these parts. I hope to heaven you will not meet them this evening."

"I shall go well armed," answered Aram, "and the horse you lend me is fleet and strong. And now farewell for the present; I shall probably not return to Grassdale this night, or if I do, it will be at so late an hour, that I shall seek my own domicile without disturbing you."

"No, no; you had better remain in the town, and not return till morning," said the squire; "and now let us come to the stables."

To obviate all chance of suspicion as to the real place of his destination, Aram deliberately rode to the town he had mentioned, as the one in which his pretended creditor expected him. He put up at an inn, walked forth as if to visit some one in the town, returned, remounted, and by a circuitous route, came into the neighbourhood of the place in which he was to meet Houseman: then turning into a long and dense chain of wood, he fastened his horse to a tree, and looking to the priming of his pistols, which he carried under his riding-cloak, proceeded to the spot on foot.

The night was still, and not wholly dark; for the clouds lay scattered, though dense, and suffered many stars to gleam through the heavy air; the moon herself was abroad, but on her decline, and looked forth with a wan and saddened aspect, as she travelled from cloud to cloud. It has been the necessary course of our narrative to portray Aram, more often than to give an exact notion of his character we could have altogether wished, in his weaker moments; but whenever he stood in the actual presence of danger, his whole soul was in arms to cope with it worthily: courage, sagacity, even cunning, all awakened to the encounter; and the mind which his life had so austere cultivated repaid him in the urgent season, with its acute address and unswerving hardihood. The Devil's Crag, as it was popularly called, was a spot consecrated by many a wild tradition, which would not, perhaps, be wholly out of character with the dark thread of this tale, were we in accordance

with certain of our brethren, who seem to think a novel like a bundle of wood, the more faggots it contains the greater its value, allowed by the rapidity of our narrative to relate them.

The same stream which lent so soft an attraction to the valleys of Grassdale, here assumed a different character; broad, black, and rushing, it whirled along a course overhung by shagged and abrupt banks. On the opposite side to that by which Aram now pursued his path, an almost perpendicular mountain was covered with gigantic pine and fir, that might have reminded a German wanderer of the darkest recesses of the Hartz; and seemed indeed no unworthy haunt for the weird huntsman, or the forest fiend. Over this wood the moon now shimmered, with the pale and feeble light we have already described; and only threw into a more sombre shade the motionless and gloomy foliage. Of all the offspring of the forest, the fir bears, perhaps, the most saddening and desolate aspect. Its long branches, without absolute leaf or blossom; its dead, dark, eternal hue, which the winter seems to wither not, nor the spring to revive, have I know not what of a mystic and unnatural life. Around all woodland, there is that *horror umbrarum* which becomes more remarkably solemn and awing amid the silence and depth of night: but this is yet more especially the characteristic of that sullen evergreen. Perhaps, too, this effect is increased by the steril and dreary soil, on which, when it grows, it is generally found; and its very hardness, the very pertinacity with which it draws its strange unfluctuating life, from the sternest wastes and most reluctant strata, enhance, unconsciously, the unwelcome effect it is calculated to create upon the mind. At this place, too, the waters that dashed beneath gave yet additional wildness to the rank verdure of the wood, and contributed, by their rushing darkness, partially broken by the stars, and the hoarse roar of their chafed course, a yet more grim and savage sublimity to the scene.

Winding a narrow path (for the whole country was as familiar as a garden to his footstep) that led through the tall wet herbage, almost along the perilous brink of the stream, Aram was now aware, by the increased and deafening sound of the waters, that the appointed spot was nearly gained; and presently the glimmering and imperfect light of the skies revealed the dim shape of a

gigantic rock, that rose abruptly from the middle of the stream; and which, rude, barren, vast, as it really was, seemed now, by the uncertainty of night, like some monstrous and deformed creature of the waters, suddenly emerging from their vexed and dreary depths. This was the far-famed crag, which had borrowed from tradition its evil and ominous name. And now, the stream bending round with a broad and sudden swoop showed at a little distance, ghostly and indistinct through the darkness, the mighty waterfall, whose roar had been his guide. Only in one streak a-down the giant cataract, the stars were reflected; and this long train of broken light glittered preternaturally forth through the rugged crags and the sombre verdure, that wrapped either side of the waterfall in utter and rayless gloom.

Nothing could exceed the forlorn and terrific grandeur of the spot; the roar of the waters supplied to the ear what the night forbade to the eye. Incessant and eternal they thundered down into the gulf; and then shooting over that fearful basin, and forming another but a mimic fall, dashed on; till they were opposed by the sullen and abrupt crag below; and besieging its base with a renewed roar, sent their foamy and angry spray half way up the hoar ascent.

At this stern and dreary spot, well suited for such conferences as Aram and Houseman alone could hold; and which, whatever was the original secret that linked the two men thus strangely, seemed of necessity to partake of a desperate and lawless character, with danger for its main topic, and death itself for its colouring, Aram now paused, and with an eye accustomed to the darkness, looked around for his companion.

He did not wait long: from the profound shadow that girded the space immediately around the fall, Houseman now emerged and joined the student. The stunning noise of the cataract in the place where they met forbade any attempt to converse; and they walked on by the course of the stream, to gain a spot less in reach of the deafening shout of the mountain giant as he rushed with his banded waters upon the valley like a foe.

It was noticeable that as they proceeded, Aram walked on with an unsuspecting and careless demeanour; but Houseman pointing out the way with his hand, not leading it, kept a little behind Aram, and watched his motions with a vigilant and wary eye. The student, who

had diverged from the path at Houseman's direction, now paused at a place where the matted bushes seemed to forbid any farther progress; and said, for the first time breaking the silence, "We cannot proceed; shall this be the place of our conference?"

"No," said Houseman, "we had better pierce the bushes. I know the way, but will not lead it."

"And wherefore?"

"The mark of your gripe is still on my throat," replied Houseman, significantly; "you know as well as I, that it is not always safe to have a friend lagging behind."

"Let us rest here, then," said Aram, calmly, the darkness veiling any alteration of his countenance which his comrade's suspicion might have created.

"Yet it were much better," said Houseman, doubtfully, "could we gain the cave below."

"The cave!" said Aram, starting, as if the word had a sound of fear.

"Ay, ay: but not St. Robert's," said Houseman; and the grin of his teeth was visible through the dulness of the shade. "But come, give me your hand, and I will venture to conduct you through the thicket:—that is your left hand," observed Houseman, with a sharp and angry suspicion in his tone; "give me the right."

"As you will," said Aram, in a subdued, yet meaning voice, that seemed to come from his heart; and thrilled, for an instant, to the bones of him who heard it; "as you will; but for fourteen years I have not given this right hand, in pledge of fellowship, to living man; you alone deserve the courtesy—there!"

Houseman hesitated before he took the hand now extended to him.

"Pshaw!" said he, as if indignant at himself, "what! scruples at a shadow! Come," (grasping the hand) "that's well—so, so; now we are in the thicket—tread firm—this way—hold," continued Houseman, under his breath, as suspicion anew seemed to cross him; "hold! we can see each other's face not even dimly now: but in this hand, my right is free, I have a knife that has done good service ere this; and if I feel cause to suspect that you meditate to play me false, I bury it in your heart; do you heed me?"

"Fool!" said Aram, scornfully, "I should dread you dead yet more than living."

Houseman made no answer; but continued to grope on through the path in the thicket, which he evidently knew well; though even in daylight, so thick were the trees, and so artfully had their boughs been left to cover the track, no path could have been discovered by one unacquainted with the clew.

They had now walked on for some minutes, and of late their steps had been threading a rugged, and somewhat precipitous descent: all this while, the pulse of the hand Houseman held, beat with as steadfast and calm a throb as in the most quiet mood of learned meditation; although Aram could not but be conscious that a mere accident, a slip of the foot, an entanglement in the briars, might awaken the irritable fears of his ruffian comrade, and bring the knife to his breast. But this was not that form of death that could shake the nerves of Aram; nor, though arming his whole soul to ward off one danger, was he well sensible of another, that might have seemed equally near and probable to a less collected and energetic nature. Houseman now halted, again put aside the boughs, proceeded a few steps, and by a certain dampness and oppression in the air, Aram rightly conjectured himself in the cavern Houseman had spoken of.

"We are landed now," said Houseman, "but wait, I will strike a light; I do not love darkness, even with another sort of companion than the one I have now the honour to entertain!"

In a few moments a light was produced, and placed aloft on a crag in the cavern; but the ray it gave was feeble and dull, and left all beyond the immediate spot in which they stood in a darkness little less Cimmerian than before.

"Fore Gad, it is cold," said Houseman, shivering, "but I have taken care, you see, to provide for a friend's comfort;" so saying, he approached a bundle of dry sticks and leaves, piled at one corner of the cave, applied the light to the fuel, and presently, the fire rose crackling, breaking into a thousand sparks, and freeing itself gradually from the cloud of smoke in which it was enveloped. It now mounted into a ruddy and cheering flame, and the warm glow played picturesquely upon the gray sides of the cavern, which was of a rugged shape, and small dimensions, and cast its reddening light over the forms of the two men.

Houseman stood close to the flame, spreading his hands

over it, and a sort of grim complacency stealing along features singularly ill-favoured and sinister in their expression, as he felt the animal luxury of the warmth.

Across his middle was a broad leathern belt containing a brace of large horse-pistols, and the knife, or rather dagger, with which he had menaced Aram,—an instrument sharpened on both sides, and nearly a foot in length. Altogether, what with his muscular breadth of figure, his hard and rugged features, his weapons, and a certain reckless, bravo air which indescribably marked his attitude and bearing, it was not well possible to imagine a fitter habitant for that grim cave, or one from whom men of peace, like Eugene Aram, might have seemed to derive more reasonable cause of alarm.

The scholar stood at a little distance, waiting till his companion was entirely prepared for the conference, and his pale and lofty features hushed in their usual deep, but at such a moment almost preternatural, repose. He stood leaning with folded arms against the rude wall; the light reflected upon his dark garments, with the graceful riding-cloak of the day half-falling from his shoulder, and revealing also the pistols in his belt, and the sword, which, though commonly worn at that time by all pretending to superiority above the lower and trading orders, Aram usually waived as a distinction, but now carried as a defence. And nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the ruffian form of his companion and the delicate and chiselled beauty of the student's features, with their air of mournful intelligence and serene command, and the slender, though nervous, symmetry of his frame.

"Houseman," said Aram, now advancing, as his comrade turned his face from the flame towards him, "before we enter on the main subject of our proposed commune, tell me, were you engaged on the attempt last night upon Lester's house?"

"By the fiend, no!" answered Houseman; "nor did I learn it till this morning; it was unpremeditated till within a few hours of the time by the two fools who alone planned it. The fact is, that myself and the greater part of our little band were engaged some miles off, in the western part of the county. Two (our general) spies had been of their own accord into your neighbourhood to reconnoitre. They marked Lester's house during the day, and gathered (as I can say by experience it was

easy to do), from unsuspected inquiry in the village, for they wore a clown's dress, several particulars which induced them to think it contained what might repay the trouble of breaking into it; and, walking along the fields, they overheard the good master of the house tell one of his neighbours of a large sum at home, nay, even describe the place where it was kept. That determined them. They feared (as the old man, indeed, observed) that the sum might be removed the next day; they had noted the house sufficiently to profit by the description given: they resolved then of themselves, for it was too late to reckon on our assistance, to break into the room in which the money was kept, though, from the aroused vigilance of the frightened hamlet and the force within the house, they resolved to attempt no farther booty. They reckoned on the violence of the storm and the darkness of the night to prevent their being heard or seen. They were mistaken; the house was alarmed; they were no sooner in the luckless room than—

"Well, I know the rest. Was the one wounded dangerously hurt?"

"Oh, he will recover, he will recover; our men are no chickens. But I own I thought it natural that you might suspect me of sharing in the attack; and though, as I have said before, I do not love you, I have no wish to embroil matters so far as an outrage on the house of your father-in-law might be reasonably expected to do; at all events, while the gate to an amicable compromise between us is still open."

"I am satisfied on this head," said Aram; "and I can now treat with you in a spirit of less distrustful precaution than before. I tell you, Houseman, that the terms are no longer at your control; you must leave this part of the country, and that forthwith, or you inevitably perish. The whole population is alarmed, and the most vigilant of the London police have been already sent for. Life is sweet to you, as to us all; and I cannot imagine you so mad as to incur, not the risk, but the certainty, of losing it. You can no longer, therefore, hold the threat of your presence over my head. Besides, were you able to do so, I at least have the power, which you seem to have forgotten, of freeing myself from it. Am I chained to yonder valleys?—have I not the facility of quitting them at any moment I will?—of seeking a hiding-place, which might baffle, not only your vigilance to discover

me, but that of the law? True, my approaching marriage puts some elog on my wing; but you know that I, of all men, am not likely to be the slave of passion. And what ties are strong enough to arrest the steps of him who flies from a fearful death? Am I using sophistry here, Houseman? Have I not reason on my side?"

"What you say is true enough," said Houseman, reluctantly; "I do not gainsay it. But I know you have not sought me in this spot, and at this hour, for the purpose of denying my claims. The desire of compromise alone can have brought you hither."

"You speak well," said Aram, preserving the admirable coolness of his manner, and continuing the deep and sagacious hypocrisy by which he sought to baffle the dogged covetousness and keen sense of interest with which he had to contend. "It is not easy for either of us to deceive the other. We are men whose perceptions a life of danger has sharpened upon all points; I speak to you frankly, for disguise is unavailing. Though I can fly from your reach—though I can desert my present home and my intended bride—I would fain think I have free and secure choice to preserve that exact path and scene of life which I have chalked out for myself. I would fain be rid of all apprehension from you. There are two ways only by which this security can be won. The first is through your death;—nay, start not, nor put your hand on your pistol; you have not now cause to fear me. Had I chosen that method of escape, I could have effected it long since. When months ago you slept under my roof—ay, *slept*—what should have hindered me from stabbing you during the slumber? Two nights since, when my blood was up and the fury upon me, what should have prevented me tightening the grasp that you so resent, and laying you breathless at my feet? Nay, now, though you keep your eye fixed on my motions, and your hand upon your weapon, you would be no match for a desperate and resolved man, who might as well perish in the conflict with you as by the protracted accomplishment of your threats. Your ball *might* fail—even now I see your hand trembles—mine, *if* I so will it, is certain death. No, Houseman, it would be as vain for your eye to scan the dark pool into whose breast yon cataract casts its waters as for your intellect to pierce the depths of my mind and motives. Your murder, though in self-defence, would lay a weight upon my soul

which would sink it for ever. I should see in your death new chances of detection spread themselves before me. The terrors of the dead are not to be bought or awed into silence; I should pass from one peril into another; and the law's dread vengeance might fall upon me through the last peril even yet more surely than through the first. Be composed, then, on this point! From my hand, unless you urge it madly upon yourself, you are wholly safe. Let us turn to my second method of attaining security. It lies, not in your momentary cessation from persecutions, not in your absence from this spot alone; you must quit the country—you must never return to it—your home must be cast, and your very grave dug, in a foreign soil. Are you prepared for this? If not, I can say no more; and I again cast myself passive into the arms of Fate."

"You ask," said Houseman, whose fears were allayed by Aram's address, though, at the same time, his dissolute and desperate nature was subdued and tamed in spite of himself, by the very composure of the loftier mind with which it was brought in contact; "you ask," said he, "no trifling favour of a man,—to desert his country for ever. But I am no dreamer, to love one spot better than another. I should, perhaps, prefer a foreign clime, as the safer and the freer from old recollections, if I could live in it as a man who loves the relish of life should do. Show me the advantages I am to gain by exile, and farewell to the pale cliffs of England for ever!"

"Your demand is just," answered Aram; "listen, then. I am willing to coin all my poor wealth, save alone the barest pittance wherewith to sustain life; nay, more, I am prepared also to melt down the whole of my possible expectations from others into the form of an annuity to yourself. But, mark! it will be taken out of my hands so that you can have no power over me to alter the conditions with which it will be saddled. It will be so vested, that it shall commence the moment you touch a foreign clime, and wholly and for ever cease the moment you set foot on any part of English ground, or, mark also! at the moment of my death. I shall then know that no farther hope from me can induce you to risk this income; for as I should have spent my all in attaining it, you cannot even meditate the design of extorting more. I shall know that you will not menace my life, for my death would be the destruction of your

fortunes. We shall live thus separate and secure from each other; you will have only cause to hope for my safety, and I shall have no reason to shudder at yours. Through one channel alone could I then fear, namely, that in dying you should enjoy the fruitless vengeance of criminating me. But this chance I must patiently endure. You, if older, are more robust and hardy than myself; your life will probably be longer than mine; and even were it otherwise, why should we destroy one another? At my deathbed I will solemnly swear to respect your secret; why not on your part, I say not swear, but resolve to respect mine? We cannot love one another, but why hate with a gratuitous and demon vengeance? No, Houseman; however circumstances may have darkened or steeled your heart, it is touched with humanity yet. You will have owed to me the bread of a secure and easy existence; you will feel that I have stripped myself, even to penury, to purchase the comforts I cheerfully resign to you; you will remember, that instead of the sacrifices enjoined by this alternative, I might have sought only to counteract your threats by attempting a life that you strove to make a snare and torture to my own. You will remember this; and you will not grudge me the austere and gloomy solitude in which I seek to forget, or the one solace with which I, perhaps vainly, endeavour to cheer my passage to a quiet grave. No, Houseman, no; dislike, hate, menace me as you will; I still feel I shall have no cause to dread the mere wantonness of your revenge."

These words, aided by a tone of voice and an expression of countenance that gave them perhaps their chief effect, took even the hardened nature of Houseman by surprise; he was affected by an emotion which he could not have believed it possible the man who till then had galled him by the humbling sense of inferiority, could have created. He extended his hand to Aram.

"By —," he exclaimed, with an oath which we spare the reader, "you are right! you have made me as helpless in your hands as an infant. I accept your offer —if I were to refuse it, I should be driven to the same courses I now pursue. But look you; I know not what may be the amount of the annuity you can raise. I shall not, however, require more than will satisfy wants, which, if not so scanty as your own, are not at least very extravagant or very refined. As for the rest, if there be

any surplus, in God's name keep it for yourself, and rest assured that, so far as I am concerned, you shall be molested no more."

"No, Houseman," said Aram, with a half-smile, "you shall have all I first mentioned; that is, all beyond what nature craves, honourably and fully. Man's best resolutions are weak: if you knew I possessed aught to spare, a fancied want, a momentary extravagance might tempt you to demand it. Let us put ourselves beyond the possible reach of temptation. But do not flatter yourself by the hope that the income will be magnificent. My own annuity is but trifling, and the half of the dowry I expect from my future father-in-law is all that I can at present obtain. The whole of that dowry is insignificant as a sum. But if this does not suffice for you, I must beg or borrow elsewhere."

"This, after all, is a pleasanter way of settling business," said Houseman, "than by threats and anger. And now I will tell you exactly the sum on which, if I could receive it yearly, I could live without looking beyond the pale of the law for more—on which I could cheerfully renounce England, and commence 'the honest man.' But then, hark you, I must have half settled on my little daughter."

"What! have you a child?" said Aram, eagerly, and well pleased to find an additional security for his own safety.

"Ay, a little girl, my only one, in her eighth year; she lives with her grandmother, for she is motherless, and that girl must not be left quite penniless should I be summoned hence before my time. Some twelve years hence—as poor Jane promises to be pretty—she may be married off my hands, but her childhood must not be left to the chances of beggary or shame."

"Doubtless not, doubtless not. Who shall say now that we ever outlive feeling?" said Aram. "Half the annuity shall be settled upon her, should she survive you; but on the same conditions, ceasing when I die, or the instant of your return to England. And now name the sum that you deem sufficing."

"Why," said Houseman, counting on his fingers, and muttering "twenty—fifty—wine and the creature cheap abroad—humph! a hundred for living and half as much for pleasure. Come, Aram, one hundred and fifty guineas per annum, English money, will do for a foreign life—you see I am easily satisfied."

"Be it so," said Aram; "I will engage by one means or another to procure it. For this purpose I shall set out for London to-morrow; I will not lose a moment in seeing the necessary settlement made as we have specified. But meanwhile, you must engage to leave this neighbourhood, and if possible cause your comrades to do the same, although you will not hesitate, for the sake of your own safety, immediately to separate from them."

"Now that we are on good terms," replied Houseman, "I will not scruple to oblige you in these particulars. My comrades *intend* to quit the country before to-morrow; nay, half are already gone; by daybreak I myself will be some miles hence, and separated from each of them. Let us meet in London after the business is completed, and there conclude our last interview on earth."

"What will be your address?"

"In Lambeth there is a narrow alley that leads to the water-side, called Peveril-lane. The last house to the right, towards the river, is my usual lodging—a safe resting-place at all times, and for all men."

"There then will I seek you. And now, Houseman, fare you well! As you remember your word to me, may life flow smooth for your child."

"Eugene Aram," said Houseman, "there is about you something against which the fiercer devil within me would rise in vain. I have read that the tiger can be awed by the human eye, and you compel me into submission by a spell equally unaccountable. You are a singular man, and it seems to me a riddle how we could ever have been thus connected, or how—but we will not rip up the past, it is an ugly sight, and the fire is just out. Those stories do not do for the dark. But to return:—were it only for the sake of my child, you might depend upon me now; better too an arrangement of this sort than if I had a larger sum in hand, which I might be tempted to fling away, and, in looking for more, run my neck into a halter, and leave poor Jane upon charity. But come, it is almost dark again, and no doubt you wish to be stirring: stay, I will lead you back, and put you on the right track, lest you stumble on my friends."

"Is this cavern one of their haunts?" said Aram.

"Sometimes: but they sleep the other side of the Devil's Crag to-night. Nothing like a change of quarters for longevity—eh?"

"And they easily spare you?"

"Yes, if it be only on rare occasions, and on the plea of *family* business. Now then, your hand, as before. Jesu! how it rains—lightning too—I could look with less fear on a naked sword than those red, forked, blinding flashes.—Hark! thunder."

The night had now, indeed, suddenly changed its aspect; the rain descended in torrents, even more impetuously than on the former night, while the thunder burst over their very heads, as they wound upward through the brake. With every instant, the lightning broke from the riven chasm of the blackness that seemed suspended as in a solid substance above, brightened the whole heaven into one livid and terrific flame, and showed to the two men the faces of each other, rendered deathlike and ghastly by the glare. Houseman was evidently affected by the fear that sometimes seizes even the sturdiest criminals, when exposed to those more fearful phenomena of the heavens which seem to humble into nothing the power and the wrath of man. His teeth chattered, and he muttered broken words about the peril of wandering near trees when the lightning was of that forked character, accelerating his pace at every sentence, and sometimes interrupting himself with an ejaculation, half-oath, half-prayer, or a congratulation that the rain at least diminished the danger. They soon cleared the thicket, and a few minutes brought them once more to the banks of the stream, and the increased roar of the cataract. No earthly scene perhaps could surpass the appalling sublimity of that which they beheld;—every instant the lightning, which became more and more frequent, converting the black waters into billows of living fire, or wreathing itself in lurid spires around the huge crag that now rose in sight; and again, as the thunder rolled onward, darting its vain fury upon the rushing cataract, and the tortured breast of the gulf that raved below. And the sounds that filled the air were even more fraught with terror and menace than the scene;—the waving, the groans, the crash of the pines on the hill, the impetuous force of the rain upon the whirling river, and the everlasting roar of the cataract, answered anon by the yet more awful voice that burst above it from the clouds.

They halted while yet sufficiently distant from the cataract to be heard by each other. "My path," said

Aram, as the lightning now paused upon the scene, and seemed literally to wrap in a lurid shroud the dark figure of the student, as he stood with his hand calmly raised, and his cheek pale, but dauntless and composed; "My path now lies yonder: in a week we shall meet again."

"By the fiend," said Houseman, shuddering, "I would not, for a full hundred, ride alone through the moor you will pass: There stands a gibbet by the road, on which a parricide was hanged in chains. Pray Heaven this might be no omen of the success of our present compact!"

"A steady heart, Houseman," answered Aram, striking into the separate path, "is its own omen."

The student soon gained the spot in which he had left his horse: the animal had not attempted to break the bridle, but stood trembling from limb to limb, and testified by a quick short neigh the satisfaction with which it hailed the approach of its master, and found itself no longer alone.

Aram remounted, and hastened once more into the main road. He scarcely felt the rain, though the fierce wind drove it right against his path; he scarcely marked the lightning, though at times it seemed to dart its arrows on his very form; his heart was absorbed in the success of his schemes.

"Let the storm without howl on," thought he, "that within hath a respite at last. Amid the wind and rains I can breathe more freely than I have done on the smoothest summer day. By the charm of a deeper mind and a subtler tongue, I have then conquered this desperate foe; I have silenced this inveterate spy: and, Heaven be praised, he too has human ties: and by those ties I hold him! Now then, I hasten to London—I arrange this annuity—see that the law tightens every cord of the compact; and when all is done, and this dangerous man fairly departed on his exile, I return to Madeline, and devote to her a life no longer the vassal of accident and the hour: but I have been taught caution. Secure as my own prudence may have made me from farther apprehension of Houseman, I will yet place myself *wholly* beyond his power: I will still consummate my former purpose, adopt a new name and seek a new retreat; Madeline may not know the real cause; but this brain is not barren of excuse. Ah!" as drawing his cloak closer round him, he felt the purse hid within his breast which contained the order he had obtained from Lester,

"Ah! this will now add its quota to purchase, not a momentary relief, but the stipend of perpetual silence. I have passed through the ordeal easier than I had hoped for. Had the devil at his heart been more difficult to lay, so necessary is his absence, that I must have purchased it at any cost. Courage, Eugene Aram! thy mind, for which thou hast lived, and for which thou hast hazarded thy soul—if soul and mind be distinct from each other—thy mind can support thee yet through every peril: not till thou art stricken into idiocy shalt thou behold thyself defenceless. "How cheerfully," muttered he, after a momentary pause, "how cheerfully, for safety, and to breathe with a quiet heart the air of Madeline's presence, shall I rid myself of all save enough to defy want. And want can never *now* come to me, as of old. He who knows the sources of every science from which wealth is wrought holds even wealth at his will."

Breaking at every interval into these soliloquies, Aram continued to breast the storm until he had won half his journey, and had come upon a long and bleak moor, which was the entrance to that beautiful line of country in which the valleys around Grassdale are embosomed: faster and faster came the rain; and though the thunder-clouds were now behind, they yet followed loweringly, in their black array, the path of the lonely horseman.

But now he heard the sound of hoofs making towards him; he drew his horse on one side of the road, and at that instant a broad flash of lightning illumining the space around, he beheld four horsemen speeding along at a rapid gallop: they were armed, and conversing loudly—their oaths were heard jarringly and distinctly amid all the more solemn and terrific sounds of the night. They came on, sweeping by the student, whose hand was on his pistol, for he recognised in one of the riders the man who had escaped unwounded from Lester's house. He and his comrades were evidently, then, Houseman's desperate associates; and they too, though they were borne too rapidly by Aram to be able to rein in their horses on the spot, had seen the solitary traveller, and already wheeled round, and called upon him to halt!

The lightning was again gone, and the darkness snatched the robbers and their intended victim from the sight of each other. But Aram had not lost a moment; fast fled his horse across the moor, and when, with the next flash,

he looked back, he saw the ruffians, unwilling even for booty to encounter the horrors of the night, had followed him but a few paces, and again turned round ; still he dashed on, and had now nearly passed the moor ; the thunder rolled fainter and fainter from behind, and the lightning only broke forth at prolonged intervals, when suddenly, after a pause of unusual duration, it brought the whole scene into a light, if less intolerable, even more vivid than before. The horse, that had hitherto sped on without start or stumble, now recoiled in abrupt affright ; and the horseman, looking up at the cause, beheld the Gibbet of which Houseman had spoken immediately fronting his path, with its ghastly tenant waving to and fro, as the winds rattled through the parched and arid bones ; and the inexpressible grin of the skull fixed, as in mockery, upon his countenance.

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

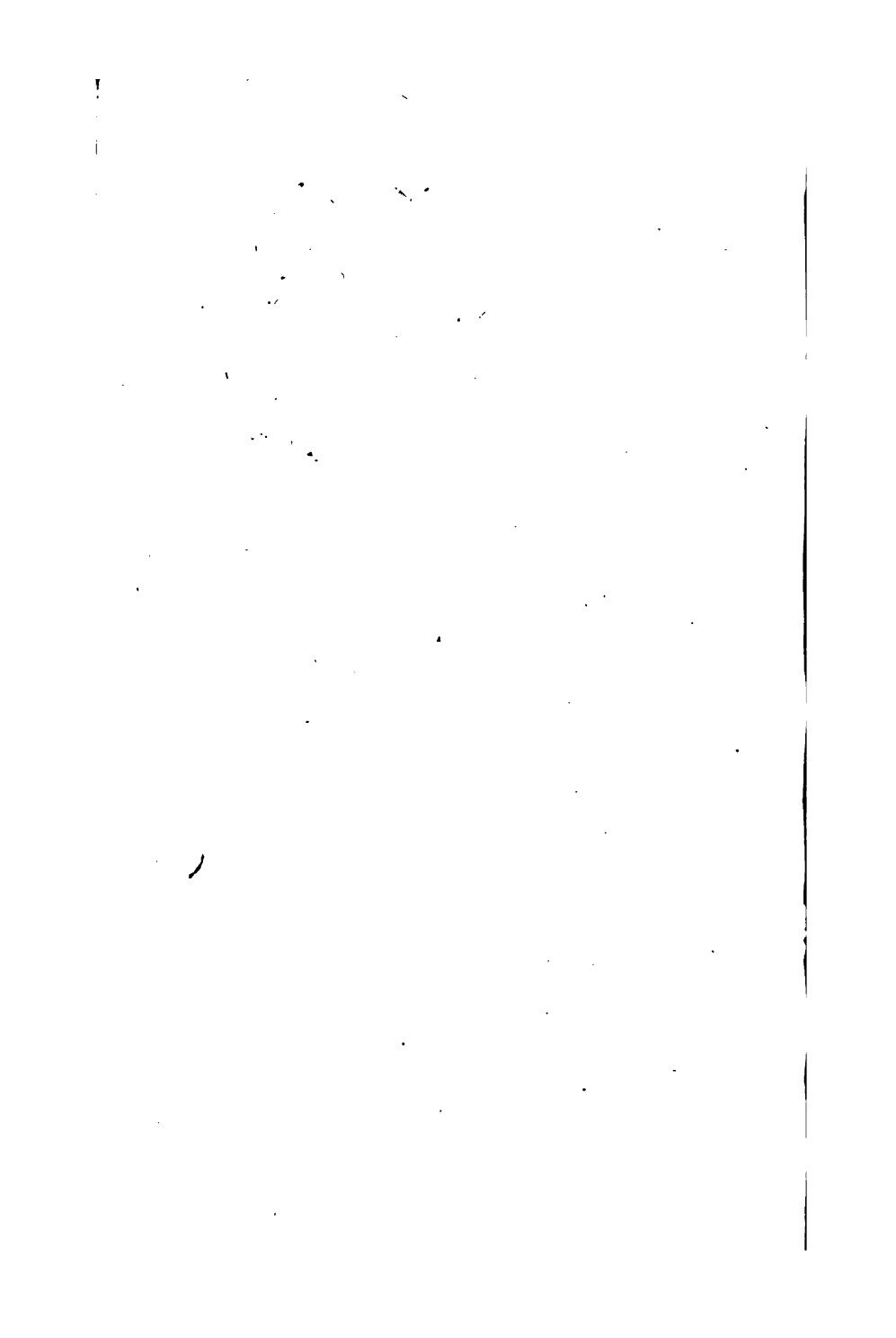
EUGENE ARAM.

BOOK IV.

Ἡ Κέρπρις οὐ πάνδημος· Δάσχος τὴν θεὸν εἶπεν
Οὐρανίαν.—

* * * * *
ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟ΄Η. Θάρσει Ζωπυρίων, γλυκερὸν τέκος οὐ λῆγω ἀπφῶν.
ΓΟΡΓΩ. Αἰσθάνεται τὸ βρόφος, καὶ τὰν πότνιαν·

ΘΕΟΚΡ



BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH WE RETURN TO WALTER—HIS DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO MR. PERTINAX FILLGRAVE—THE CORPORAL'S ADVICE, AND THE CORPORAL'S VICTORY.

"Let a physician be ever so excellent, there will be those that censure him."
Gil Blas.

WE left Walter in a situation of that critical nature that it would be inhuman to delay our return to him any longer. The blow by which he had been felled stunned him for an instant; but his frame was of no common strength and hardihood, and the imminent peril in which he was placed served to recall him from the momentary insensibility. On recovering himself, he felt that the ruffians were dragging him towards the hedge, and the thought flashed upon him that their object was murder. Nerved by this idea, he collected his strength, and suddenly wresting himself from the grasp of one of the ruffians who had seized him by the collar, he had already gained his knee, and now his feet, when a second blow once more deprived him of sense.

When a dim and struggling consciousness recurred to him, he found that the villains had dragged him to the opposite side of the hedge, and were deliberately robbing him. He was on the point of renewing a useless and dangerous struggle, when one of the ruffians said,

"I think he stirs, I had better draw my knife across his throat."

"Pooh, no!" replied another voice, "never kill if it can be helped: trust me, 'tis an ugly thing to think of afterward. Besides, what use is it? A robbery, in these parts, is done and forgotten: but a murder rouses the whole country."

"Damnation, man! why, the deed's done already; he's as dead as a door-nail."

"Dead!" said the other in a startled voice; "no, no!" and leaning down, the ruffian placed his hand on

Walter's heart. The unfortunate traveller felt his flesh creep as the hand touched him, but prudently abstained from motion or exclamation. He thought, however, as with dizzy and half-shut eyes he caught the shadowy and dusk outline of the face that bent over him, so closely that he felt the breath of its lips, that it was one he had seen before; and as the man now rose, and the wan light of the skies gave a somewhat clearer view of his features, the supposition was heightened, though not absolutely confirmed. But Walter had no further power to observe his plunderers: again his brain reeled; the dark trees, the grim shadows of human forms swam before his glazing eye; and he sunk once more into a profound insensibility.

Meanwhile, the doughty corporal had at the first sight of his master's fall halted abruptly at the spot to which his steed had carried him; and coming rapidly to the conclusion that three men were best encountered at a distance, he fired his two pistols, and without staying to see if they took effect, which, indeed, they did not, galloped down the precipitous hill with as much despatch as if it had been the last stage to "Lunnun."

"My poor young master!" muttered he: "but if the worst comes to the worst, the chief part of the money's in the saddle-bags any how; and so, messieurs thieves, you're bit—baugh!"

The corporal was not long in reaching the town, and alarming the loungers at the inn-door. A *posse comitatus* was soon formed; and, armed as if they were to have encountered all the robbers between Hounslow and the Apennines, a band of heroes, with the corporal, who had first deliberately reloaded his pistols, at their head, set off to succour "the poor gentleman *what* was already murdered."

They had not got far before they found Walter's horse, which had luckily broke from the robbers, and was now quietly regaling himself on a patch of grass by the roadside. "*He* can get *his* supper, the beast," grunted the corporal, thinking of his own; and bade one of the party try to catch the animal, which, however, would have declined all such proffers, had not a long neigh of recognition from the Roman nose of the corporal's steed, striking familiarly on the straggler's ear, called it forthwith to the corporal's side; and (while the two chargers exchanged greeting) the corporal seized its rein.

When they came to the spot from which the robbers had made their sally, all was still and tranquil; no Walter was to be seen: the corporal cautiously dismounted, and searched about with as much minuteness as if he were looking for a pin; but the host of the inn at which the travellers had dined the day before stumbled at once on the right track. Gouts of blood on the white chalky soil directed him to the hedge, and creeping through a small and recent gap, he discovered the yet breathing body of the young traveller.

Walter was now conducted with much care to the inn; a surgeon was already in attendance; for having heard that a gentleman had been murdered without his knowledge, Mr. Pertinax Fillgrave had rushed from his house, and placed himself on the road, that the poor creature might not, at least, be buried without his assistance. So eager was he to begin, that he scarce suffered the unfortunate Walter to be taken within before he whipped out his instruments, and set to work with the smack of an *amateur*.

Although the surgeon declared his patient to be in the greatest possible danger, the sagacious corporal, who thought himself more privileged to know about wounds than any man of peace by profession, however destructive by practice, could possibly be, had himself examined those his master had received, before he went down to taste his long-delayed supper; and he now confidently assured the landlord and the rest of the good company in the kitchen, that the blows on the head had been mere fly-bites, and that his master would be as well as ever in a week at the furthest.

And, indeed, when Walter the very next morning woke from the stupor, rather than sleep, he had undergone, he felt himself surprisingly better than the surgeon, producing his probe, hastened to assure him he possibly *could* be.

By the help of Mr. Pertinax Fillgrave, Walter was detained several days in the town; nor is it wholly improbable, but that for the dexterity of the corporal, he might be in the town to this day; not, indeed in the comfortable shelter of the old-fashioned inn, but in the colder quarters of a certain green spot, in which, despite of its rural attractions, few persons are willing to fix a permanent habitation.

Luckily, however, one evening, the corporal, who had

been, to say truth, very regular in his attendance on his master; for, bating the selfishness, consequent, perhaps, on his knowledge of the world, Jacob Bunting was a good-natured man on the whole, and liked his master as well as he did any thing, always excepting Jacobina and board-wages; one evening, we say, the corporal, coming into Walter's apartment, found him sitting up in his bed, with a very melancholy and dejected expression of countenance.

"And well, sir, what does the doctor say?" asked the corporal, drawing aside the curtains.

"Ah, Bunting, I fancy it's all over with me!"

"The Lord forbid, sir! you're a-jesting, surely?"

"Jesting! my good fellow, ah! just get me that phial."

"The filthy stuff!" said the corporal, with a wry face; "well, sir, if I had had the dressing of you—been half-way to Yorkshire by this. Man's a worm; and when a doctor gets un on his hook, he is sure to angle for the devil with the bait—ugh!"

"What! you really think that damned fellow Fillgrave is keeping me on in this way?"

"Is he a fool to give up three phials a day, 4s. 6d. item, ditto, ditto?" cried the corporal, as if astonished at the question; "but don't you feel yourself getting a deal better every day? Don't you feel all this ere stuff revive you?"

"No, indeed, I was amazingly better the first day than I am now; I progress from worse to worse. Ah! Bunting, if Peter Dealtry were here, he might help me to an appropriate epitaph: as it is, I suppose I shall be very simply labelled. Fillgrave will do the whole business, and put it down in his bill—item, nine draughts—item, one epitaph."

"Lord-a-mercy, your honour," said the corporal, drawing out a little red-spotted pocket-handkerchief; "how can—jest so?—it's quite moving."

"I wish *we* were moving!" sighed the patient.

"And so we might be," cried the corporal; "so we might, if you'd pluck up a bit. Just let me look at your honour's head; I knows what a confusion is better nor any of 'em."

The corporal, having obtained permission, now removed the bandages wherewith the doctor had bound his intended sacrifice to Pluto, and after peering into

the wounds for about a minute, he thrust out his under lip, with a contemptuous—

"Pshaugh! augh! And how long," said he, "does Master Fillgrave say you be to be under his hands,—augh!"

"He gives me hopes that I may be taken out an airing very gently (yes, hearses always go very gently!) in about three weeks!"

The corporal started, and broke into a long whistle. He then grinned from ear to ear, snapped his fingers, and said,

"Man of the world, sir,—man of the world, every inch of him!"

"He seems resolved that I shall be a man of another world," said Walter.

"Tell ye what, sir—take my advice—your honour knows I be no fool—throw off them ere wrappers; let me put on scrap of plaster—pitch phials to devil—order out horses to-morrow, and when you've been in the air half an hour, won't know yourself again!"

"Bunting! the horses out to-morrow?—faith, I don't think I could walk across the room."

"Just try, your honour."

"Ah! I'm very weak, very weak—my dressing-gown and slippers—your arm, Bunting—well, upon my honour, I walk very stoutly, eh? I should not have thought this! leave go: why I really get on without your assistance!"

"Walk as well as ever you did."

"Now I'm out of bed, I don't think I shall go back again to it."

"Would not, if I was your honour."

"And after so much exercise, I really fancy I've a sort of an appetite."

"Like a beefsteak?"

"Nothing better."

"Pint of wine?"

"Why that would be too much—eh?"

"Not it."

"Go, then, my good Bunting; go and make haste—stop, I say, that d—d fellow—"

"Good sign to swear," interrupted the corporal; "swore twice within last five minutes—famous symptom!"

"Do you choose to hear me? That d—d fellow Fillgrave is coming back in an hour to bleed me: do you

mount guard—refuse to let him in—pay him his bill—you have the money. And harkye, don't be rude to the rascal."

"Rude, your honour! not I—been in the forty-second—knows discipline—only rude to the privates!"

The corporal, having seen his master conduct himself respectably towards the viands with which he supplied him—having set his room to rights, brought him the candles, borrowed him a book, and left him for the present in extremely good spirits, and prepared for the fight of the morrow;—the corporal, I say, now lighting his pipe, stationed himself at the door of the inn, and waited for Mr. Pertinax Fillgrave. Presently the doctor, who was a little thin man, came bustling across the street, and was about, with a familiar "Good evening," to pass by the corporal, when that worthy, dropping his pipe, said, respectfully, "Beg pardon, sir—want to speak to you—a little favour. Will your honour walk in the back parlour?"

"Oh! another patient," thought the doctor; "these soldiers are careless fellows—often get into scrapes.—Yes, friend, I'm at your service."

The corporal showed the man of phials into the back parlour, and, hemming thrice, looked sheepish, as if in doubt how to begin. It was the doctor's business to encourage the bashful.

"Well, my good man," said he, brushing off, with the arm of his coat, some dust that had settled on his inexpressibles, "so you want to consult me?"

"Indeed, your honour, I do; but—feel a little awkward in doing so—a stranger and all."

"Pooh!—medical men are never strangers. I am the friend of every man who requires my assistance."

"Augh!—and I do require your honour's assistance very sadly."

"Well—well—speak out. Any thing of long standing?"

"Why, only since we have been here, sir."

"Oh, that's all! Well."

"Your honour's so good—that—won't scruple in telling you all. You sees as how we were robbed—master at least was—had some little in my pockets—but we poor servants are never too rich. You seems such a kind gentleman—so attentive to master—though you must have felt how disinterested it was to 'tend a man what had been robbed—that I have no hesitation in

making bold to ask you to lend us a few guineas, just to help us out with the bill here,—bother!"

"Fellow!" said the doctor, rising, "I don't know what you mean; but I'd have you to learn that I am not to be cheated out of my time and property. I shall insist upon being paid *my* bill instantly, before I dress your master's wound once more."

"Augh!" said the corporal, who was delighted to find the doctor come so immediately into the snare;—"won't be so cruel surely,—why, you'll leave us without a shiner to pay my host here."

"Nonsense!—Your master, if he's a gentleman, can write home for money."

"Ah, sir, all very well to say so;—but, between you and me and the bedpost—your master's quarrelled with old master—old master won't give him a rap,—so I'm sure, since your honour's a friend to every man who requires your assistance—noble saying, sir!—you won't refuse us a few guineas;—and as for your bill—why—"

"Sir, you're an impudent vagabond!" cried the doctor, as red as a rose-draught, and flinging out of the room; "and I warn you, that I shall bring in my bill, and expect to be paid within ten minutes."

The doctor waited for no answer—he hurried home, scratched off his account, and flew back with it in as much haste as if his patient had been a month longer under his care, and was consequently on the brink of that happier world where, since the inhabitants are immortal, it is very evident that doctors, as being useless, are never admitted.

The corporal met him as before.

"There, sir," cried the doctor, breathlessly, and then putting his arms akimbo, "take that to your master, and desire him to pay me instantly."

"Augh! and shall do no such thing."

"You won't?"

"No, for shall pay you myself. Where's your wee stamp—eh?"

And with great composure the corporal drew out a well-filled purse, and discharged the bill. The doctor was so thunderstricken, that he pocketed the money without uttering a word. He consoled himself, however, with the belief that Walter, whom he had tamed into a becoming hypochondria, would be sure to send for him the next morning. Alas, for mortal expectations!—the next morning Walter was once more on the road.

CHAPTER II.

NEW TRACES OF THE FATE OF GEOFFREY LESTER—WALTER AND THE CORPORAL PROCEED ON A FRESH EXPEDITION—THE CORPORAL IS ESPECIALLY SAGACIOUS ON THE OLD TOPIC OF THE WORLD—HIS OPINIONS ON THE MEN WHO CLAIM KNOWLEDGE THEREOF—ON THE ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY A VALET—ON THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESSFUL LOVE—ON VIRTUE AND THE CONSTITUTION—ON QUALITIES TO BE DESIRED IN A MISTRESS, ETC.—A LANDSCAPE.

This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn.ⁿ—*Spectator*, No. 3.

WALTER found, while he made search himself, that it was no easy matter, in so large a county as Yorkshire, to obtain even the preliminary particulars, viz. the place of residence and the name of the colonel from India whose dying gift his father had left the house of the worthy Courtland to claim and receive. But the moment he committed the inquiry to the care of an active and intelligent lawyer, the case seemed to brighten up prodigiously; and Walter was shortly informed that a Colonel Elmore, who had been in India, had died in the year 17—; that by a reference to his will it appeared that he had left to Daniel Clarke the sum of a thousand pounds, and the house in which he resided before his death, the latter being merely leasehold at a high rent, was specified in the will to be of small value: it was situated in the outskirts of Knaresborough. It was also discovered that a Mr. Jonas Elmore, the only surviving executor of the will, and a distant relation of the deceased colonel, lived about fifty miles from York, and could, in all probability, better than any one, afford Walter those further particulars of which he was so desirous to be informed. Walter immediately proposed to his lawyer to accompany him to this gentleman's house; but it so happened that the lawyer could not, for three or four days, leave his business at York, and Walter, exceedingly impatient to proceed on the intelligence thus granted him, and disliking the meager information

obtained from letters, when a personal interview could be obtained, resolved himself to repair to Mr. Jonas Elmore's without further delay: and behold, therefore, our worthy corporal and his master again mounted, and commencing a new journey.

The corporal, always fond of adventure, was in high spirits.

"See, sir," said he to his master, patting with great affection the neck of his steed—"see, sir, how brisk the creturs are; what a deal of good their long rest at York city's done 'em. Ay, your honour, what a fine town that 'ere be!—yet," added the corporal, with an air of great superiority, "it gives you no notion of Lunnun, like—on the faith of a man, no!"

"Well, Bunting, perhaps we may be in London within a month hence."

"And afore we gets there, your honour,—no offence,—but should like to give you some advice; 'tis ticklish place, that Lunnun, and though you be by no manner of means deficient in genus, yet, sir, *you be* young, and I be—"

"*Old*,—true, Bunting," added Walter, very gravely.

"Augh—bother! old, sir! old, sir!—A man in the prime of life,—hair coal black (bating a few gray ones that have had since twenty—care, and military sarvice, sir),—carriage straight,—teeth strong,—not an ail in the world, bating the rheumatics—is not old, sir,—not by no manner of means,—baugh!"

"You are very right, Bunting; when I said old I meant experienced. I assure you I shall be very grateful for your advice; and suppose, while we walk our horses up this hill, you begin lecture the first. London's a fruitful subject. All you can say on it won't be soon exhausted."

"Ah, may well say that," replied the corporal, exceedingly flattered with the permission he had obtained, "and any thing my poor wit can suggest quite at your honour's sarvice—ehem!—hem! You must know by Lunnun I means the world, and by the world means Lunnun,—know one, know t'other. But 'tis not them as affects to be most knowing as be so at bottom. Begging your honour's pardon, I thinks gentlefolks what lives only with gentlefolks, and calls themselves men of the world, be often no wiser nor pagan creturs, and live in a gentile darkness."

"The true knowledge of the world," said Walter, "is only then for the corporals of the forty-second,—eh, Bunting?"

"As to that, sir," quoth the corporal, "'tis not being of this calling or that calling that helps one on; 'tis an inborn sort of genius, the talent of obsarving, and grow-ing wise by obsarving. One picks up crumb here, crumb there: but if one has not good digestion, Lord, what sinnifies a feast?—Healthy man thrives on a 'tato, sickly looks pale on a haunch. You sees, your honour, as I said afore, I was own sarvant to Colonel Dysart; he was a lord's nephly, a very gay gentleman, and great hand with the ladies,—not a man more in the world;—so I had the opportunity of larning what's what among the best set; at his honour's expense, too,—augh! To my mind, sir, there is not a place from which a man has a better view of things than the bit carpet behind a gentleman's chair. The gentleman eats, and talks, and swears, and jests, and plays cards, and makes love, and tries to cheat, and is cheated, and his man stands behind with his eyes and ears open,—augh!"

"One should go to service to learn diplomacy, I see," said Walter, greatly amused.

"Does not know what 'plomacy be, sir, but knows it would be better for many a young master nor all the colleges;—would not be so many bubbles if my lord could take a turn now and then with John. A-well, sir!—how I used to laugh in my sleeve like, when I saw my master, who was thought the knowingest gentleman about court, taken in every day smack afore my face. There was one lady whom he had tried hard, as he thought, to get away from her husband; and he used to be so mighty pleased at every glance from her brown eyes—and bo d—d to them!—and so careful the husband should not see—so pluming himself on his discretion here, and his conquest there,—when, Lord bless you, it was all settled 'twixt man and wife aforehand! And while the colonel laughed at the cuckold, the cuckold laughed at the dupe. For, you sees, sir, as how the colonel was a rich man, and the jewels as he bought for the lady went half into the husband's pocket—he! he!—That's the way of the world, sir,—that's the way of the world!"

"Upon my word, you draw a very bad picture of the world: you colour highly; and, by-the-way, I observe

that whenever you find any man committing a roguish action, instead of calling him a scoundrel, you show those great teeth of yours, and chuckle out 'A man of the world! a man of the world!'

"To be sure, your honour; the proper name, too. 'Tis your greenhorns who fly into a passion, and use hard words. You see, sir, there's one thing we learn afore all other things in the world—to butter bread. Knowledge of others means only the knowledge which side bread's buttered. In short, sir, the wiser grow, the more take care of oursels. Some persons make a mistake, and in trying to take care of themsels, run neck into halter—baugh! they are not rascals—they are *would-be* men of the world. Others be more prudent (for, as I said afore, sir, discretion is a pair of stirrups); *they* be the true men of the world."

"I should have thought," said Walter, "that the knowledge of the world might be that knowledge which preserves us from being cheated, but not that which enables us to cheat."

"Augh!" quoth the corporal, with that sort of smile with which you see an old philosopher put down a sounding error from the lips of a young disciple who flatters himself he has uttered something prodigiously fine,—
"Augh! and did not I tell you, t'other day, to look at the professions, your honour? What would a lawyer be if he did not know how to cheat a witness and humbug a jury!—knows he is lying,—why is he lying? for love of his fees, or his fame, like, which gets fees,—augh! is not that cheating others?—The doctor, too, Master Fillgrave, for instance—"

"Say no more of doctors; I abandon them to your satire without a word."

"The lying knaves! don't they say one's well when one's ill—ill when one's well?—profess to know what don't know!—thrust solemn phizzes into every abomination, as if learning lay hid in a —? and all for their neighbour's money, or their own reputation, which makes money—augh! In short, sir, look where will, impossible to see so much cheating allowed, praised, encouraged, and feel very angry with a cheat who has only made a mistake. But when I sees a man butter his bread carefully—knife steady—butter thick, and hungry fellows looking on and licking chops—mothers stopping their brats—See child—respectable man—how thick his

bread's buttered!—pull off your hat to him:—when I sees that, my heart warms: there's the *true* man of the world—*augh!*”

“Well, Bunting,” said Walter, laughing, “though you are thus lenient to those unfortunate gentlemen whom others call rogues, and thus laudatory of gentlemen who are at best discreetly selfish, I suppose you admit the possibility of virtue, and your heart warms as much when you see a man of worth as when you see a man of the world?”

“Why, you knows, your honour,” answered the corporal, “so far as *vartue's* concerned, there's a deal in constitution; but as for knowledge of the world, one gets it one's self!”

“I don't wonder, Bunting—as your opinion of women is much the same as your opinion of men—that you are still unmarried.”

“*Augh!* but your honour mistakes!—I am no mice-and-trope. Men are neither one thing nor t'other—neither good nor bad. A prudent parson has nothing to fear from 'em—nor a foolish one any thing to gain—*baugh!* As to the women *creturs*, your honour, as I said, *vartue's* a deal in the constitution. Would not ask what a lassie's mind be—nor what her eddycation;—but see what her habits be, that's all—habits and constitution all one—play into one another's hands.”

“And what sort of signs, Bunting, would you mostly esteem in a lady?”

“First place, sir—woman I'd marry must not mope when alone!—must be able to 'muse herself; must be easily 'mused. That's a great sign, sir, of an innocent mind, to be tickled with straws. Besides, employments keeps 'em out of harm's way. Second place, should observe if she was very fond of places, your honour—sorry to move—that's a sure sign she won't tire easily; but that if she like you now from fancy, she'll like you by-and-by from custom. Thirdly, your honour, she should not be averse to dress—a leaning that way shows she has a desire to please: people who don't care about pleasing, always sullen. Fourthly, she must bear to be crossed—I'd be quite sure that she might be contradicted without mumping or storming; 'cause then, you knows, your honour, if she wanted any thing expensive, need not give it—*augh!* Fifthly, must not be over-religious, your honour; they pie-house she-*creturs* always

thinks themselves so much better nor we men;—don't understand our language and ways, your honour: they want us not only to belave, but to tremble—bother!"

"I like your description well enough, on the whole," said Walter, "and when I look out for a wife, I shall come to you for advice."

"Your honour may have it already—Miss Ellinor's just the thing."

Walter turned away his head, and told Bunting, with great show of indignation, not to be a fool.

The corporal, who was not quite certain of his ground here, but who knew that Madeline, at all events, was going to be married to Aram, and deemed it therefore quite useless to waste any praise upon *her*, thought that a few random shots of eulogium were worth throwing away on a chance, and consequently continued.

"Augh, your honour—'tis not 'cause I have eyes that I be's a fool. Miss Ellinor and your honour be only cousins, to be sure; but more like brother and sister nor any thing else. Howsomer, she's a rare cretur, whoever gets her; has a face that puts one in good-humour with the world, if one sees it first thing in the morning—'tis as good as the sun in July—augh! But, as I was saying, your honour—'bout the women-creturs in general—"

"Enough of them, Bunting; let us suppose you have been so fortunate as to find one to suit you—how would you woo her? Of course, there are certain secrets of courtship, which you will not hesitate to impart to one who, like me, wants such assistance from art—much more than you can do, who are so bountifully favoured by nature."

"As to nature," replied the corporal, with considerable modesty, for he never disputed the truth of the compliment—" 'tis not 'cause a man be six feet without's shoes that he's any nearer to lady's heart. Sir, I will own to you, howsomer it makes 'gainst your honour and myself, for that matter—that don't think one is a bit more lucky with the ladies for being so handsome! 'Tis all very well with them 'ere willing ones, your honour—caught at a glance; but as for the better sort, one's beauty's all bother! Why, sir, when we see some of the most fortunatest men among she-creturs—what poor little minnikens they be! One's a dwarf—another knock-kneed—a third squints—and a fourth might be shown for a Aape! Neither, sir, is it your soft, insinivating, dis-

away youths, as seem at first so seductive; they do very well for lovers, your honour; but then it's always rejected ones! Neither, your honour, does the art of succeeding with the ladies 'quire all those finniken, nimini-pinimi's, flourishes, and maxims, and saws, which the colonel, my old master, and the great gentlefolks, as be knowing, calls the art of love—baugh! The whole science, sir, consists in these two rules—'Ask soon, and ask often.'

"There seems no great difficulty in them, Bunting."

"Not to us who has gumption, sir; but then there is summut in the manner of axing—one can't be too hot—can't flatter too much—and, above all, one must never take a refusal. There, sir, now—if you takes my advice—may break the peace of all the husbands in Lun-nun—bother—whaugh!"

"My uncle little knows what a praiseworthy tutor he has secured me in you, Bunting," said Walter, laughing: "and now, while the road is so good, let us make the most of it."

As they had set out late in the day, and the corporal was fearful of another attack from a hedge, he resolved that about evening one of the horses should be seized with a sudden lameness (which he effected by slyly inserting a stone between the shoe and the hoof), that required immediate attention and a night's rest: so that it was not till the early noon of the next day that our travellers entered the village in which Mr. Jonas Elmore resided.

It was a soft, tranquil day, though one of the very last in October; for the reader will remember that time had not stood still during Walter's submission to the care of Mr. Pertinax Fillgrave, and his subsequent journey and researches.

The sunlight rested on a broad patch of green heath, covered with furze, and around it were scattered the cottages and farm-houses of the little village. On the other side, as Walter descended the gentle hill that led into this remote hamlet, wide and flat meadows, interspersed with several fresh and shaded ponds, stretched away towards a belt of rich woodland, gorgeous with the melancholy pomp by which the "regal year" seeks to veil its decay. Among these meadows you might now see groups of cattle quietly grazing, or standing half-hid in the still and sheltered pools. Still farther, crossing to the woods, a solitary sportsman walked carelessly on, sur-

rounded by some half a dozen spaniels, and the shrill small tongue of one younger straggler of the canine crew, who had broke indecorously from the rest, and already entered the wood, might be just heard, softened down by the distance into a wild, cheery sound, that animated, without disturbing, the serenity of the scene.

"After all," said Walter aloud, "the scholar was right—there is nothing like the country !

‘ Oh happiness of sweet retired content,
To be at once secure and innocent ’ ”

"Be them verses in the Psalms, sir ?" said the corporal, who was close behind.

"No, Bunting; but they were written by one who, if I recollect right, set the Psalms to verse.* I hope they meet with your approbation !"

"Indeed, sir, and no—since they ben't in the Psalms one has no right to think about 'em at all."

"And why, Mr. Critic ?"

"'Cause what's the use of security, if one's innocent, and does not mean to take advantage of it—bahgh ! One does not lock the door for nothing, your honour !"

"You shall enlarge on that honest doctrine of yours another time ; meanwhile, call that shepherd, and ask the way to Mr. Elmore's."

The corporal obeyed, and found that a clump of trees at the farther corner of the waste land was the grove that surrounded Mr. Elmore's house ; a short canter across the heath brought them to a white gate, and having passed this, a comfortable brick mansion of moderate size stood before them.

* Denham.

CHAPTER III.

A SCHOLAR, BUT OF A DIFFERENT MOULD FROM THE STUDENT
OF GRASSDALE—NEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING GEOFFREY
LESTER—THE JOURNEY RECOMMENCED.

"Ingenium tibi quod vacuus decursumpfit Athenas
Et studiis annis septem dedit, inaequitque
Libris _____ HORAT.
" _____ Volat, ambiguis
Mobilis alis, Hora." SENECA.

UPON inquiring for Mr. Elmore, Walter was shown into a handsome library, that appeared well stocked with books, of that good old-fashioned size and solidity which are now fast passing from the world, or at least shrinking into old shops and public collections. The time may come when the mouldering remains of a folio will attract as much philosophical astonishment as the bones of the mammoth. For behold, the deluge of writers hath produced a new world of small octavo! and in the next generation, thanks to the popular libraries, we shall only vibrate between the duodecimo and the diamond edition. Nay, we foresee the time when a very handsome collection may be carried about in one's waistcoat pocket, and a whole library of the British Classics be neatly arranged in a well-compacted snuff-box.

In a few minutes Mr. Elmore made his appearance; he was a short, well-built man, about the age of fifty. Contrary to the established mode, he wore no wig, and was very bald; except at the sides of the head, and a little circular island of hair in the centre. But this defect was rendered the less visible by a profusion of powder. He was dressed with evident care and precision; a snuff-coloured coat was adorned with a respectable profusion of gold lace; his breeches were of plum-coloured satin; his salmon-coloured stockings, scrupulously drawn up, displayed a very handsome calf; and a pair of steel buckles in his high-heeled and square-toed shoes, were polished into a lustre which almost rivalled the splendour of diamonds. Mr. Jonas Elmore was a beau, a wit, and a scholar of the old school. He abounded in

jests, in quotations, in smart sayings, and pertinent anecdotes: but, withal, his classical learning (out of the classics he knew little enough) was at once elegant, but wearisome; pedantic, but profound.

To this gentleman Walter presented a letter of introduction which he had obtained from a distinguished clergyman in York. Mr. Elmore received it with a profound salutation—

"Aha, from my friend Dr. Hebraist," said he, glancing at the seal, "a most worthy man, and a ripe scholar. I presume at once, sir, from his introduction, that you yourself have cultivated the *litteras humaniores*. Pray sit down—ay—I see you take up a book, an excellent symptom; it gives me an immediate insight into your character. But you have chanced, sir, on light reading,—one of the Greek novels, I think,—you must not judge of my studies by such a specimen."

"Nevertheless, sir, it does not seem to my unskilful eye very easy Greek."

"Pretty well, sir; barbarous, but amusing,—pray continue it. The triumphal entry of Paulus Æmilius is not ill told. I confess, that I think novels might be made much higher works than they have been yet. Doubtless, you remember what Aristotle says concerning painters and sculptors, 'that they teach and recommend virtue in a more efficacious and powerful manner than philosophers by their dry precepts, and are more capable of amending the vicious than the best moral lessons without such aid.' But how much more, sir, can a good novelist do this, than the best sculptor or painter in the world! Every one can be charmed by a fine novel, few by a fine painting. 'Indocti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti voluptatem.' A happy sentence that in Quinctilian, sir, is it not? But, bless me, I am forgetting the letter of my good friend Dr. Hebraist. The charms of your conversation carry me away. And indeed I have seldom the happiness to meet a gentleman so well informed as yourself. I confess, sir, I confess that I still retain the tastes of my boyhood; the Muses cradled my childhood, they now smooth the pillow of my footstool—*Quem tu, Melpomene, &c.*—You are not yet subject to gout, *dura podagra*: by-the-way, how is the worthy doctor since his attack?—Ah, see now, if you have not still, by your delightful converse, kept me from his letter—yet, positively I need no introduction to you, Apollo has

already presented you to me. And as for the doctor's letter, I will read it after dinner; for as Seneca—"

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, sir," said Walter, who began to despair of ever coming to the matter which seemed lost sight of beneath this battery of erudition, "but you will find by Dr. Hebraist's letter, that it is only on business of the utmost importance that I have presumed to break in upon the learned leisure of Mr. Jonas Elmore."

"Business!" replied Mr. Elmore, producing his spectacles, and deliberately placing them athwart his nose,

"His mane editum, post prandia Callirhoen, &c."

"Business in the morning, and the ladies after dinner. Well, sir, I will yield to you in the one, and you must yield to me in the other: I will open the letter, and you shall dine here, and be introduced to Mrs. Elmore;—what is your opinion of the modern method of folding letters? I—but I see you are impatient." (Here Mr. Elmore at length broke the seal; and to Walter's great joy fairly read the contents within.)

"Oh! I see, I see!" he said, refolding the epistle, and placing it in his pocket-book; "my friend, Dr. Hebraist, says you are anxious to be informed whether Mr. Clarke ever received the legacy of my poor cousin, Colonel Elmore; and if so, any tidings I can give you of Mr. Clarke himself, or any clew to discover him, will be highly acceptable. I gather, sir, from my friend's letter, that this is the substance of your business with me, *caput negotii*;—although, like Timanthes the painter, he leaves more to be understood than is described, '*intelligitur plus quam pingitur*,' as Pliny has it."

"Sir," said Walter, drawing his chair close to Mr. Elmore, and his anxiety forcing itself to his countenance, "that is indeed the substance of my business with you; and so important will be any information you can give me, that I shall esteem it a—"

"Not a very great favour, eh?—not very great?"

"Yes, indeed, a very great obligation."

"I hope not, sir; for what says Tacitus—that profound reader of the human heart,—'*beneficia eo usque lata sunt*,' &c.; favours easily repaid beget affection—favours beyond return engender hatred. But, sir, a truce to trifling;" and here Mr. Elmore composed his counte-

nance, and changed—which he could do at will, so that the change was not expected to last long—the pedant for the man of business.

“Mr. Clarke did receive his legacy: the lease of the house at Knaresborough was also sold by his desire, and produced the sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds; which being added to the further sum of a thousand pounds, which was bequeathed to him, amounted to seventeen hundred and fifty pounds. It so happened, that my cousin had possessed some very valuable jewels, which were bequeathed to myself. I, sir, studious, and a cultivator of the Muse, had no love and no use for these baubles; I preferred barbaric gold to barbaric pearl; and knowing that Clarke had been to India, from whence these jewels had been brought, I showed them to him, and consulted his knowledge on these matters, as to the best method of obtaining a sale. He offered to purchase them of me, under the impression that he could turn them to a profitable speculation in London. Accordingly we came to terms: I sold the greater part of them to him for a sum a little exceeding a thousand pounds. He was pleased with his bargain; and came to borrow the rest of me, in order to look at them more considerably at home, and determine whether or not he should buy them also. Well, sir (but here comes the remarkable part of the story), about three days after this last event, Mr. Clarke and my jewels both disappeared in rather a strange and abrupt manner. In the middle of the night he left his lodging at Knaresborough, and never returned; neither himself nor my jewels were ever heard of more!”

“Good God!” exclaimed Walter, greatly agitated; “what was supposed to be the cause of his disappearance?”

“That,” replied Elmore, “was never positively traced. It excited great surprise and great conjecture at the time. Advertisements and handbills were circulated throughout the country, but in vain. Mr. Clarke was evidently a man of eccentric habits, of a hasty temper, and a wandering manner of life; yet it is scarcely probable that he took this sudden manner of leaving the country either from whim or some secret but honest motive never divulged. The fact is, that he owed a few debts in the town—that he had my jewels in his possession, and as (pardon me for saying this, since you take an interest in

him) his connexions were entirely unknown in these parts, and his character not very highly estimated—(whether from his manner, or his conversation, or some undefined and vague rumours, I cannot say)—it was considered by no means improbable that he had decamped with his property in this sudden manner in order to save himself that trouble of settling accounts which a more seemly and public method of departure might have rendered necessary. A man of the name of Houseman, with whom he was acquainted (a resident in Knaresborough), declared that Clarke had borrowed rather a considerable sum from him, and did not scruple openly to accuse him of the evident design to avoid repayment. A few more dark but utterly groundless conjectures were afloat; and since the closest search—the minutest inquiry was employed without any result, the supposition that he might have been robbed and murdered was strongly entertained for some time; but as his body was never found, nor suspicion directed against any particular person, these conjectures insensibly died away; and being so complete a stranger to these parts, the very circumstance of his disappearance was not likely to occupy, for very long, the attention of that old gossip public, who, even in the remotest parts, has a thousand topics to fill up her time and talk. And now, sir, I think you know as much of the particulars of the case as any one in these parts can inform you.”

We may imagine the various sensations which this unsatisfactory intelligence caused in the adventurous son of the lost wanderer. He continued to throw out additional guesses, and to make further inquiries concerning a tale which seemed to him so mysterious, but without effect; and he had the mortification to perceive that the shrewd Jonas was, in his own mind, fully convinced that the permanent disappearance of Clarke was accounted for only by the most dishonest motives.

“And,” added Elmore, “I am confirmed in this belief by discovering afterward from a tradesman in York who had seen my cousin’s jewels, that those I had trusted to Mr. Clarke’s hands were more valuable than I had imagined them, and therefore it was probably worth his while to make off with them as quietly as possible. He went on foot, leaving his horse, a sorry nag, to settle with me and the other claimants.

“I, pedes quò te rapiunt et aurum ?”

"Heavens!" thought Walter, sinking back in his chair sickened and disheartened, "what a parent, if the opinions of all men who knew him be true, do I thus zealously seek to recover!"

The good-natured Elmore, perceiving the unwelcome and painful impression his account had produced on his young guest, now exerted himself to remove, or at least to lessen it; and turning the conversation into a classical channel, which with him was the Lethe to all cares, he soon forgot that Clarke had ever existed, in expatiating on the unappreciated excellences of Propertius, who, to his mind, was the most tender of all elegiac poets, solely because he was the most learned. Fortunately this vein of conversation, however tedious to Walter, preserved him from the necessity of rejoinder, and left him to the quiet enjoyment of his own gloomy and restless reflections.

At length the time touched upon dinner; Elmore, starting up, adjourned to the drawing-room, in order to present the handsome stranger to the *placens uxor*—the pleasing wife, whom, in passing through the hall, he eulogized with an amazing felicity of diction.

The object of these praises was a tall meager lady, in a yellow dress carried up to the chin, and who added a slight squint to the charms of red hair, ill concealed by powder, and the dignity of a prodigiously high nose. "There is nothing, sir," said Elmore, "nothing, believe me, like matrimonial felicity. Julia, my dear, I trust the chickens will not be overdone."

"Indeed, Mr. Elmore, I cannot tell; I did not boil them."

"Sir," said Elmore, turning to his guest, "I do not know whether you will agree with me, but I think a slight tendency to gourmandism is absolutely necessary to complete the character of a truly classical mind. So many beautiful touches are there in the ancient poets—so many delicate allusions in history and in anecdote relating to the gratification of the palate, that if a man have no correspondent sympathy with the illustrious epicures of old, he is rendered incapable of enjoying the most beautiful passages, that—Come, sir, the dinner is served:

'Nutrimus laetis mollissima corpora mensis.'"

As they crossed the hall to the dining-room, a young

lady, whom Elmore hastily announced as his only daughter, appeared descending the stairs, having evidently retired for the purpose of rearranging her attire for the conquest of the stranger. There was something in Miss Elmore that reminded Walter of Ellinor, and, as the likeness struck him, he felt, by the sudden and involuntary sigh it occasioned, how much the image of his cousin had lately gained ground upon his heart.

Nothing of any note occurred during dinner, until the appearance of the second course, when Elmore, throwing himself back with an air of content, that signified the first edge of his appetite was blunted, observed,

"Sir, the second course I always opine to be the more dignified and rational part of a repast—

'Quod nunc ratio est, impetus ante fuit.'"

"Ah! Mr. Elmore," said the lady, glancing towards a brace of very fine pigeons, "I cannot tell you how vexed I am at a mistake of the gardener's: you remember my poor pet pigeons, so attached to each other—would not mix with the rest—quite an inseparable friendship, Mr. Lester—well, they were killed by mistake, for a couple of vulgar pigeons. Ah! I could not touch a bit of them for the world."

"My love," said Elmore, pausing, and with great solemnity, "hear how beautiful a consolation is afforded to you in Valerius Maximus:—'*Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi quam vitâ distrahi;*' which, being interpreted, means, that wherever, as in the case of your pigeons, a thoroughly high and sincere affection exists, it is sometimes better to be joined in death than divided in life.—Give me half the fatter one, if you please, Julia."

"Sir," said Elmore, when the ladies withdrew, "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to meet with a gentleman so deeply imbued with classic lore. I remember, several years ago, before my poor cousin died, it was my lot, when I visited him at Knaresborough, to hold some delightful conversations on learned matters with a very rising young scholar who then resided at Knaresborough, Eugene Aram;—Conversations as difficult to obtain as delightful to remember, for he was exceedingly reserved."

"Aram!" repeated Walter.

"What, you know him then?—and where does he live now?"

"In ———, very near my uncle's residence. He is certainly a remarkable man."

"Yes, indeed, he promised to become so. At the time I refer to, he was poor to penury, and haughty as poor; but it was wonderful to note the iron energy with which he pursued his progress to learning. Never did I see a youth,—at that time he was no more,—so devoted to knowledge for itself.

'Doctrinæ pretium triste magister habet.'

"Methinks," added Elmore, "I can see him now, stealing away from the haunts of men,

'With even step and musing gait,'

across the quiet fields, or into the woods, whence he was certain not to reappear till nightfall. Ah! he was a strange and solitary being, but full of genius, and promise of bright things hereafter. I have often heard since of his fame as a scholar, but could never learn where he lived, or what was now his mode of life. Is he yet married?"

"Not yet, I believe; but he is not now so absolutely poor as you describe him to have been then, though certainly far from rich."

"Yes, yes, I remember that he received a legacy from a relation shortly before he left Knaresborough. He had very delicate health at that time: has he grown stronger with increasing years?"

"He does not complain of ill-health. And, pray, was he then of the same austere and blameless habits of life that he now professes?"

"Nothing *could* be so faultless as his character appeared; the passions of youth—(ah! *I* was a wild fellow at his age) never seemed to venture near one

'Quem casto erudit docta Minerva sinu.'

Well, I am surprised he has not married. We scholars, sir, fall in love with abstractions, and fancy the first woman we see is—Sir, let us drink the ladies."

The next day, Walter having resolved to set out for Knaresborough, directed his course towards that town; he thought it yet possible that he might, by strict per-

sonal inquiry, continue the clew that Elmore's account had to present appearance broken. The pursuit in which he was engaged, combined, perhaps, with the early disappointment to his affections, had given a grave and solemn tone to a mind naturally ardent and elastic. His character acquired an earnestness and a dignity from late events; and all that once had been hope within him deepened into thought. As now, on a gloomy and clouded day, he pursued his course along a bleak and melancholy road, his mind was filled with that dark presentiment—that shadow from the coming event, which superstition believes the herald of the more tragic discoveries, or the more fearful incidents of life; he felt steeled, and prepared for some dread *dénouement*,—to a journey to which the hand of Providence seemed to conduct his steps; and he looked on the shroud that time casts over all beyond the present moment with the same intense and painful resolve with which, in the tragic representations of life, we await the drawing up of the curtain before the last act which contains the catastrophe—that while we long, we half-shudder to behold.

Meanwhile, in following the adventures of Walter Lester, we have greatly outstripped the progress of events at Grassdale, and thither we now return.

CHAPTER IV.

ARAM'S DEPARTURE—MADELINE—EXAGGERATION OF SENTIMENT NATURAL IN LOVE—MADELINE'S LETTER—WALTER'S—THE WALK—TWO VERY DIFFERENT PERSONS, YET BOTH INMATES OF THE SAME COUNTRY VILLAGE—THE HUMOURS OF LIFE AND ITS DARK PASSIONS ARE FOUND IN JUXTAPosition EVERYWHERE.

"Her thoughts, as pure as the chaste morning's breath,
When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
Were clothed in words."

Detraction Escorted, by Sir J. Suckling.

"——Urtes proxima sepe rosa est."—OVID.

"You positively leave us then to-day, Eugene?" said the squire.

"Indeed," answered Aram, "I hear from my creditor (now no longer so, thanks to you), that my relation is so dangerously ill, that if I have any wish to see her alive, I have not an hour to lose. It is the last surviving relative I have in the world."

"I can say no more, then," rejoined the squire, shrugging his shoulders: "when do you expect to return?"

"At least, ere the day fixed for the wedding," answered Aram, with a grave and melancholy smile.

"Well, can you find time, think you, to call at the lodging in which my nephew proposed to take up his abode?—my old lodging;—I will give you the address, —and inquire if Walter has been heard of there: I confess that I feel considerable alarm on his account. Since that short and hurried letter which I read to you, I have heard nothing of him."

"You may rely on my seeing him if in London, and faithfully reporting to you all that I can learn towards removing your anxiety."

"I do not doubt it; no heart is so kind as yours, Eugene. You will not depart without receiving the additional sum you are entitled to claim from me, since you think it may be useful to you in London, should you find a favourable opportunity of increasing your annuity.

VOL. II.—E

And now I will no longer detain you from taking your leave of Madeline."

The plausible story which Aram had invented of the illness and approaching death of his last living relation was readily believed by the simple family to whom it was told; and Madeline herself checked her tears, that she might not, for *his* sake, sadden a departure that seemed inevitable. Aram accordingly repaired to London that day,—the one that followed the night which witnessed his fearful visit to the "Devil's Crag."

It is precisely at this part of my history that I love to pause for a moment; a sort of breathing interval between the cloud that has been long gathering and the storm that is about to burst. And this interval is not without its fleeting gleam of quiet and holy sunshine.

It was Madeline's first absence from her lover since their vows had plighted them to each other; and that first absence, when softened by so many hopes as smiled upon her, is perhaps one of the most touching passages in the history of a woman's love. It is marvellous how many things, unheeded before, suddenly become dear. She then feels what a power of consecration there was in the mere presence of the one beloved; the spot he touched, the book he read, have become a part of him—are no longer inanimate—are inspired, and have a being and a voice. And the heart, too, soothed in discovering so many new treasures, and opening so delightful a world of memory, is not yet acquainted with that weariness—that sense of exhaustion and solitude which are the true pains of absence, and belong to the absence, not of hope, but regret.

"You are cheerful, dear Madeline," said Ellinor, "though you did not think it possible, and he not here!"

"I am occupied," replied Madeline, "in discovering how much I loved him."

We do wrong when we censure a certain exaggeration in the sentiments of those who love. True passion is necessarily heightened by its very ardour to an elevation that seems extravagant only to those who cannot feel it. The lofty language of a hero is a part of his character; without that largeness of idea he had not been a hero. With love, it is the same as with glory: what common minds would call natural in sentiment, merely because it is homely, is not natural, except to tamed affections. That is a very poor, nay, a very coarse, love,

in which the imagination makes not the greater part. And the Frenchman who censured the love of his mistress because it *was* so mixed with the imagination, quarrelled with the body for the soul which inspired and preserved it.

Yet we do not say that Madeline was so possessed by the confidence of her love that she did not admit the intrusion of a single doubt or fear; when she recalled the frequent gloom and moody fitfulness of her lover—his strange and mysterious communings with self—the sorrow which, at times, as on that Sabbath eve when he wept upon her bosom, appeared suddenly to come upon a nature so calm and stately, and without a visible cause; when she recalled all these symptoms of a heart not now at rest, it was not possible for her to reject altogether a certain vague and dreary apprehension. Nor did she herself, although to Ellinor she so affected, ascribe this cloudiness and caprice of mood merely to the result of a solitary and meditative life; she attributed them to the influence of an early grief, perhaps linked with the affections, and did not doubt but that one day or another she should learn its secret. As for remorse—the memory of any former sin—a life so austere blameless, a disposition so prompt to the activity of good, and so enamoured of its beauty—a mind so cultivated, a temper so gentle, and a heart so easily moved—all would have forbidden, to natures far more suspicious than Madeline's, the conception of such a thought. And so, with a patient gladness, though not without some mixture of anxiety, she suffered herself to glide onward to a future which, come cloud, come shine, was, she believed at least, to be shared with him.

On looking over the various papers from which I have woven this tale, I find a letter from Madeline to Aram, dated at this time. The characters, traced in the delicate and fair Italian hand coveted at that period, are fading, and in one part wholly obliterated by time; but there seems to me so much of what is genuine in the heart's beautiful romance in this effusion, that I will lay it before the reader without adding or altering a word.

"Thank you—thank you, dearest Eugene!—I have received, then, the first letter you ever wrote me. I cannot tell how strange it seemed to me, and how agitated I felt on seeing it, more so, I think, than if it had been

yourself who had returned. However, when the first delight of reading it faded away, I found that it had not made me so happy as it ought to have done—as I thought at first it had done. You seem sad and melancholy; a certain nameless gloom appears to me to hang over your whole letter. It affects my spirits—why I know not—and my tears fall even while I read the assurances of your unaltered, unalterable love—and yet this assurance your Madeline—vain girl!—never for a moment disbelieves. I have often read and often heard of the distrust and jealousy that accompany love; but I think that such a love must be a vulgar and low sentiment. To me there seems a religion in love, and its very foundation is in faith. You say, dearest, that the noise and stir of the great city oppress and weary you even more than you had expected. You say those harsh faces, in which business, and care, and avarice, and ambition write their lineaments, are wholly unfamiliar to you;—you turn aside to avoid them,—you wrap yourself up in your solitary feelings of aversion to those you see, and you call upon those not present—upon your Madeline! And would that your Madeline were with you! It seems to me—perhaps you will smile when I say this—that I alone can understand you,—I alone can read your heart and your emotions;—and oh! dearest Eugene, that I could read also enough of your past history to know all that has cast so habitual a shadow over that lofty heart and that calm and profound nature! You smile when I ask you—but sometimes you sigh,—and the sigh pleases and soothes me better than the smile.

“We have heard nothing more of Walter, and my father begins at times to be seriously alarmed about him. Your account, too, corroborates that alarm. It is strange that he has not yet visited London, and that you can obtain no clew of him. He is evidently still in search of his lost parent, and following some obscure and uncertain track. Poor Walter! God speed him! The singular fate of his father, and the many conjectures respecting him, have, I believe, preyed on Walter’s mind more than he acknowledged. Ellinor found a paper in his closet, where we had occasion to search the other day for something belonging to my father, which was scribbled with all the various fragments of guess or information concerning my uncle, obtained from time to time, and interspersed with some remarks by Walter

himself, that affected me strangely. It seems to have been from early childhood the one desire of my cousin to discover his father's fate. Perhaps the discovery may be already made;—perhaps my long-lost uncle may yet be present at our wedding.

"You ask me, Eugene, if I still pursue my botanical researches. Sometimes I do; but the flower now has no fragrance, and the herb no secret, that I care for; and astronomy, which you had just begun to teach me, pleases me more;—the flowers charm me when you are present; but the stars speak to me of you in absence. Perhaps it would not be so, had I loved a being less exalted than you. Every one, even my father, even Ellinor, smile when they observe how incessantly I think of you—how utterly you have become all in all to me. I could not *tell* this to you, though I write it: is it not strange that letters should be more faithful than the tongue? And even *your* letter, mournful as it is, seems to me kinder, and dearer, and more full of yourself, than, with all the magic of your language, and the silver sweetness of your voice, your spoken words are. I walked by your house yesterday; the windows were closed—there was a strange air of lifelessness and dejection about it. Do you remember the evening in which I first entered that house? Do you—or rather is there one hour in which it is not present to you? For me, I live in the past,—it is the present (which is without you) in which I have no life. I passed into the little garden, that with your own hands you have planted for me, and filled with flowers. Ellinor was with me, and she saw my lips move. She asked me what I was saying to myself. I would not tell her—I was praying for you, my kind, my beloved Eugene. I was praying for the happiness of your future years—praying that I might requite your love. Whenever I feel the most, I am the most inclined to prayer. Sorrow, joy, tenderness, all emotion, lift up my heart to God. And what a delicious overflow of the heart is prayer! When I am with you—and I feel that you love me—my happiness would be painful, if there were no God whom I might bless for its excess. Do those who believe not, love?—have they deep emotions?—can they feel truly—devotedly? Why, when I talk thus to you, do you always answer me with that chilling and mournful smile? You would make religion only the creation of reason—as well might you make

love the same—what is either, unless you let it spring also from the feelings!

“When—when—when will you return? I think I love you now more than ever. I think I have more courage to tell you so. So many things I have to say—so many events to relate. For what is not an event to us? the least incident that has happened to either—the very fading of a flower, if you have worn it, is a whole history to me.

“Adieu, God bless you—God reward you—God keep your heart with Him, dearest, dearest Eugene. And may you every day know better and better how utterly you are loved by your

“MADRELINE.”

The epistle to which Lester referred as received from Walter was one written on the day of his escape from Mr. Pertinax Filgrave,—a short note rather than letter, which ran as follows.

“MY DEAR UNCLE,

“I have met with an accident which confined me to my bed;—a rencounter, indeed, with the knights of the road—nothing serious, (so do not be alarmed!) though the doctor would fain have made it so. I am just about to recommence my journey, but not towards London; on the contrary, northward.

“I have, partly through the information of your old friend Mr. Courtland, partly by accident, found what I hope may prove a clew to the fate of my father. I am now departing to put this hope to the issue. More I would fain say; but lest the expectation should prove fallacious I will not dwell on circumstances which would in that case only create in you a disappointment similar to my own. Only this take with you, that my father's proverbial good luck seems to have visited him since your latest news of his fate; a legacy, though not a large one, awaited his return to England from India; but see if I am not growing prolix already—I must break off, in order to reserve you the pleasure (may it be so!) of a full surprise!

“God bless you, my dear uncle! I write in spirits and hope; kindest love to all at home.

“WALTER LESTER.

“P.S.—Tell Ellinor that my bitterest misfortune in the

adventure I have referred to was to be robbed of her purse. Will she knit me another? By-the-way, I encountered Sir Peter Hales; such an open-hearted, generous fellow as you said! 'thereby hangs a tale.'

This letter, which provoked all the curiosity of our little circle, made them anxiously look forward to every post for additional explanation, but that explanation came not. And they were forced to console themselves with the evident exhilaration under which Walter wrote, and the probable supposition that he delayed further information until it could be ample and satisfactory.—“Knights of the road,” quoth Lester one day, “I wonder if they were any of the gang that have just visited us. Well, but, poor boy! he does not say whether he has any money left; yet if he *were* short of the gold, he would be very unlike his father (or his uncle for that matter) had he forgotten to enlarge on that subject, however brief upon others.”

“Probably,” said Ellinor, “the corporal carried the main sum about him in those well-stuffed saddle-bags, and it was only the purse that Walter had about his person that was stolen; and it is probable that the corporal might have escaped, as he mentions nothing about that excellent personage.”

“A shrewd guess, Nell: but pray, why should Walter carry the purse about him so carefully? Ah, you blush: well, will you knit him another?”

“Pshaw, papa! Good-by, I am going to gather you a nosegay.”

But Ellinor was seized with a sudden fit of industry, and, somehow or other, she grew fonder of knitting than ever.

The neighbourhood was now tranquil and at peace; the nightly depredators that had infested the green valleys of Grassdale were heard of no more; it seemed a sudden incursion of fraud and crime, which was too unnatural to the character of the spot invaded to do more than to terrify and to disappear. The *truditur dies die*; the serene steps of one calm day chasing another returned, and the past alarm was only remembered as a tempting subject of gossip to the villagers, and (at the Hall) a theme of eulogium on the courage of Eugene Aram.

“It is a lovely day,” said Lester to his daughters, as they sat at the window; “come, girls, get your bonnets, and let us take a walk into the village.”

"And meet the postman," said Ellinor, archly.

"Yes," rejoined Madeline in the same vein, but in a whisper that Lester might not hear, "for who knows but that we may have a letter from Walter?"

How prettily sounds such railery on virgin lips. No, no; nothing on earth is so lovely as the confidence between two happy sisters, who have no secrets but those of a guileless love to reveal!

As they strolled into the village, they were met by Peter Dealtry, who was slowly riding home on a large ass which carried himself and his panniers to the neighbouring market in a more quiet and luxurious indolence of action than would the harsher motions of the equine species.

"A fine day, Peter: and what news at market?" said Lester.

"Corn high,—hay dear, your honour," replied the clerk.

"Ah, I suppose so; a good time to sell ours, Peter;—we must see about it on Saturday. But, pray, have you heard any thing from the corporal since his departure?"

"Not I, your honour, not I; though I think as he might have given us a line, if it was only to thank me for the care of his cat, but—

"Them as comes to go to roam,
Thinks slight of they as stays at home."

"A notable distich, Peter; your own composition, I warrant."

"Mine! Lord love your honour, I has no genius, but I has memory; and when them 'ere beautiful lines of poetry like comes into my head, they stays there, and stays till they pops out at my tongue like a bottle of ginger-beer. I do love poetry, sir, 'specially the sacred."

"We know it,—we know it."

"For there be summut in it," continued the clerk, "which smoothes a man's heart like a clothes-brush, wipes away the dust and dirt, and sets all the nap right; and I thinks as how 'tis what a clerk of the parish ought to study, your honour."

"Nothing better; you speak like an oracle."

"Now, sir, there be the corporal, honest man, what thinks himself mighty clever,—but he has no soul for varse. Lord love ye, to see the faces he makes when I tells him a hymn or so; 'tis quite wicked, your honour,—for that's what the heathen did, as you well know, sir."

'And when I does discourse of things
Most holy to their tribe,
What does they do!—they mocks at me,
And makes my harp a gibe.'

"Tis not what *I* calls pretty, Miss Ellinor."

"Certainly not, Peter; I wonder, with your talents for verse, you never indulge in a little satire against such perverse taste."

"Satire! what's that? Oh, I knows; what they writes in elections. Why, miss, mayhap—" here Peter paused, and winked significantly—"but the corporal's a passionate man, you knows: but I could so sting him—Aha! we'll see, we'll see.—Do you know, your honour," here Peter altered his air to one of serious importance, as if about to impart a most sagacious conjecture, "I thinks there be one reason why the corporal has not written to me."

"And what's that, Peter?"

"'Cause, your honour, he's ashamed of his writing: I fancy as how his spelling is no better than it should be—but mum's the word. You sees, your honour, the corporal's got a tarn for conversation like—he be a mighty fine talker surely! but he be shy of the pen—'tis not every man what talks biggest what's the best scholard at bottom. Why, there's the newspaper I saw in the market (for I always sees the newspaper once a week) says as how some of them great speakers in the parliament house are no better than ninnies when they gets upon paper; and that's the corporal's case, I suspect: I suppose as how they can't spell all them 'ere long words they make use on. For my part, I thinks there be mortal *desate* (deceit) like in that 'ere public speaking; for I knows how far a loud voice and a bold face goes, even in buying a cow, your honour; and I'm afraid the country's greatly bubbled in that 'ere partiklar; for if a man can't write down clearly what he means for to say, I does not think as how he knows what he means when he goes for to speak!"

This speech—quite a moral exposition from Peter, and, doubtless, inspired by his visit to market—for what wisdom cannot come from intercourse!—our good publican delivered with especial solemnity, giving a huge thump on the sides of his ass as he concluded.

"Upon my word, Peter," said Lester, laughing, "you have grown quite a Solomon; and, instead of a clerk,

you ought to be a justice of peace, at the least : and, indeed, I must say that I think you shine more in the capacity of a lecturer than in that of a soldier."

"Tis not for a clerk of the parish to have too great a knack at the weapons of the flesh," said Peter, sanctimoniously, and turning aside to conceal a slight confusion at the unlucky reminiscence of his warlike exploits; "but lauk, sir, even as to that, why we has frightened all the robbers away. What would you have us do more?"

"Upon my word, Peter, you say right; and now, good day. Your wife's well, I hope? and Jacobina—is not that the cat's name?—in high health and favour."

"Hem, hem!—why, to be sure, the cat's a good cat; but she steals Goody Truman's cream as she sets for butter reg'larly every night."

"Oh! you must cure her of that," said Lester, smiling; "I hope that's the worst fault."

"Why, your gardiner do say," replied Peter, reluctantly, "as how she goes arter the pheasants in Copeehole."

"The deuse!" cried the squire; "that will never do; she must be shot, Peter, she must be shot. My pheasants! my best preserves! and poor Goody Truman's cream, too! a perfect devil. Look to it, Peter; if I hear any complaints again, Jacobina is done for—what are you laughing at, Nell?"

"Well, go thy ways, Peter, for a shrewd man and a clever man; it is not every one who could so suddenly have elicited my father's compassion for Goody Truman's cream."

"Pooh!" said the squire, "a pheasant's a serious thing, child; but you women don't understand matters." They had now crossed through the village into the fields, and were slowly sauntering by

"Hedge-row elms on hillocks green,"

when, seated under a stunted pollard, they came suddenly on the ill-favoured person of Dame Darkmans: she sat bent (with her elbows on her knees, and her hands supporting her chin), looking up to the clear autumnal sky; and as they approached, she did not stir, or testify by sign or glance that she even perceived them.

There is a certain kind-hearted sociality of temper

that you see sometimes among country gentlemen, especially not of the highest rank, who, knowing, and looked up to by every one immediately around them, acquire the habit of accosting all they meet—a habit as painful for them to break, as it was painful for poor Rousseau to be asked ‘how he did’ by an apple-woman. And the kind old squire could not pass even Goody Darkmans (coming thus abruptly upon her) without a salutation.

“All alone, dame, enjoying the fine weather—that’s right—and how fares it with you?”

The old woman turned round her dark and bleared eyes, but without moving limb or posture.

“Tis wellnigh winter now: ’tis not easy for poor folks to fare well at this time o’ year. Where be we to get the firewood, and the clothing, and the dry bread, curse it! and the drop o’ stuff that’s to keep out the cold. Ah, it’s fine for you to ask how we does, and the days shortening, and the air sharpening.”

“Well, dame, shall I send to — for a warm cloak for you?” said Madeline.

“Ho! thank ye, young leddy—thank ye kindly, and I’ll wear it at your widding, for they says you be going to git married to the larned man yander. Wish ye well, ma’am, wish ye well.”

And the old hag grinned as she uttered this benediction, that sounded on her lips like the Lord’s Prayer on a witch’s; which converts the devotion to a crime, and the prayer to a curse.

“Ye’re very winsome, young lady,” she continued, eying Madeline’s tall and rounded figure from head to foot. “Yes, very—but I was as bonny as you once, and if you lives—mind that—fair and happy as you stand now, you’ll be as withered, and foul-faced, and wretched as me—ha! ha! I loves to look on young folk, and think o’ that. But mayhap ye won’t live to be old—more’s the pity, for ye might be a widow and childless, and a lone ’oman, as I be; if you were to see sixty: an’ wouldn’t that be nice!—ha! ha!—much pleasure ye’d have in the fine weather then, and in people’s fine speeches, eh?”

“Come, dame,” said Lester, with a cloud on his benign brow, “this talk is ungrateful to me, and disrespectful to Miss Lester; it is not the way to—”

“Hout!” interrupted the old woman; “I begs pardon, sir, if I offended—I begs pardon, young lady, ’tis my

way, poor old soul that I be. And you meant me kindly, and I would not be uncivil, now you are a-going to give me a bonny cloak,—and what colour shall it be?"

"Why, what colour would you like best, dame—red?"

"Red!—no!—like a gipsy-quean, indeed! Besides, they all has red cloaks in the village, yonder. No; a handsome dark gray—or a gay, cheersome black, an' then I'll dance in mourning at your wedding, young lady; and that's what ye'll like. But what ha' ye done with the merry bridegroom, ma'am? Gone away, I hear. Ah, ye'll have a happy life on it, with a gentleman like him. I never seed him laugh once. Why does not ye hire me as your sarvant—would not I be a favourite thin! I'd stand on the thrishold, and give ye good-morrow every day. Oh! it does me a deal of good to say a blessing to them as be younger and gayer than me. Madge Darkman's blessing!—Och! what a thing to wish for!"

"Well, good day, mother," said Lester, moving on.

"Stay a bit, stay a bit, sir;—has ye any commands, miss, yonder, at Master Aram's? His old 'oman's a gossip of mine—we were young together—and the lads did not know which to like the best. So we often meets, and talks of the old times. I be going up there now.—Och! I hope I shall be asked to the widding. And what a nice month to wid in; Novimber—Novimber, that's the merry month for me! But 'tis cold—bitter cold, too. Well, good-day—good-day. Ay," continued the hag, as Lester and the sisters moved on, "ye all goes and throws niver a look behind. Ye despises the poor in your hearts. But the poor will have their day. Och! an' I wish ye were dead—dead—dead, an' I dancing in my bonny black cloak about your graves;—for ain't all *mine* dead—cold—cold—rotting, and one kind and rich man might ha' saved them all."

Thus mumbling, the wretched creature looked after the father and his daughters, as they wound onward, till her dim eyes caught them no longer; and then, drawing her rags round her, she rose, and struck into the opposite path that led to Aram's house.

"I hope that hag will be no constant visiter at your future residence, Madeline," said the younger sister; "it would be like a blight on the air."

"And if we could remove her from the parish," said Lester, "it would be a happy day for the village. Yet,

strange as it may seem, so great is her power over them all, that there is never a marriage nor a christening in the village from which she is absent—they dread her spite and foul tongue enough to make them even ask humbly for her presence."

"And the hag seems to know that her bad qualities are a good policy, and obtain more respect than amiability would do," said Ellinor. "I think there is some design in all she utters."

"I don't know how it is, but the words and sight of that woman have struck a damp into my heart," said Madeline, musingly.

"It would be wonderful if they had not, child," said Lester, soothingly; and he changed the conversation to other topics.

As, concluding their walk, they re-entered the village, they encountered that most welcome of all visitants to a country village, the postman—a tall, thin pedestrian, famous for swiftness of foot, with a cheerful face, a swinging gait, and Lester's bag slung over his shoulder. Our little party quickened their pace—one letter—for Madeline—Aram's handwriting. Happy blush—bright smile! Ah! no meeting ever gives the delight that a letter can inspire in the short absences of a first love!

"And none for me," said Lester, in a disappointed tone, and Ellinor's hand hung more heavily on his arm, and her step moved slower. "It is very strange in Walter; but I am more angry than alarmed."

"Be sure," said Ellinor, after a pause, "that it is not his fault. Something may have happened to him. Good Heavens, if he has been attacked again—those fearful highwaymen!"

"Nay," said Lester, "the most probable supposition after all is, that he will not write until his expectations are realized or destroyed. Natural enough, too; it is what I should have done, if I had been in his place."

"Natural," said Ellinor, who now attacked where she before defended—"natural not to give us *one* line, to say he is well and safe—natural; I could not have been so remiss!"

"Ay, child, you women are so fond of writing,—'tis not so with *us*, especially when we are moving about: it is always—'Well, I must write to-morrow—well, I must write when this is settled—well, I must write when I arrive at such a place;—and, meanwhile, time slips on,

till perhaps we get ashamed of writing at all. I heard a great man say once, that 'Men must have something effeminate about them to be good correspondents;' and, 'faith, I think it's true enough on the whole.'

"I wonder if Madeline thinks so?" said Ellinor, enviously glancing at her sister's absorption, as, lingering a little behind, she devoured the contents of her letter.

"He is coming home immediately, dear father; perhaps he may be here to-morrow," cried Madeline abruptly; "think of that, Ellinor! Ah! and he writes in spirits;"—and the poor girl clapped her hands delightedly, as the colour danced joyously over her cheek and neck.

"I am glad to hear it," quoth Lester; "we shall have him at last beat even Ellinor in gayety!"

"That may easily be," sighed Ellinor to herself, as she glided past them into the house, and sought her own chamber.

CHAPTER V.

A REFLECTION NEW AND STRANGE—THE STREETS OF LONDON
—A GREAT MAN'S LIBRARY—A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE
STUDENT AND AN ACQUAINTANCE OF THE READER'S.—ITS
RESULT.

"Here's a statesman!"

Rollo. Ask for thyself.

Lat. What more can concern me than this?

The Tragedy of Rollo.

It was an evening in the declining autumn of 1758; some public ceremony had occurred during the day, and the crowd which it had assembled was only now gradually lessening, as the shadows darkened along the streets. Through this crowd, self-absorbed as usual—with them—not one of them—Eugene Aram slowly wound his unaccompanied way. What an incalculable field of dread and sombre contemplation is opened to every man who, with his heart disengaged from himself, and his eyes accustomed to the sharp observance of his tribe, walks through the streets of a great city! What a

world of dark and troublous secrets in the breast of every one who hurries by you! Goëthe has said, somewhere, that each of us, the best as the worst, hides within him something—some feeling, some remembrance, that, if known, would make you hate him. No doubt the saying is exaggerated; but still, what a gloomy and profound sublimity in the idea!—what a new insight it gives into the hearts of the common herd!—with what a strange interest it may inspire us for the humblest, the fittest passenger that shoulders us in the great thoroughfare of life! One of the greatest pleasures in the world is to walk alone, and at night (while they are yet crowded), through the long lamplit streets of this huge metropolis. There, even more than in the silence of woods and fields, seems to me the source of endless, various meditation.

Ματὴρ ἐμὰ, τὸ τὸν χροῖσασσι Θῆβα
Πράγμα καὶ ἀσχολίας ὑπερτέρον
Θηρομαί. Pin. lat. 1. 1.

There was that in Aram's person which irresistibly commanded attention. The earnest composure of his countenance, its thoughtful paleness, the long hair falling back, the peculiar and estranged air of his whole figure, accompanied as it was by a mildness of expression, and that lofty abstraction which characterizes one who is a brooder over his own heart—a ponderer and a sooth-sayer to his own dreams; all these arrested from time to time the second gaze of the passenger, and forced on him the impression, simple as was the dress, and unpretending as was the gait of the stranger, that in indulging that second gaze, he was in all probability satisfying the curiosity which makes us love to fix our regard upon any remarkable man.

At length Aram turned from the more crowded streets, and in a short time paused before one of the most princely houses in London. It was surrounded by a spacious courtyard, and over the porch, the arms of the owner, with the coronet and supporters, were raised in stone.

"Is Lord ***** within?" asked Aram of the bluff porter who appeared at the gate.

"My lord is at dinner," replied the porter, thinking the answer quite sufficient, and about to reclose the gate upon the unseasonable visiter.

"I am glad to find he is at home," rejoined Aram

gliding past the servant, with an air of quiet and unconscious command, and passing the courtyard to the main building.

At the door of the house, to which you ascended by a flight of stone steps, the valet of the nobleman—the only nobleman introduced in our tale, and consequently the same whom we have presented to our reader in the earlier part of this work—happened to be lounging and enjoying the smoke of the evening air. High-bred, prudent, and sagacious, Lord ***** knew well how often great men, especially in public life, obtain odium for the rudeness of their domestics, and all those, especially about himself, had been consequently tutored into the habits of universal courtesy and deference, to the lowest stranger, as well as to the highest guest. And, trifling as this may seem, it was an act of morality as well as of prudence. Few can guess what pain may be saved to poor and proud men of merit by a similar precaution. The valet, therefore, replied to Aram's inquiry with great politeness; he recollected the name and repute of Aram, and as the earl, taking delight in the company of men of letters, was generally easy of access to all such—the great man's great man instantly conducted the student to the earl's library, and informing him that his lordship had not yet left the dining-room, where he was entertaining a large party, assured him that he should be informed of Aram's visit the moment he did so.

Lord ***** was still in office; sundry boxes were scattered on the floor; papers, that seemed countless, lay strewed over the immense library-table; but here and there were books of a more seductive character than those of business, in which the mark lately set, and the pencilled note still fresh, showed the fondness with which men of cultivated minds, though engaged in official pursuits, will turn, in the momentary intervals of more arid and toilsome life, to those lighter studies which perhaps they in reality the most enjoy.

One of these books, a volume of Shaftesbury, Aram carefully took up; it opened of its own accord in that most beautiful and profound passage which contains perhaps the justest sarcasm to which that ingenious and graceful reasoner has given vent.

"The very spirit of faction, for the greatest part, seems to be no other than the abuse or irregularity of that social love and common affection which is natural

to mankind—for the opposite of sociableness is selfishness, and of all characters, the thorough selfish one is the least forward in taking party. The men of this sort are, in this respect, true men of moderation. They are secure of their temper, and possess themselves too well to be in danger of entering warmly into any cause, or engaging deeply with any side or faction."

On the margin of the page was the following note, in the handwriting of Lord *****.

"Generosity hurries a man into party—philosophy keeps him aloof from it; the Emperor Julian says, in his epistle to Themistius, 'If you should form only three or four philosophers, you would contribute more essentially to the happiness of mankind than many kings united.' Yet, if all men were philosophers, I doubt whether, though more men would be virtuous, there would be so many instances of an extraordinary virtue. The violent passions produce dazzling irregularities."

The student was still engaged with this note when the earl entered the room. As the door through which he passed was behind Aram, and he trod with a soft step, he was not perceived by the scholar till he had reached him, and, looking over Aram's shoulder, the earl said, "You will dispute the truth of my remark, will you not? Profound calm is the element in which you would place all the virtues."

"Not *all*, my lord," answered Aram, rising, as the earl now shook him by the hand, and expressed his delight at seeing the student again. Though the sagacious nobleman had no sooner heard the student's name than, in his own heart, he was convinced that Aram had sought him for the purpose of soliciting a renewal of the offers he had formerly refused, he resolved to leave his visitor to open the subject himself, and appeared courteously to consider the visit as a matter of course, made without any other object than the renewal of the mutual pleasure of intercourse.

"I am afraid, my lord," said Aram, "that you are engaged. My visit can be paid to-morrow if—"

"Indeed," said the earl, interrupting him, and drawing a chair to the table, "I have no engagements which should deprive me of the pleasure of your company. A few friends have indeed dined with me, but as they are now with Lady ***** , I do not think they will greatly miss me; besides, an occasional absence is readily for-

given in us happy men of office—we who have the honour of exciting the envy of all England, for being made magnificently wretched.”

“I am glad you allow so much, my lord,” said Aram, smiling; “I could not have said more. Ambition only makes a favourite to make an ingrate;—she has lavished her honours on Lord *****, and see how he speaks of her bounty!”

“Nay,” said the earl, “I spoke wantonly, and stand corrected. I have no reason to complain of the course I have chosen. Ambition, like any other passion, gives us unhappy moments; but it gives us also an animated life. In its pursuit, the minor evils of the world are not felt; little crosses, little vexations do not disturb us. Like men who walk in sleep, we are absorbed in one powerful dream, and do not even know the obstacles in our way, or the dangers that surround us: in a word, we have *no private life*. All that is merely domestic, the anxiety and the loss which fret other men, which blight the happiness of other men, are not felt by us: we are wholly public;—so that if we lose much comfort, we escape much care.”

The earl broke off for a moment; and then turning the subject, inquired after the Lesters, and making some general and vague observations about that family, came purposely to a pause.

Aram broke it:—

“My lord,” said he, with a slight, but not ungraceful, embarrassment, “I fear that, in the course of your political life, you must have made one observation, that he who promises to-day will be called upon to perform to-morrow. No man who has any thing to bestow can ever promise with impunity. Some time since, you tendered me offers that would have dazzled more ardent natures than mine; and which I might have advanced some claim to philosophy in refusing. I do not now come to ask a renewal of those offers. Public life and the haunts of men are as hateful as ever to my pursuits: but I come, frankly and candidly, to throw myself on that generosity, which proffered to me then so large a bounty. Certain circumstances have taken from me the small pittance which supplied my wants;—I require only the power to pursue my quiet and obscure career of study—your lordship can afford me that power: it is not against custom for the government to grant some small annuity to men

of letters—your lordship's interest could obtain for me this favour. Let me add, however, that I can offer nothing in return! Party politics—sectarian interests—are for ever dead to me: even my common studies are of small general utility to mankind—I am conscious of this—would it were otherwise!—Once I hoped it would be—but—” Aram here turned deadly pale, gasped for breath, mastered his emotion, and proceeded—“I have no great claim, then, to this bounty, beyond that which all poor cultivators of the abstruse sciences can advance. It is well for a country that those sciences should be cultivated; they are not of a nature which is ever lucrative to the possessor—not of a nature that can often be left, like lighter literature, to the fair favour of the public—they call, perhaps, more than any species of intellectual culture, for the protection of a government; and though in me would be a poor selection, the principle would still be served, and the example furnish precedent for nobler instances hereafter. I have said all, my lord!”

Nothing, perhaps, more affects a man of some sympathy with those who cultivate letters than the pecuniary claims of one who can advance them with justice, and who advances them also with dignity. If the meanest, the most pitiable, the most heart-sickening object in the world is the man of letters, sunk into the habitual beggar, practising the tricks, incurring the rebuke, glorying in the shame of the mingled mendicant and swindler;—what, on the other hand, so touches, so subdues us, as the first and only petition of one whose intellect dignifies our whole kind; and who prefers it with a certain haughtiness in his very modesty; because, in asking a favour to himself, he may be only asking the power to enlighten the world?

“Say no more, sir,” said the earl, affected deeply, and giving gracefully away to the feeling; “the affair is settled. Consider it utterly so. Name only the amount of the annuity you desire.”

With some hesitation Aram named a sum so moderate, so trivial, that the minister, accustomed as he was to the claims of younger sons and widowed dowagers—accustomed to the hungry cravings of petitioners without merit, who considered birth the only just title to the right of exactions from the public—was literally startled by the contrast. “More than this,” added Aram, “I do not require, and would decline to accept. We have some

right to claim existence from the administrators of the common stock—none to claim affluence.”

“Would to Heaven!” said the earl, smiling, “that all claimants were like you; pension lists would not then call for indignation; and ministers would not blush to support the justice of the favours they conferred. But are you still firm in rejecting a more public career, with all its deserved emoluments and just honours? The offer I made you once I renew with increased avidity now.”

“*Despiciam dites,*” answered Aram, “and, thanks to you, I may add, *despiciamque famem.*”

CHAPTER VI.

THE THAMES AT NIGHT—A THOUGHT—THE STUDENT RE-
SEES THE RUFFIAN—A HUMAN FEELING EVEN IN THE
WORST SOIL.

Clem. 'Tis our last interview!

Stat. Pray heav'n it be.

Clemantides.

ON leaving Lord ****'s Aram proceeded, with a lighter and more rapid step, towards a less courtly quarter of the metropolis.

He had found, on arriving in London, that in order to secure the annual sum promised to Houseman, it had been necessary to strip himself even of the small stipend he had hoped to retain. And hence his visit, and hence his petition to Lord ****. He now bent his way to the spot in which Houseman had appointed their meeting. To the fastidious reader these details of pecuniary matters, so trivial in themselves, may be a little wearisome, and may seem a little undignified; but we are writing a romance of real life, and the reader must take what is homely with what may be more epic—the pettiness and the wants of the daily world, with its loftier sorrows and its grander crimes. Besides, who knows how darkly just may be that moral which shows us a nature originally high, a soul once all athirst for truth, bowed (by what events!) to the manœuvres and the lies of the worldly hypocrite?

The night had now closed in, and its darkness was only relieved by the wan lamps that vista'd the streets, and a few dim stars that struggled through the reeking haze that curtained the great city. Aram had now gained one of the bridges 'that arch the royal Thames,' and, in no time dead to scenic attraction, he there paused for a moment, and looked along the dark river that rushed below.

Oh, God! how many wild and stormy hearts have stilled themselves on that spot, for one dread instant of thought—of calculation—of resolve—one instant the last of life! Look at night along the course of that stately river, how gloriously it seems to mock the passions of them that dwell beside it;—unchanged—unchanging—all around it quick death and troubled life; itself smiling up to the gray stars, and singing from its deep heart as it bounds along. Beside it is the senate, proud of its solemn triflers, and there the cloistered tomb, in which, as the loftiest honour, some handful of the fiercest of the strugglers may gain forgetfulness and a grave! There is no moral to a great city like the river that washes its walls.

There was something in the view before him, that suggested reflections similar to these to the strange and mysterious breast of the lingering student. A solemn dejection crept over him, a warning voice sounded on his ear, the fearful genius within him was aroused, and even in the moment when his triumph seemed complete and his safety secured, he felt it only as

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

The mist obscured and saddened the few lights scattered on either side the water. And a deep and gloomy quiet brooded round;

"The very houses seemed asleep,
And all that mighty heart was lying still."

Arousing himself from his short and sombre revery, Aram resumed his way, and threading some of the smaller streets on the opposite side of the water, arrived at last in the street in which he was to seek Houseman.

It was a narrow and dark lane, and seemed altogether of a suspicious and disreputable locality. One or two samples of the lowest description of alehouses broke the

dark silence of the spot ;—from them streamed the lonely lights which assisted the single lamp that burned at the entrance of the alley ; and bursts of drunken laughter and obscene merriment broke out every now and then from these wretched theatres of *pleasure*. As Aram passed one of them, a crowd of the lowest order of ruffian and harlot issued noisily from the door, and suddenly obstructed his way ; through this vile press, reeking with the stamp and odour of the most repellent character of vice, was the lofty and cold student to force his path !—The darkness, his quick step, his downcast head, favoured his escape through the unhallowed throng, and he now stood opposite the door of a small and narrow house.—A ponderous knocker adorned the door, which seemed of uncommon strength, being thickly studded with large nails. He knocked twice before his summons was answered, and then a voice from within cried, "Who's there ? What want you ?"

"I seek one called Houseman."

No answer was returned—some moments elapsed.—Again the student knocked, and presently he heard the voice of Houseman himself call out,

"Who's there—Joe the Cracksman ?"

"Richard Houseman, it is I," answered Aram, in a deep tone, and suppressing the natural feelings of loathing and abhorrence.

Houseman uttered a quick exclamation ; the door was hastily unbarred. All within was utterly dark ; but Aram felt with a thrill of repugnance the gripe of his strange acquaintance on his hand.

"Ha ! it is you !—Come in, come in !—let me lead you. Have a care—cling to the wall—the right-hand—now then—stay. So—so" (opening the door of a room, in which a single candle, wellnigh in its socket, broke on the previous darkness) ; "here we are ! here we are ! And how goes it—eh ?"

Houseman, now bustling about, did the honours of his apartment with a sort of complacent hospitality. He drew two rough wooden chairs, that in some late merriment seemed to have been upset, and lay, cumbering the unwashed and carpetless floor, in a position exactly contrary to that destined them by their maker ;—he drew these chairs near a table strewn with drinking horns, half-emptied bottles, and a pack of cards. Dingy caricatures of the large coarse fashion of the day decorated

the walls; and carelessly thrown on another table lay a pair of huge horse-pistols, an immense shovel-hat, a false mustache, a rouge-pot, and a riding-whip. All this the student comprehended with a rapid glance—his lip quivered for a moment—whether, with shame or scorn of himself, and then throwing himself on the chair Houseman had set for him, he said,

"I have come to discharge my part of our agreement."

"You are most welcome," replied Houseman, with that tone of coarse, yet flippant jocularly, which afforded to the mien and manner of Aram a still stronger contrast than his more unrelieved brutality.

"There," said Aram, giving him a paper; "there you will perceive that the sum mentioned is secured to you, the moment you quit this country. When shall that be? Let me entreat haste."

"Your prayer shall be granted. Before daybreak tomorrow, I will be on the road."

Aram's face brightened.

"There is my hand upon it," said Houseman, earnestly. "You may now rest assured that you are free of me for life. Go home—marry—enjoy your existence—as I have done. Within four days, if the wind set fair, I am in France."

"My business is done; I will believe you," said Aram, frankly, and rising.

"You may," answered Houseman. "Stay—I will light you to the door. Devil and death—how the d—d candle flickers."

Across the gloomy passage, as the candle now flared—and now was dulled—by quick fits and starts,—Houseman, after this brief conference, reconducted the student. And as Aram turned from the door, he flung his arms wildly aloft, and exclaimed, in the voice of one from whose heart a load is lifted, "Now, now, for Madeline. I breathe freely at last."

Meanwhile, Houseman turned musingly back, and regained his room, muttering,

"Yes—yes—*my* business here is also done! Competence and safety abroad—after all, what a bugbear is this conscience!—fourteen years have rolled away—and lo! nothing discovered! nothing known! And easy circumstances—the very consequence of the deed—wait the remainder of my days:—my child, too—my Jane—shall not want—shall not be a beggar nor a harlot."

So musing, Houseman threw himself contentedly on the chair, and the last flicker of the expiring light, as it played upwards on his rugged countenance, rested on one of those self-hugging smiles with which a sanguine man contemplates a satisfactory future.

He had not been long alone before the door opened, and a woman with a light in her hand appeared. She was evidently intoxicated, and approached Houseman with a reeling and unsteady step.

"How now, Bess? drunk as usual. Get to bed, you she-shark, go!"

"Tush, man, tush! don't talk to your betters," said the woman, sinking into a chair; and her situation, disgusting as it was, could not conceal the rare though somewhat coarse beauty of her face and person.

Even Houseman (his heart being opened, as it were, by the cheering prospects of which his soliloquy had indulged the contemplation) was sensible of the effect of the mere physical attraction, and drawing his chair, closer to her, he said in a tone less harsh than usual,

"Come, Bess, come, you must correct that d—d habit of yours; perhaps I may make a lady of you after all. What if I were to let you take a trip with me to France, old girl, eh? and let you set off that handsome face, for you are devilish handsome, and that's the truth of it, with some of the French gewgaws you women love. What if I were? would you be a good girl, eh?"

"I think I would, Dick,—I think I would," replied the woman, showing a set of teeth as white as ivory, with pleasure partly at the flattery, partly at the proposition: "you are a good fellow, Dick, that you are."

"Humph!" said Houseman, whose hard, shrewd mind was not easily cajoled, "but what's that paper in your bosom, Bess? a love-letter, I'll swear."

"'Tis to you, then; came to you this morning, only somehow or other I forgot to give it you till now!"

"Ha! a letter to me?" said Houseman, seizing the epistle in question. "Hem! the Knaresbro' postmark—my mother-in-law's crabbed hand, too! what can the old crone want?"

He opened the letter, and hastily scanning its contents, started up.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried he, "my child is ill, dying. I may never see her again,—my only child,—the only thing that loves me,—that does not loathe me as a villain!"

"Heyday, Dicky!" said the woman, clinging to him, "don't take on so, who so fond of you as me!—what's a brat like that!"

"Curse on you, hag!" exclaimed Houseman, dashing her to the ground with a rude brutality, "*you* love me! Pah! My child,—my little Jane,—my pretty Jane,—my merry Jane,—my innocent Jane,—I will seek ner instantly—instantly; what's money? what's ease,—if—

if—"

And the father, wretch, ruffian as he was, stung to the core of that last redeeming feeling of his dissolute nature, struck his breast with his clenched hand, and rushed from the room—from the house.

CHAPTER VI.

MADÉLINE, HER HOPES—A MILD AUTUMN CHARACTERIZED—A
LANDSCAPE—A RETURN.

"Tis late, and cold—stir up the fire,
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold,
Welcome—welcome shall fly round!"

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*Song in
the Lover's Progress.*

As when the great poet,

"Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn; while, in his flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
He sang of chaos, and eternal night;"—

as when, revisiting the "holy light, offspring of heaven first-born," the sense of freshness and glory breaks upon him, and kindles into the solemn joyfulness of adjuring song; so rises the mind from the contemplation of the gloom and guilt of life, "the utter and the middle darkness," to some pure and bright redemption of our nature—some creature of the "starry threshold," "the regions mild of calm and serene air." Never was a nature more beautiful and soft than that of Madeline Lester—never a nature more inclined to live "above the

VOL. II.—G

smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth"—to commune with its own high and chaste creations of thought—to make a world out of the emotions which *this* world knows not—a paradise which sin, and suspicion, and fear had never yet invaded—where God might recognise no evil, and angels forebode no change.

Aram's return was now daily, nay, even hourly expected. Nothing disturbed the soft though thoughtful serenity with which his betrothed relied upon the future. Aram's letters had been more deeply impressed with the evidence of love than even his spoken vows: those letters had diffused not so much an agitated joy, as a full and mellow light of happiness over her heart. Every thing, even nature, seemed inclined to smile with approbation on her hopes. The autumn had never, in the memory of man, worn so lovely a garment: the balmy and freshening warmth which sometimes characterizes that period of the year was not broken as yet by the chilling winds, or the sullen mists, which speak to us so mournfully of the change that is creeping over the beautiful world. The summer visitants among the feathered tribe yet lingered in flocks, showing no intention of departure; and their song—but, above all, the song of the skylark—which to the old English poet was what the nightingale is to the eastern—seemed even to grow more cheerful as the sun shortened his daily task;—the very mulberry-tree, and the rich boughs of the horse-chestnut, retained something of their verdure; and the thousand glories of the woodland around Grassdale were still checkered with the golden hues that herald, but beautify, decay. Still, no news had been received of Walter: and this was the only source of anxiety that troubled the domestic happiness of the manor-house. But the squire continued to remember, that in youth he himself had been but a negligent correspondent; and the anxiety he felt assumed rather the character of anger at Walter's forgetfulness, than of fear for his safety. There were moments when Ellinor silently mourned and pined; but she loved her sister not less even than her cousin; and in the prospect of Madeline's happiness, did not too often question the future respecting her own.

One evening, the sisters were sitting at their work by the window of the little parlour, and talking over various matters, of which the great world, strange as it may seem, never made a part.

They conversed in a low tone, for Lester sat by the hearth in which a wood fire had been just kindled, and appeared to have fallen into an afternoon slumber. The sun was sinking to repose, and the whole landscape lay before them bathed in light, till a cloud, passing overhead, darkened the heavens just immediately above them, and one of those beautiful sun showers that rather characterize the spring than autumn began to fall; the rain was rather sharp, and descended with a pleasant and freshening noise through the boughs, all shining in the sunlight; it did not, however, last long, and presently there sprang up the glorious rainbow, and the voices of the birds, which a minute before were mute, burst into a general chorus, the last hymn of the declining day. The sparkling drops fell fast and gratefully from the trees, and over the whole scene there breathed an inexpressible sense of gladness—

“The odour and the harmony of eve.”

“How beautiful!” said Ellinor, pausing from her work.—“Ah, see the squirrel, is that our pet one? he is coming close to the window, poor fellow! Stay, I will get him some bread.”

“Hush!” said Madeline, half-rising, and turning quite pale; “do you hear a step without?”

“Only the dripping of the boughs,” answered Ellinor.

“No—no—it is he—it is he!”—cried Madeline, the blood rushing back vividly to her cheeks; “I know his step!”

And—yes—winding round the house till he stood opposite the window, the sisters now beheld Eugene Aram; the diamond rain glittered on the locks of his long hair; his cheeks were flushed by exercise, or more probably the joy of return; a smile, in which there was no shade of sadness, played over his features, which caught also a fictitious semblance of gladness from the rays of the setting sun which fell full upon them.

“My Madeline, my love, my Madeline!” broke from his lips.

“You are returned—thank God—thank God—safe—well?”

“And happy!” added Aram, with a deep meaning in the tone of his voice.

“Heyday, heyday!” cried the squire, starting up,

"what's this! bless me, Eugene!—wet through too, seemingly! Nell, run and open the door,—more wood on the fire—the pheasants for supper—and stay, girl, stay—there's the key of the cellar—the twenty-one port—you know it. Ah! ah! God willing, Eugene Aram shall not complain of his welcome back to Grassdale!"

CHAPTER VII.

AFFECTION: ITS GODLIKE NATURE—THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN ARAM AND MADELINE—THE FATALIST FORGETS FATE.

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

If there be any thing thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do not wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many religionists have traced their theology—that so many moralists have wrought their system—from love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other! What a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said the pathetic was the truest part of the sublime. Aristides, the painter, created a picture in which an infant is represented sucking a mother wounded to the death, who, even in that agony, strives to prevent the child from injuring itself by imbibing the blood mingled with the milk.* How many emotions that might have made us permanently wiser and better have we lost in losing that picture!

Certainly, love assumes a more touching and earnest semblance when we find it in some retired and seques-

* *Intelligitur sentire mater et timere, ne à mortuo lacte sanguinem lambat.*

tered hollow of the world; when it is not mixed up with the daily frivolities and petty emotions of which a life passed in cities is so necessarily composed: we cannot but believe it a deeper and a more absorbing passion: perhaps we are not always right in the belief.

Had one of that order of angels to whom a knowledge of the future, or the seraphic penetration into the hidden heart of man, is forbidden, staid his wings over the lovely valley in which the main scene of our history has been cast, no spectacle might have seemed to him more appropriate to that lovely spot, or more elevated in the character of its tenderness above the fierce and shortlived passions of the ordinary world, than the love that existed between Madeline and her betrothed. Their natures seemed so suited to each other! the solemn and *undivernal* mood of the one was reflected back in hues so gentle, and yet so faithful, from the purer, but scarce less thoughtful, character of the other! Their sympathies ran through the same channel, and mingled in a common fount; and whatever was dark and troubled in the breast of Aram was now suffered not to appear. Since his return his mood was brighter and more tranquil; and he seemed better fitted to appreciate and respond to the peculiar tenderness of Madeline's affection. There are some stars which, viewed by the naked eye, seem one, but in reality are two separate orbs revolving round each other, and drinking, each from each, a separate yet united existence: such stars seemed a type of them.

Had any thing been wanting to complete Madeline's happiness, the change in Aram supplied the want. The sudden starts, the abrupt changes of mood and countenance that had formerly characterized him, were now scarcely, if ever, visible. He seemed to have resigned himself with confidence to the prospects of the future, and to have forsworn the haggard recollections of the past; he moved, and looked, and smiled like other men; he was alive to the little circumstances around him, and no longer absorbed in the contemplation of a separate and strange existence within himself. Some scattered fragments of his poetry bear the date of this time: they are chiefly addressed to Madeline, and amid the vows of love, a spirit, sometimes of a wild and bursting, sometimes of a profound and collected happiness, are visible. There is great beauty in many of these fragments, and they bear a stronger impress of heart—they

breathe more of nature and truth, than the poetry that belongs of right to that time.

And thus day rolled on day, till it was now the eve before their bridal. Aram had deemed it prudent to tell Lester that he had sold his annuity, and that he had applied to the earl for the pension which we have seen he had been promised. As to his supposed relation—the illness he had created he suffered now to cease; and indeed the approaching ceremony gave him a graceful excuse for turning the conversation away from any topics that did not relate to Madeline or to that event.

It was the eve before their marriage; Aram and Madeline were walking along the valley that led to the house of the former.

"How fortunate it is!" said Madeline, "that our future residence will be so near my father's. I cannot tell you with what delight he looks forward to the pleasant circle we shall make. Indeed, I think he would scarce have consented to our wedding, if it had separated us from him."

Aram stopped, and plucked a flower.

"Ah! indeed, indeed, Madeline! Yet in the course of the various changes of life, how more than probable it is that we shall be divided from him—that we shall leave this spot."

"It is possible, certainly; but not probable, is it, Eugene?"

"Would it grieve thee irremediably, dearest, were it so?" rejoined Aram, evasively.

"Irremediably! What could grieve me irremediably, that did not happen to you?"

"Should, then, circumstances occur to induce us to leave this part of the country, for one yet more remote, you could submit cheerfully to the change?"

"I should weep for my father—I should weep for Ellenor; but—"

"But what?"

"I should comfort myself in thinking that you would then be yet more to me than ever!"

"Dearest!"

"But why do you speak thus? only to try me? Ah! that is needless."

"No, my Madeline; I have no doubt of your affection. When you loved such as me, I knew at once how blind, how devoted must be that love. You were not won

through the usual avenues to a woman's heart; neither wit nor gayety, nor youth nor beauty, did you behold in me. . Whatever attracted you towards me, that which must have been sufficiently powerful to make you overlook these ordinary allurements will be also sufficiently enduring to resist all ordinary changes. But listen, Madeline. Do not yet ask me wherefore; but I fear that a certain fatality will constrain us to leave this spot very shortly after our wedding."

"How disappointed my poor father will be!" said Madeline, sighing.

"Do not, on any account, mention this conversation to him, or to Ellinor; 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

Madeline wondered, but said no more. There was a pause for some minutes.

"Do you remember," observed Madeline, "that it was about here we met that strange man whom you had formerly known?"

"Ha! was it?—Here, was it?"

"What has become of him?"

"He is abroad, I hope," said Aram, calmly. "Yes, let me think; by this time he *must* be in France. Dearest, let us rest here on this dry mossy bank for a little while;" and Aram drew his arm round her waist, and his countenance brightening as if with some thought of increasing joy, he poured out anew those protestations of love, and those anticipations of the future, which befitted the eve of a morrow so full of auspicious promise.

The heaven of their fate seemed calm and glowing, and Aram did not dream that the one small cloud of fear which was set within it, and which he alone beheld afar, and unprophetic of the storm, was charged with the thunderbolt of a doom he had protracted, not escaped.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALTER AND THE CORPORAL ON THE ROAD—THE EVENING
SETS IN—THE GIPSY TENTS—ADVENTURE WITH THE
HORSEMAN—THE CORPORAL DISCOMFITED, AND THE ARRI-
VAL AT KNARESBRO’.

“Long had he wandered, when from far he sees
A ruddy flame that gleamed betwixt the trees.”

— “Sir Gawaine prays him tell
Where lies the road to princely Corduel.”
The Knight of the Sword.

“WELL, Bunting, we are not far from our night’s resting-place,” said Walter, pointing to a milestone on the road.

“The poor beast will be glad when we gets there, your honour,” answered the corporal, wiping his brows.

“Which beast, Bunting?”

“Augh!—now your honour’s severe! I am glad to see you so merry.”

Walter sighed heavily; there sat no mirth at his heart at that moment.

“Pray, sir,” said the corporal after a pause, “if not too bold, has your honour heard how they be doing at Grassdale?”

“No, Bunting; I have not held any correspondence with my uncle since our departure. Once I wrote to him on setting off to Yorkshire, but I could give him no direction to write to me again. The fact is, that I have been so sanguine in this search, and from day to day I have been so led on in tracing a clew which I fear is now broken, that I have constantly put off writing till I could communicate that certain intelligence which I flattered myself I should be able ere this to procure. However, if we are unsuccessful at Knaresbro’ I shall write from that place a detailed account of our proceedings.”

“And I hopes you will say as how I have given your honour satisfaction.”

“Depend upon that.”

“Thank you, sir, thank you humbly; I would not like the squire to think I’m ungrateful!—augh,—and mayhap

I may have more cause to be grateful by-and-by, whenever the squire, God bless him, in consideration of your honour's good offices, should let me have the bit cottage rent free."

"A man of the world, Bunting; a man of the world!" "Your honour's mighty obleeing," said the corporal, putting his hand to his hat; "I wonders," renewed he, after a short pause, "I wonders how poor neighbour Dealtry is. He was a sufferer last year; I should like to know how Peter be getting on—'tis a good creature."

Somewhat surprised at this sudden sympathy on the part of the corporal, for it was seldom that Bunting expressed kindness for any one, Walter replied,—

"When I write, Bunting, I will not fail to inquire how Peter Dealtry is;—does your kind heart suggest any other message to him?"

"Only to ask arter Jacobina, poor thing; she might get herself into trouble if little Peter fell sick and neglected her like—augh. And I hopes as how Peter airs the bit cottage now and then; but the squire, God bless him, will see to that, and the 'tato garden, I'm sure."

"You may rely on that, Bunting," said Walter, sinking into a reverie, from which he was shortly roused by the corporal.

"I 'spose Miss Madeline be married afore now, your honour: well, pray Heaven she be happy with that 'ere larned man!"

Walter's heart beat faster for a moment at this sudden remark, but he was pleased to find that the time when the thought of Madeline's marriage was accompanied with painful emotion was entirely gone by; the reflection, however, induced a new train of idea, and without replying to the corporal, he sank into a deeper meditation than before.

The shrewd Bunting saw that it was not a favourable moment for renewing the conversation; he therefore suffered his horse to fall back, and taking a quid from his tobacco-box, was soon as well entertained as his master. In this manner they rode on for about a couple of miles, the evening growing darker as they proceeded, when a green opening in the road brought them within view of a gipsy's encampment; the scene was so sudden and so picturesque, that it aroused the young traveller from his reverie, and as his tired horse walked slowly on, the bridle about its neck, he looked with an earnest

eye on the vagrant settlement beside his path. The moon had just risen above a dark copse in the rear, and cast a broad, deep shadow along the green, without lessening the vivid effect of the fires which glowed and sparkled in the darker recess of the waste land, as the gloomy forms of the Egyptians were seen dimly cowering round the blaze. A scene of this sort is perhaps one of the most striking that the green lanes of Old England afford,—to me it has always an irresistible attraction, partly from its own claims, partly from those of association. When I was a mere boy, and bent on a solitary excursion over parts of England and Scotland, I saw something of that wild people,—though not perhaps so much as the ingenious George Hanger, to whose memoirs the reader may be referred for some rather amusing pages on gipsy life. As Walter was still eying the encampment, he in return had not escaped the glance of an old crone, who came running hastily up to him, and begged permission to tell his fortune and to have her hand crossed with silver.

Very few men under thirty ever sincerely refuse an offer of this sort. Nobody believes in these predictions, yet every one likes hearing them: and Walter, after faintly refusing the proposal twice, consented the third time; and drawing up his horse submitted his hand to the old lady. In the mean while, one of the younger urchins who had accompanied her had run to the encampments for a light, and now stood behind the old woman's shoulder, rearing on high a pine brand, which cast over the little group a red and weird-like glow.

The reader must not imagine we are now about to call his credulity in aid to eke out any interest he may feel in our story; the old crone was but a vulgar gipsy, and she predicted to Walter the same fortune she always predicted to those who paid a shilling for the prophecy—an heiress with blue eyes—seven children—troubles about the epoch of forty-three, happily soon over—and a healthy old age, with an easy death. Though Walter was not impressed with any reverential awe for these vaticinations, he yet could not refrain from inquiring, whether the journey on which he was at present bent was likely to prove successful in its object.

"'Tis an ill night," said the old woman, lifting up her wild face and elfin locks with a mysterious air—" 'tis an ill night for them as seeks, and for them as asks.—*He's* about—"

"He—who?"

"No matter!—you may be successful, young sir, yet wish you had not been so. The moon thus, and the wind there—promise that you will get your desires, and find them crosses."

The corporal had listened very attentively to these predictions, and was now about to thrust forth his own hand to the soothsayer, when from a cross road to the right came the sound of hoofs, and presently a horseman at full trot pulled up beside them.

"Hark ye, old she-devil, or you, sirs—is this the road to Knaresbro'?"

The gipsy drew back, and gazed on the countenance of the rider, on which the red glare of the pine-brand shone full.

"To Knaresbro', Richard, the dare-devil! Ay, and what does the ramping bird want in the ould nest? Welcome back to Yorkshire, Richard, my ben cove?"

"Ha!" said the rider, shading his eyes with his hand, as he returned the gaze of the gipsy—"is it you, Bess Airlie: your welcome is like the owl's, and reads the wrong way. But I must not stop. This takes to Knaresbro' then?"

"Straight as a dying man's curse to hell," replied the crone, in that metaphorical style in which all her tribe love to speak, and of which their proper language is indeed almost wholly composed.

The horseman answered not, but spurred on.

"Who is that?" asked Walter earnestly, as the old woman stretched her tawny neck after the rider.

"An ould friend, sir," replied the Egyptian, dryly. "I have not seen him these fourteen years; but it is not Bess Airlie who is apt to forgit friend or foe. Well, sir, shall I tell your honour's good luck?"—(here she turned to the corporal, who sat erect on his saddle with his hand on his holster)—"the colour of the lady's hair—and—"

"Hold your tongue, you limb of Satan!" interrupted the corporal fiercely, as if his whole tide of thought, so lately favourable to the soothsayer, had undergone a deadly reversion. "Please your honour, it's getting late, we had better be jogging!"

"You are right," said Walter, spurring his jaded horse, and nodding his adieu to the gipsy, he was soon out of sight of the encampment.

"Sir," said the corporal, joining his master, "that is a man as I have seed afore; I knowed his ugly face again in a crack—'tis the man what came to Grassdale arter Mr. Aram, and we saw arterwards the night we chanced on Sir Peter Thingumybob."

"Bunting," said Walter, in a low voice, "I too have been trying to recall the face of that man, and I too am persuaded I have seen it before. A fearful suspicion, amounting almost to conviction, creeps over me, that the hour in which I last saw it was one when my life was in peril. In a word, I do believe that I beheld that face bending over me on the night when I lay under the hedge, and so nearly escaped murder! If I am right, it was, however, the mildest of the ruffians, the one who counselled his comrades against despatching me."

The corporal shuddered.

"Pray, sir!" said he, after a moment's pause, "do see if your pistols are primed—so—so. 'Tis not out o' nature that the man may have some 'complices hereabout, and may think to waylay us. The old gipsy, too, what a face she had! depend on it, they are two of a trade—ugh!—bother!—waugh!"

And the corporal grunted his most significant grunt.

"It is not at all unlikely, Bunting; and as we are now not far from Knaresbro', it will be prudent to ride on as fast as our horses will allow us. Keep up alongside."

"Certainly—I'll purtect your honour," said the corporal, getting on that side where the hedge being thinnest, an ambush was less likely to be laid. "I care more for your honour's safety than my own, or what a brute I should be—ugh!"

The master and man had trotted on for some little distance, when they perceived a dark object moving along by the grass on the side of the road. The corporal's hair bristled—he uttered an oath, which by him was always intended for a prayer. Walter felt his breath grow a little thick as he watched the motions of the object so imperfectly beheld; presently, however, it grew into a man on horseback, trotting very slowly along the grass; and as they now neared him, they recognised the rider they had just seen, whom they might have imagined, from the pace at which he left them before, to have been considerably ahead of them.

The horseman turned round as he saw them.

"Pray, gentlemen," said he, in a tone of great and evident anxiety, "how far is it to Knaresbro'?"

"Don't answer him, your honour!" whispered the corporal.

"Probably," replied Walter, unheeding this advice, "you know this road better than we do. It cannot, however, be above three or four miles hence."

"Thank you, sir. It is long since I have been in these parts. I used to know the country, but they have made new roads and strange enclosures, and I now scarcely recognise any thing familiar. Curse on this brute! curse on it, I say!" repeated the horseman through his ground teeth, in a tone of angry vehemence; "I never wanted to ride so quick before, and the beast has fallen as lame as a tree. This comes of trying to go faster than other folks.—Sir, are you a father?"

This abrupt question, which was uttered in a sharp, strained voice, a little startled Walter. He replied shortly in the negative, and was about to spur onward, when the horseman continued, and there was something in his voice and manner that compelled attention:

"And I am in doubt whether I have a child or not. By G—! it is a bitter, gnawing state of mind. I may reach Knaresbro' to find my only daughter dead, sir,—dead!"

Despite of Walter's suspicions of the speaker, he could not but feel a thrill of sympathy at the visible distress with which these words were said.

"I hope not," said he, involuntarily.

"Thank you, sir," replied the horseman, trying ineffectually to spur on his steed, which almost came down at the effort to proceed. "I have ridden thirty miles across the country at full speed, for they had no posthorses at the d—d place where I hired this brute. This was the only creature I could get for love or money; and now, the Devil only knows how important every moment may be. While I speak, my child may breathe her last!" and the man brought his clenched fist on the shoulder of his horse in mingled spite and rage.

"All sham, your honour," whispered the corporal.

"Sir," cried the horseman, now raising his voice, "I need not have asked if you had been a father; if you had, you would have had compassion on me ere this,—you would have lent me your own horse."

"The impudent rogue!" muttered the corporal.

"Sir," replied Walter, "it is not to the tale of every stranger that a man gives belief."

VOL. II.—H

"Belief!—ah, well, well, 'tis no matter," said the horseman, sullenly. "There was a time, man, when I would have forced what I now solicit; but my heart's gone. Ride on, sir—ride on—and the curse of—"

"If," interrupted Walter, irresolutely, "if I could believe your statement—but no! Mark me, sir; I have reasons—fearful reasons—for imagining you mean this but as a snare!"

"Ha!" said the horseman, deliberately, "have we met before?"

"I believe so."

"And you have had cause to complain of me? It may be—it may be; but were the grave before me, and if one lie would smite me into it, I solemnly swear that I now utter but the naked truth."

"It would be folly to trust him, Bunting?" said Walter, turning round to his attendant.

"Folly!—sheer madness!—bother!"

"If you are the man I take you for," said Walter, "you once lifted your voice against the murder, though you assisted in the robbery, of a traveller;—that traveller was myself. I will remember the mercy—I will forget the outrage; and I will not believe that you have devised this tale as a snare. Take my horse, sir; I will trust you."

Houseman (for it was he) flung himself instantly from his saddle. "I don't ask God to bless you; a blessing in my mouth would be worse than a curse. But you will not repent this—you will not repent it!"

Houseman said these few words with a palpable emotion, and it was more striking on account of the evident coarseness and hardened vulgarity of his nature. In a moment more he had mounted Walter's horse, and, turning ere he sped on, inquired at what place at Knareborough the horse should be sent. Walter directed him to the principal inn; and Houseman, waving his hand, and striking his spurs into the animal, wearied as it was, was out of sight in a moment.

"Well, if ever I seed the like!" quoth the corporal.

"Lira, lira, la, la, la! lira, lara, la, la, la!—augh!—whaugh!—bother!"

"So, my good-nature does not please you, Bunting?"

"Oh, sir, it does not sinnify; we shall have our throats cut,—that's all."

"What! you don't believe the story?"

"I! Bless your honour, *I am no fool.*"

"Bunting!"

"Sir!"

"You forget yourself."

"Augh!"

"So you don't think I should have lent the horse?"

"Sartainly not."

"On occasions like these, every man ought to take care of himself! Prudence before generosity!"

"Of a sartainty, sir."

"Dismount, then. I want my horse,—you may shift with the lame one."

"Augh, sir,—haugh!"

"Rascal, dismount, I say!" said Walter, angrily; for the corporal was one of those men who aim at governing their masters, and his selfishness now irritated Walter as much as his impertinent tohe of superior wisdom.

The corporal hesitated; he thought an ambuscade by the road of certain occurrence; and he was weighing the danger of riding a lame horse against his master's displeasure. Walter, perceiving he demurred, was seized with so violent a resentment, that he dashed up to the corporal, and, grasping him by the collar, swung him, heavy as he was, being wholly unprepared for such force, to the ground.

Without deigning to look at his condition, Walter mounted the sound horse, and, throwing the bridle of the lame one over a bough, left the corporal to follow at his leisure.

There is not, perhaps, a more sore state of mind than that which we experience when we have committed an act we meant to be generous, and fear to be foolish.

"Certainly," said Walter, soliloquizing, "certainly the man is a rascal; yet he was evidently sincere in his emotion. Certainly he was one of the men who robbed me; yet, if so, he was also the one who interceded for my life. If I should now have given strength to a villain!—if I should have assisted him to an outrage against myself! What more probable? Yet, on the other hand, if his story be true—if his child be dying—and if, through my means, he obtain a last interview with her!—well, well, let me hope so."

Here he was joined by the corporal, who, angry as he was, judged it prudent to smother his rage for another opportunity, and, by favouring his master with his com-

pany, to procure himself an ally immediately at hand should his suspicions prove true. But for once his knowledge of the world deceived him; no sign of living creature broke the loneliness of the way. By-and-by the lights of the town gleamed upon them; and, on reaching the inn, Walter found his horse had been already sent there, and, covered with dust and foam, was submitting itself to the tutelary hands of the hostler.

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER'S REFLECTIONS—MINE HOST—A GENTLE CHARACTER AND A GREEN OLD AGE—THE GARDEN, AND THAT WHICH IT TEACHETH—A DIALOGUE, WHEREIN NEW HINTS TOWARDS THE WISHED-FOR DISCOVERY ARE SUGGESTED—THE CURATE—A VISIT TO A SPOT OF DEEP INTEREST TO THE ADVENTURER.

"I made a posy while the day ran by,
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band."—GEORGE HERBERT.

"———The time approaches
That will, with due precision, make us know
What—"
Macbeth.

THE next morning Walter rose early, and, descending into the courtyard of the inn, he there met with the landlord, who, a hoe in his hand, was just about to enter a little gate that led into the garden. He held the gate open for Walter.

"It is a fine morning, sir; would you like to look into the garden?" said mine host, with an inviting smile.

Walter accepted the offer, and found himself in a large and well-stocked garden, laid out with much neatness and some taste. The landlord halted by a parterre which required his attention, and Walter walked on in solitary reflection.

The morning was serene and clear, but the frost mingled the freshness with an "eager and nipping air;" and Walter unconsciously quickened his step as he paced to and fro the straight walk that bisected the garden, with his eyes on the ground, and his hat over his brow.

Now, then, he had reached the place where the last

trace of his father seemed to have vanished, in how wayward and strange a manner! If no further clew could be here discovered by the inquiry he purposed, at this spot would terminate his researches and his hopes. But the young heart of the traveller was buoyed up with expectation. Looking back to the events of the last few weeks, he thought he recognised the finger of Destiny guiding him from step to step, and now resting on the scene to which it had brought his feet. How singularly complete had been the train of circumstance which, linking things seemingly most trifling, most dissimilar, had lengthened into one continuous chain of evidence! The trivial incident that led him to the saddler's shop—the accident that brought the whip that had been his father's to his eye—the account from Courtland which had conducted him to this remote part of the country—and now the narrative of Elmore leading him to the spot at which all inquiry seemed as yet to pause! Had he been led hither only to hear repeated that strange tale of sudden and wanton disappearance!—to find an abrupt wall, a blank and impenetrable barrier to a course hitherto so continuously guided on!—had he been the sport of Fate, and not its instrument? No; he was filled with a serious and profound conviction, that a discovery that he of all men was best entitled, by the unalienable claims of blood and birth to achieve, was reserved for him, and that this grand dream and nursed object of his childhood was now about to be imbodied and attained. He could not but be sensible, too, that as he had proceeded on his high enterprise, his character had acquired a weight and a thoughtful seriousness which was more fitted to the nature of that enterprise than akin to his earlier temper. This consciousness swelled his bosom with a profound and steady hope. When Fate selects her human agents, her dark and mysterious spirit is at work within them; she moulds their hearts, she exalts their energies, she shapes them to the part she has allotted them, and renders the mortal instrument worthy of the solemn end.

Thus chewing the cud of his involved and deep reflection, the young adventurer paused at last opposite his host, who was still bending over his pleasant task, and every now and then, excited by the exercise and the fresh morning air, breaking into snatches of some old rustic song. The contrast in mood between himself and this—

"Unwaxed letterer by the world's green ways"

struck forcibly upon him. Mine host, too, was one whose appearance was better suited to his occupation than his profession. He might have told some three-and-sixty years, but it was a comely and green old age; his cheek was firm and ruddy, not with nightly cups, but the fresh witness of the morning breezes it was wont to court; his frame was robust, not corpulent; and his long gray hair, which fell almost to his shoulder, his clear blue eyes, and a pleasant curve in a mouth characterized by habitual good-humour, completed a portrait that even many a dull observer would have paused to gaze upon; and, indeed, the good man enjoyed a certain kind of reputation for his comely looks and cheerful manner. His picture had even been taken by a young artist in the neighbourhood; nay, the likeness had been multiplied into engravings, somewhat rude and somewhat unfaithful, which might be seen occupying no inconspicuous or dusty corner in the principal printshop of the town; nor was mine host's character a contradiction to his looks. He had seen enough of life to be intelligent, and had judged it rightly enough to be kind. He had passed that line so nicely given to man's codes in those admirable pages which first added delicacy of tact to the strong sense of English composition. "We have just religion enough," it is said somewhere in the Spectator, "to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another." Our good landlord—peace be with his ashes!—had never halted at this limit. The country innkeeper might have furnished Goldsmith with a counterpart to his country curate; his house was equally hospitable to the poor, his heart equally tender, in a nature wiser than experience, to error, and equally open in its warm simplicity to distress. Peace be with thee, *****! Our grandsire was thy patron, yet a patron thou didst not want. Merit in thy capacity is seldom bare of reward. The public want no indicators to a house like thine; and who requires a third person to tell him how to appreciate the value of good-nature and good cheer?

As Walter stood, and contemplated the old man bending over the sweet fresh earth (and then, glancing round, saw the quiet garden stretching away on either side with its boundaries lost among the thick evergreen), something of that grateful and moralizing stillness with

which some country scene (the *rura et silentium*) generally inspires us, when we awake to its consciousness from the troubled dream of dark and unquiet thought, stole over his mind: and certain old lines which his uncle, who loved the soft and rustic morality that pervades the ancient race of English minstrels, had taught him when a boy, came pleasantly into his recollection,

"With all, as in some rare-linn'd book, we see
Here painted lectures of God's sacred will
The daisy teacheth lowliness of mind;
The chamomile, we should be patient still;
The rhue, our hate of Vice's poison ill;
The woodbine, that we should our friendship hold;
Our hope the savory in the bitterest cold."

The old man stopped from his work as the musing figure of his guest darkened the prospect before him, and said,

"A pleasant time, sir, for the gardener!"

"Ay, is it so: you must miss the fruits and flowers of summer."

"Well, sir,—but we are now paying back the garden for the good things it has given us. It is like taking care of a friend in old age, who has been kind to us when he was young."

Walter smiled at the quaint amiability of the idea.

"'Tis a winning thing, sir, a garden!—It brings us an object every day; and that's what I think a man ought to have if he wishes to lead a happy life."

"It is true," said Walter; and mine host was encouraged to continue by the attention and affable countenance of the stranger, for he was a physiognomist in his way.

"And then, sir, we have no disappointment in these objects:—the soil is not ungrateful, as, they say, men are—though I have not often found them so, by-the-by. What we sow we reap. I have an old book, sir, lying in my little parlour, all about fishing, and full of so many pretty sayings about a country life, and meditation, and so forth, that it does one as much good as a sermon to look into it. But to my mind, all those sayings are more applicable to a gardener's life than a fisherman's."

"It is a less cruel life, certainly," said Walter.

"Yes, sir; and then the scenes one makes one's self,

the flowers one plants with one's own hand, one enjoys more than all the beauties which don't owe us any thing; at least, so it seems to me. I have always been thankful to the accident that made me take to gardening."

"And what was that?"

"Why, sir, you must know there was a great scholar, though he was but a youth then, living in this town some years ago, and he was very curious in plants and flowers, and such like. I have heard the parson say, he knew more of those innocent matters than any man in this county. At that time I was not in so flourishing a way of business as I am at present. I kept a little inn in the outskirts of the town; and having formerly been a game-keeper of my Lord ——'s, I was in the habit of eking out my little profits by accompanying gentlemen in fishing or snipe-shooting. So, one day, sir, I went out fishing with a strange gentleman from London, and, in a very quiet retired spot some miles off, he stopped and plucked some herbs that seemed to me common enough, but which he declared were most curious and rare things, and he carried them carefully away. I heard afterward he was a great herbalist, I think they call it, but he was a very poor fisher. Well, sir, I thought the next morning of Mr. Aram, our great scholar and botanist, and thought it would please him to know of these bits of grass: so I went and called upon him, and begged leave to go and show the spot to him. So we walked there, and certainly, sir, of all the men that ever I saw, I never met one that would round your heart like this same Eugene Aram. He was then exceedingly poor, but he never complained; and was much too proud for any one to dare to offer him relief. He lived quite alone, and usually avoided every one in his walks: but, sir, there was something so engaging and patient in his manner, and his voice, and his pale, mild countenance, which, young as he was then, for he was not a year or two above twenty, was marked with sadness and melancholy, that it quite went to your heart when you met him or spoke to him.—Well, sir, we walked to the place, and very much delighted he seemed with the green things I showed him, and as I was always of a communicative temper, rather a gossip, sir, my neighbours say, I made him smile now and then by my remarks. He seemed pleased with me, and talked to me going home about flowers and gardening, and such like; and sure it was

better than a book to hear him. And after that, when we came across one another, he would not shun me as he did others, but let me stop and talk to him; and then I asked his advice about a wee farm I thought of taking, and he told me many curious things, which, sure enough, I found quite true, and brought me in afterward a deal of money. But we talked much about gardening, for I loved to hear him talk on those matters; and so, sir, I was struck by all he said, and could not rest till I took to gardening myself, and ever since I have gone on, more pleased with it every day of my life. Indeed, sir, I think these harmless pursuits make a man's heart better and kinder to his fellow-creatures; and I always take more pleasure in reading the Bible, 'specially the New Testament, after having spent the day in the garden. Ah! well, I should like to know what has become of that poor gentleman."

"I can relieve your honest heart about him. Mr. Aram is living in ——, well off in the world, and universally liked; though he still keeps to his old habits of reserve."

"Ay, indeed, sir! I have not heard any thing that pleased me more this many a day."

"Pray," said Walter, after a moment's pause, "do you remember the circumstance of a Mr. Clarke appearing in this town, and leaving it in a very abrupt and mysterious manner?"

"Do I mind it, sir? Yes, indeed. It made a great noise in Knaresbro'—there were many suspicions of foul play about it. For my part, I too had my thoughts, but that's neither here nor there;" and the old man recommenced weeding with great diligence.

"My friend," said Walter, mastering his emotion; "you would serve me more deeply than I can express, if you would give me any information, any conjecture, respecting this—this Mr. Clarke. I have come hither, solely to make inquiry after his fate: in a word, he is, or was, a near relative of mine!"

The old man looked wistfully in Walter's face. "Indeed," said he, slowly, "you are welcome, sir, to all I know; but that is very little, or nothing rather. But will you turn up this walk, sir? it's more retired. Did you ever hear of one Richard Houseman?"

"Houseman! yes. He knew my poor—I mean he knew Clarke; he said Clarke was in his debt when he left the town so suddenly."

The old man shook his head mysteriously, and looked around. "I will tell you," said he, laying his hand on Walter's arm, and speaking in his ear—"I would not accuse any one wrongfully, but I have my doubts that Houseman murdered him."

"Great God!" murmured Walter, clinging to a post for support. "Go on—heed me not—heed me not—for mercy's sake go on."

"Nay, I know nothing certain—nothing certain, believe me," said the old man, shocked at the effect his words had produced: "it may be better than I think for, and my reasons are not very strong; but you shall hear them."

"Mr. Clarke, you know, came to this town to receive a legacy—you know the particulars."

Walter impatiently nodded assent.

"Well, though he seemed in poor health, he was a lively careless man, who liked any company who would sit and tell stories, and drink o' nights; not a silly man exactly, but a weak one. Now of all the idle persons of this town, Richard Houseman was the most inclined to this way of life. He had been a soldier—had wandered a good deal about the world—was a bold, talking, reckless fellow—of a character thoroughly profligate; and there were many stories afloat about him, though none were clearly made out. In short, he was suspected of having occasionally taken to the high road; and a stranger who stopped once at my little inn assured me privately, that though he could not positively swear to his person, he felt convinced that he had been stopped a year before on the London road by Houseman. Notwithstanding all this, as Houseman had some respectable connexions in the town—among his relations, by-the-by, was Mr. Aram—as he was a thoroughly boon companion—a good shot—a bold rider—excellent at a song, and very cheerful and merry, he was not without as much company as he pleased: and the first night he and Mr. Clarke came together, they grew mighty intimate; indeed, it seemed as if they had met before. On the night Mr. Clarke disappeared, I had been on an excursion with some gentlemen, and in consequence of the snow, which had been heavy during the latter part of the day, I did not return to Knaresbro' till past midnight. In walking through the town, I perceived two men engaged in earnest conversation: one of them, I am sure, was

Clarke; the other was wrapped up in a great-coat, with the cape over his face, but the watchman had met the same man alone at an earlier hour, and putting aside the cape, perceived that it was Houseman. No one else was seen with Clarke after that hour."

"But was not Houseman examined?"

"Slightly; and deposed that he had been spending the night with Eugene Aram; that on leaving Aram's house, he met Clarke, and wondering that he the latter, an invalid, should be out at so late an hour, he walked some way with him, in order to learn the cause; but that Clarke seemed confused, and was reserved, and on his guard, and at last wished him good-by abruptly, and turned away. That he, Houseman, had no doubt he left the town that night, with the intention of defrauding his creditors, and making off with some jewels he had borrowed from Mr. Elmore."

"But Aram! was this suspicious, nay, abandoned character—this Houseman, intimate with Aram?"

"Not at all; but being distantly related, and Houseman being a familiar, pushing sort of a fellow, Aram could not, perhaps, always shake him off; and Aram allowed that Houseman had spent the evening with him."

"And no suspicion rested on Aram?"

The host turned round in amazement.—"Heavens above, no! One might as well suspect the lamb of eating the wolf!"

But not thus thought Walter Lester; the wild words occasionally uttered by the student—his lone habits—his frequent starts and colloquy with self, all of which had, even from the first, it has been seen, excited Walter's suspicion of former guilt that had murdered the mind's wholesome sleep, now rushed with tenfold force upon his memory.

"But no other circumstance transpired? Is this your whole ground for suspicion,—the mere circumstance of Houseman's being last seen with Clarke?"

"Consider also the dissolute and bold character of Houseman. Clarke evidently had his jewels and money with him—they were not left in the house. What a temptation to one who was more than suspected of having, in the course of his life, taken to plunder! Houseman shortly afterward left the country. He has never returned to the town since, though his daughter lives here with his wife's mother, and has occasionally gone up to town to see him."

"And Aram—he also left Knaresbro' soon after this mysterious event?"

"Yes! an old aunt at York, who had never assisted him during her life, died and bequeathed him a legacy, about a month afterward. On receiving it, he naturally went to London, the best place for such clever scholars."

"Ha! But are you sure that the aunt died!—that the legacy was left? Might this be no tale to give an excuse to the spending of money otherwise acquired?"

Mine host looked almost with anger on Walter.

"It is clear," said he, "you know nothing of Eugene Aram, or you would not speak thus. But I can satisfy your doubts on this head. I knew the old lady well, and my wife was at York when she died. Besides, every one here knows something of the will, for it was rather an eccentric one."

Walter paused irresolutely. "Will you accompany me," he asked, "to the house in which Mr. Clarke lodged,—and indeed to any other place where it may be prudent to institute inquiry?"

"Certainly, sir, with the biggest pleasure," said mine host; "but you must first try my dame's butter and eggs. It is time to breakfast."

We may suppose that Walter's simple meal was soon over; and growing impatient and restless to commence his inquiries, he descended from his solitary apartment to the little back-room behind the bar, in which he had, on the night before, seen mine host and his better half at supper. It was a snug, small, wainscoted room; fishing-rods were neatly arranged against the wall, which was also decorated by a portrait of the landlord himself, two old Dutch pictures of fruit and game, a long, quaint-fashioned fowling-piece, and, opposite the fireplace, a noble stag's head and antlers. On the window-seat lay the Izaak Walton to which the old man had referred; the family Bible, with its green baize cover, and the frequent marks peeping out from its venerable pages; and, close nestling to it, recalling that beautiful sentence, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," several of those little volumes with gay bindings, and marvellous contents of fay and giant, which delight the hearth-spelled urchin, and which were "the source of golden hours" to the old man's grandchildren, in their respite from "learning's little tene-ments."

"Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around."*

Mine host was still employed by a huge brown loaf and some baked pike; and mine hostess, a quiet and serene old lady, was alternately regaling herself and a large brindled cat from a plate of "toasten cheer."

While the old man was hastily concluding his repast, a little knock at the door was heard, and presently an elderly gentleman in black put his head into the room, and, perceiving the stranger, would have drawn back; but both landlady and landlord bustling up, entreated him to enter by the appellation of Mr. Summers. And then, as the gentleman smilingly yielded to the invitation, the landlady, turning to Walter, said, "Our clergyman, sir: and though I say it afore his face, there is not a man who, if Christian virtues were considered, ought so soon to be a bishop."

"Hush! my good lady," said Mr. Summers, laughing as he bowed to Walter. "You see, sir, that it is no trifling advantage to a Knaresbro' reputation to have our hostess's good word. But, indeed," turning to the landlady, and assuming a grave and impressive air, "I have little mind for jesting now. You know poor Jane Houseman,—a mild, quiet, blue-eyed creature; she died at day-break this morning! Her father had come from London expressly to see her: she died in his arms, and, I hear, he is almost in a state of phrensy."

The host and hostess signified their commiseration. "Poor little girl!" said the latter, wiping her eyes; "hers was a hard fate, and she felt it, child as she was. Without the care of a mother,—and such a father! Yet he was fond of her."

"My reason for calling on you was this," renewed the clergyman, addressing the host: "you knew Houseman formerly; me he always shunned, and, I fancy, ridiculed. He is in distress now, and all that is forgotten. Will you seek him, and inquire if any thing in my power can afford him consolation? He may be poor: I can pay for the poor child's burial. I loved her; she was the best girl at Mrs. Summers' school."

"Certainly, sir, I will seek him," said the landlord, hesitating; and then, drawing the clergyman aside, he informed him in a whisper of his engagement with Walter,

* Shenstone's Schoolmistress.

and with the present pursuit and meditated inquiry of his guest; not forgetting to insinuate his suspicion of the guilt of the man whom he was now called upon to compassionate.

The clergyman mused a little, and then, approaching Walter, offered his services in the stead of the publican, in so frank and cordial a manner, that Walter at once accepted them.

"Let us come now, then," said the good curate—for he was but the curate—seeing Walter's impatience; "and first we will go to the house in which Clarke lodged; I know it well."

The two gentlemen now commenced their expedition. Summers was no contemptible antiquary; and he sought to beguile the nervous impatience of his companion by dilating on the attractions of the ancient and memorable town to which his purpose had brought him.

"Remarkable," said the curate, "alike in history and tradition: look yonder" (pointing above, as an opening in the road gave to view the frowning and beetled ruins of the shattered castle);—"you would be at some loss to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north, when he 'numbrid 11 or 12 towres in the walles of the castel, and one very fayre beside in the second area.' In that castle, the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket (the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard the Second—the Stuart of the Plantagenets—passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, after the battle of Marston Moor, waved the banners of the loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburne. It was made yet more touchingly memorable at that time, as you may have heard, by an instance of filial piety. The town was greatly straitened for want of provisions; a youth, whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep dry moat, climb up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole, where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length; the soldiers fired on him. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced to be hanged in sight of the besieged, in order to strike terror into those who might be similarly disposed to render assistance to the garrison. Fortunately, however, this disgrace was spared the memory of Lilburne and the republican arms. With

great difficulty, a certain lady obtained his respite; and after the conquest of the place, and the departure of the troops, the adventurous son was released."

"A fit subject for your local poets," said Walter, whom stories of this sort, from the nature of his own enterprise, especially affected.

"Yes: but we boast but few minstrels since the young Aram left us. The castle then, once the residence of Pierce Gaveston,—of Hubert III.—and of John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed. Many of the houses we shall pass have been built from its massive ruins. It is singular, by-the-way, that it was twice captured by men of the name of Lilburn, or Lilleburn, once in the reign of Edward II., once as I have related. On looking over historical records, we are surprised to find how often certain names have been fatal to certain spots; and this reminds me, by-the-way, that we boast the origin of the English sibyl, the venerable Mother Shipton. The wild rock at whose foot she is said to have been born is worthy of the tradition."

"You spoke just now," said Walter, who had not very patiently suffered the curate thus to ride his hobby, "of Eugene Aram; you knew him well?"

"Nay: he suffered not any to do that! He was a remarkable youth. I have noted him from his childhood upward, long before he came to Knaresbro', till on leaving this place, fourteen years back, I lost sight of him.—Strange, musing, solitary from a boy! but what accomplishment of learning he had reached! Never did I see one whom nature so emphatically marked to be GREAT. I often wonder that his name has not long ere this been more universally noised abroad: whatever he attempted was stamped with such signal success. I have by me some scattered pieces of poetry when a boy; they were given me by his poor father, long since dead; and are full of a dim, shadowy anticipation of future fame. Perhaps, yet, before he dies,—he is still young,—the presentiment will be realized. You too know him, then?"

"Yes! I have known him. Stay—dare I ask you a question, a fearful question? Did suspicion ever, in your mind, in the mind of any one, rest on Aram, as concerned in the mysterious disappearance of my—of Clarke? His acquaintance with Houseman, who *was* suspected; Houseman's visit to Aram that night; his

previous poverty—so extreme, if I hear rightly; his after-riches—though they perhaps *may* be satisfactorily accounted for; his leaving this town so shortly after the disappearance I refer to;—these alone might not create suspicion in me, but I have seen the man in moments of revery and abstraction, I have listened to strange and broken words, I have noted a sudden, keen, and angry susceptibility to any unmeant excitation of a less peaceful or less innocent remembrance. And there seems to me inexplicably to hang over his heart some gloomy recollection, which I cannot divest myself from imagining to be that of guilt."

Walter spoke quickly, and in great though half-suppressed excitement; the more kindled from observing that, as he spoke, Summers changed countenance, and listened as with painful and uneasy attention.

"I will tell you," said the curate, after a short pause, (lowering his voice)—"I will tell you: Aram did undergo examination—I was present at it—but from his character and the respect universally felt for him, the examination was close and secret. He was not, mark me, suspected of the murder of the unfortunate Clarke, nor was any suspicion of murder generally entertained until all means of discovering Clarke were found wholly unavailing; but of sharing with Houseman some part of the jewels with which Clarke was known to have left the town. This suspicion of robbery could not, however, be brought home, even to Houseman and Aram was satisfactorily acquitted from the imputation. But in the minds of some present at that examination, a doubt lingered, and this doubt certainly deeply wounded a man so proud and susceptible. This, I believe, was the real reason of his quitting Knaresbro' almost immediately after that examination. And some of us, who felt for him and were convinced of his innocence, persuaded the others to hush up the circumstance of his examination, nor has it generally transpired, even to this day, when the whole business is wellnigh forgot. But as to his subsequent improvement of circumstances, there is no doubt of his aunt's having left him a legacy sufficient to account for it."

Walter bowed his head, and felt his suspicions waver when the curate renewed,—

"Yet it is but fair to tell you, who seem so deeply interested in the fate of Clarke, that since that period

rumours have reached my ear that the woman at whose house Aram lodged has from time to time dropped words that require explanation—hints that she could tell a tale—that she knows more than men will readily believe—nay, once she was even reported to have said that the life of Eugene Aram was in her power.”

“Father of mercy! and did inquiry sleep on words so calling for its liveliest examination?”

“Not wholly—on their being brought to me, I went to the house, but found the woman, whose habits and character are low and worthless, was abrupt and insolent in her manner; and after in vain endeavouring to call forth some explanation of the words she was reported to have uttered, I left the house fully persuaded that she had only given vent to a meaningless boast, and that the idle words of a disorderly gossip could not be taken as evidence against a man of the blameless character and austere habits of Aram. Since, however, you have now reawakened investigation, we will visit her before you leave the town; and it may be as well, too, that Houseman should undergo a further investigation before we suffer him to depart.”

“I thank you! I thank you—I will not let slip one thread of this dark clew.”

“And now,” said the curate, pointing to a decent house, “we have reached the lodging Clarke occupied in the town!”

An old man of respectable appearance opened the door, and welcomed the curate and his companion with an air of cordial respect which attested the well-deserved popularity of the former.

“We have come,” said the curate, “to ask you some questions respecting Daniel Clarke, whom you remember as your lodger. This gentleman is a relation of his, and interested deeply in his fate!”

“What, sir!” quoth the old man, “and have you, his relation, never heard of Mr. Clarke since he left the town? Strange!—this room, this very room was the one Mr. Clarke occupied, and next to this—here”—(opening a door) “was his bedchamber!”

It was not without powerful emotion that Walter found himself thus within the apartment of his lost father. What a painful, what a gloomy, yet sacred interest every thing around instantly assumed! The old-fashioned and heavy chairs—the brown wainscot walls

—the little cupboard recessed, as it were, to the right of the fireplace, and piled with morsels of Indian china and long taper wine-glasses—the small window-panes set deep in the wall, giving a dim view of a bleak and melancholy-looking garden in the rear—yea, the very floor he trod—the very table on which he leaned—the very hearth, dull and fireless as it was, opposite his gaze—all took a familiar meaning in his eye, and breathed a household voice into his ear. And when he entered the inner room, how, even to suffocation, were those strange half-sad, yet not all bitter emotions increased. There was the bed on which his father had rested on the night before—what? perhaps his murder! The bed, probably a relic from the castle, when its antique furniture was set up to public sale, was hung with faded tapestry, and above its dark and polished summit were hearselike and heavy trappings. Old commodes of rudely-carved oak, a discoloured glass in a japan frame, a ponderous armchair of Elizabethan fashion, and covered with the same tapestry as the bed, altogether gave that uneasy and sepulchral impression to the mind so commonly produced by the relics of a mouldering and forgotten antiquity.

"It looks cheerless, sir," said the owner, "but then we have not had any regular lodger for years; it is just the same as when Mr. Clarke lived here. But, bless you, sir, he made the dull rooms look gay enough. He was a blithesome gentleman. He and his friends, Mr. Houseman especially, used to make the walls ring again when they were over their cups!"

"It might have been better for Mr. Clarke," said the curate, "had he chosen his comrades with more discretion. Houseman was not a creditable, perhaps not a *safe* companion."

"That was no business of mine then," quoth the lodging-letter; "but it might be now, since I have been a married man!"

The curate smiled. "Perhaps you, Mr. Moor, bore a part in those revels?"

"Why, indeed, Mr. Clarke would occasionally make me take a glass or so, sir."

"And you must then have heard the conversations that took place between Houseman and him. Did Mr. Clarke ever, in those conversations, intimate an intention of leaving the town soon? and where, if so, did he talk of going?"

"Oh! first to London. I have often heard him talk of going to London, and then taking a trip to see some relations of his in a distant part of the country. I remember his caressing a little boy of my brother's; you know Jack, sir; not a little boy now—almost as tall as this gentleman. 'Ah!' said he, with a sort of sigh, 'ah! I have a boy at home about this age—when shall I see him again!'"

"When, indeed!" thought Walter, turning away his face at this anecdote, to him so naturally affecting.

"And the night that Clarke left you, were you aware of his absence?"

"No! he went to his room at his usual hour, which was late, and the next morning I found his bed had not been slept in, and that he was gone—gone with all his jewels, money, and valuables; heavy luggage he had none. He was a cunning gentleman; he never loved paying a bill. He was greatly in debt in different parts of the town, though he had not been here long. He ordered every thing and paid for nothing."

Walter groaned. It was his father's character exactly; partly it might be from dishonest principles super-added to the earlier feelings of his nature, but partly also from that temperament at once careless and procrastinating, which, more often than vice, loses men the advantage of reputation.

"Then, in your own mind, and from your knowledge of him," renewed the curate, "you would suppose that Clarke's disappearance was intentional;—that though nothing has since been heard of him, none of the blacker rumours afloat were well founded?"

"I confess, sir, begging this gentleman's pardon, who, you say, is a relation, I confess I see no reason to think otherwise."

"Was Mr. Aram,—Eugene Aram,—ever a guest of Clarke's? Did you ever see them together?"

"Never at this house. I fancy Houseman once presented Mr. Aram to Clarke; and that they may have met and conversed some two or three times, not more, I believe; they were scarcely congenial spirits, sir."

Walter, having now recovered his self-possession, entered into the conversation; and endeavoured, by as minute an examination as his ingenuity could suggest, to obtain some additional light upon the mysterious subject so deeply at his heart. Nothing, however, of any effectual

import was obtained from the good man of the house. He had evidently persuaded himself that Clarke's disappearance was easily accounted for, and would scarcely lend attention to any other suggestion than that of Clarke's dishonesty. Nor did his recollection of the meetings between Houseman and Clarke furnish him with any thing worthy of narration. With a spirit somewhat damped and disappointed, Walter, accompanied by the curate, recommenced his expedition.

CHAPTER X.

GRIEF IN A RUFFIAN—THE CHAMBER OF EARLY DEATH—A
HOMELY, YET MOMENTOUS CONFESSION—THE EARTH'S
SECRETS—THE CAVERN—THE ACCUSATION.

"All is not well,
I doubt some foul play.

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."
Hamlet.

As they passed through the street, they perceived three or four persons standing round the open door of a house of ordinary description, the windows of which were partially closed.

"It is the house," said the curate, "in which Houseman's daughter died—poor, poor child! Yet why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away into heaven with the morning breath, than travail through the weary day to gather in darkness and end in storm!"

"Ah, sir!" said an old man, leaning on his stick, and lifting his hat in obeisance to the curate, "the father is within, and takes on bitterly. He drives them all away from the room, and sits moaning by the bedside, as if he was a-going out of his mind. Won't your reverence go in to him a bit?"

The curate looked at Walter inquiringly. "Perhaps," said the latter, "you had better go in: I will wait without."

While the curate hesitated, they heard a voice in the

passage, and presently Houseman was seen at the far end, driving some women before him with vehement gesticulations.

"I tell you, ye hell-hags," shrieked his harsh and now straining voice, "that ye suffered her to die. Why did ye not send to London for physicians? Am I not rich enough to buy my child's life at any price? By the living ——! I would have turned your very bodies into gold to have saved her. But she's DEAD! and I—out of my sight—out of my way!" And with his hands clenched, his brows knit, and his head uncovered, Houseman sallied forth from the door, and Walter recognised the traveller of the preceding night. He stopped abruptly as he saw the little knot without, and scowled round at each of them with a malignant and ferocious aspect. "Very well—its very well, neighbours!" said he at length, with a fierce laugh: "this is kind! You have come to welcome Richard Houseman home, have ye? Good, good! Not to gloat at his distress; Lord! no. Ye have no idle curiosity—no prying, searching, gossiping devil within ye, that makes ye love to flock, and gape, and chatter when poor men suffer: this is all pure compassion; and Houseman, the good, gentle, peaceful, honest Houseman, you feel for *him*,—I know you do! Hark ye: begone—away—march—tramp—or—ha, ha! there they go—there they go," laughing wildly again as the frightened neighbours shrank from the spot, leaving only Walter and the clergyman with the childless man.

"Be comforted, Houseman!" said Summers, soothingly: "it is a dreadful affliction that you have sustained. I knew your daughter well: you may have heard her speak of me. Let us in, and try what heavenly comfort there is in prayer."

"Prayer! Pooh! I am Richard Houseman!"

"Lives there one man for whom prayer is unavailing?"

"Out, canter, out! My pretty Jane!—and she laid her head on my bosom,—and looked up in my face,—and so—died!"

"Come," said the curate, placing his hand on Houseman's arm, "come—"

Before he could proceed, Houseman, who was muttering to himself, shook him off roughly, and hurried away up the street; but after he had gone a few paces he turned back, and approaching the curate, said, in a more collected tone, "I pray you, sir, since you are a clergy-

man (I recollect your face, and I recollect Jane said you had been good to her)—I pray you go, and say a few words over her: but stay—don't bring in my name—you understand. I don't wish God to recollect that there lives such a man as he who now addresses you. Holla!" (shouting to the women) "my hat, and stick too. Fal la! la! fal la!—why should these things make us play the madman? It is a fine day, sir: we shall have a late winter. Curse the b——! how long she is. Yet the hat was left below. But when a death is in the house, sir, it throws things into confusion: don't you find it so?"

Here, one of the women, pale, trembling, and tearful, brought the ruffian his hat; and placing it deliberately on his head, and bowing with a dreadful and convulsive attempt to smile, he walked slowly away, and disappeared.

"What strange mummers grief makes!" said the curate. "It is an appalling spectacle when it thus wrings out feeling from a man of that mould! But, pardon me, my young friend; let me tarry here for a moment."

"I will enter the house with you," said Walter; and the two men walked in, and in a few moments they stood within the chamber of death.

The face of the deceased had not yet suffered the last withering change. Her young countenance was hushed and serene; and but for the fixedness of the smile, you might have thought the lips moved. So delicate, fair, and gentle were the features, that it was scarcely possible to believe such a scion could spring from such a stock; and it seemed no longer wonderful that a thing so young, so innocent, so lovely, and so early blighted, should have touched that reckless and dark nature which rejected all other invasion of the softer emotions. The curate wiped his eyes, and prepared to utter, with a quivering but earnest voice, his prayer for the dead; and Walter, whose heart was opened to the weaker and kinder feelings, knelt by the bedside, and felt his own eyes moist, as he echoed the Christian hope and the holy supplication. That scene had in its pathos something more impressive and thrilling than pathos alone. He, now kneeling beside the corpse of Houseman's child, was son to the man of whose murder Houseman had been suspected—the childless and the fatherless! might there be no retribution here?

When this ceremony was over, and the curate and Walter escaped from the incoherent blessings and complaints of the women of the house, they, with difficulty resisting the impression the scene had left upon their minds, once more continued on their errand.

"This is no time," said Walter, musingly, "for an examination of Houseman; yet it must not be forgotten."

The curate did not reply for some moments; and then, as an answer to the remark, observed that the conversation they anticipated with Aram's former hostess might throw some light on their researches. They now proceeded to another part of the town, and arrived at a lonely and desolate-looking house, which seemed to wear in its very appearance something strange, sad, and ominous. I know not how it is, but some houses have an *expression*, as it were, on their outward aspect, that sinks unaccountably into the heart—a dim, oppressive eloquence, which dispirits and affects. You say, some story must be attached to those walls; some legendary interest of a darker nature ought to be associated with the mute stone and mortar: you feel a mingled awe and curiosity creep over you as you gaze. Such was the description of house that the young adventurer now surveyed. It was of an antique architecture not uncommon in old towns: gable-ends rose from the roof; dull, small latticed panes were sunk deep in the gray, discoloured wall; the pale, in part, was broken and jagged; and rank weeds sprang up in the neglected garden, through which they walked towards the porch. The door was open; they entered, and found an old woman of coarse appearance sitting by the fireside, and gazing on space with that vacant stare which so often characterizes the repose and relaxation of the uneducated poor. Walter felt an involuntary thrill of dislike come over him, as he looked at the solitary inmate of the solitary house.

"Heyday, sir!" said she, in a grating voice, "and what now? Oh! Mr. Summers, is it you? You're welcome, sir. I wishes I could offer you a glass of summut, but the bottle's dry—he, he;" pointing with a revolting grin to an empty bottle that stood on a niche within the hearth. "I don't know how it is, sir, but I never wants to eat; but ah! 'tis the liquor that does un good!"

"You have lived a long time in this house?" said the curate.

"A long time—some thirty years an' more."

"You remember your lodger, Mr. Aram?"

"A—well—yes!"

"An excellent man—"

"Humph!"

"A most admirable man!"

"A-humph! he!—humph! that's neither here nor there."

"Why, you don't seem to think as all the rest of the world does with regard to him?"

"I knows what I knows."

"Ah! by-the-by, you have some cock-and-a-bull story about him, I fancy, but you never could explain yourself; it is merely for the love of seeming wise that you invented it; eh, Goody?"

The old woman shook her head, and crossing her hands on her knee, replied, with peculiar emphasis, but in a very low and whispered voice, "I could hang him!"

"Pooh!"

"Tell you I could!"

"Well, let's have the story then?"

"No, no! I have not told it to ne'er a one yet; and I won't for nothing. What will you give me? make it worth my while!"

"Tell us all, honestly, fairly, and fully, and you shall have five golden guineas. There, Goody."

Roused by this promise, the dame looked up with more of energy than she had yet shown, and muttered to herself, rocking her chair to and fro, "Aha! why not? no fear now—both gone—can't now murder the poor ould cretur, as the wretch once threatened,—five golden guineas—five, did you say, sir,—five?"

"Ay, and perhaps our bounty may not stop there," said the curate.

Still the old woman hesitated, and still she muttered to herself; but after some further prelude, and some further enticement from the curate, the which we spare our reader, she came at length to the following narration:—

"It was on the 7th of February, in the year '44,—yes, '44, about six o'clock in the evening, for I was a-washing in the kitchen, when Mr. Aram called to me, an' desired of me to make a fire up-stairs, which I did: he then walked out. Some hours afterward, it might be two in the morning, I was lying awake, for I was mighty bad with the toothache, when I heard a noise below, and

two or three voices. On this, I was greatly afeard, and got out o' bed, and opening the door, I saw Mr. Houseman and Mr. Clarke coming up-stairs to Mr. Aram's room, and Mr. Aram followed them. They shut the door, and staid there, it might be an hour. Well, I could not a-think what could make so shy an' resarved a gentleman as Mr. Aram admit these 'ere wild madcaps like at that hour, an' I lay awake a-thinking an' a-thinking till I heard the door open agin, an' I went to listen at the keyhole, an' Mr. Clarke said, 'It will soon be morning, and we must get off.' They then all three left the house; but I could not sleep, an' I got up afore five o'clock, and about that hour Mr. Aram an' Mr. Houseman returned, and they both glowered at me, as if they did not like to find me a-stirring; an' Mr. Aram went into his room, and Houseman turned and frowned at me as black as night.—Lord have mercy on me! I see him now! an' I was sadly feared, an' I listened at the keyhole, an' I heard Houseman say, 'If the woman comes in, she'll tell.'—'What can she tell?' said Mr. Aram; 'poor simple thing, she knows nothing.' With that Houseman said, says he, 'If she tells that I am here, it will be enough; but however,—with a shocking oath,—we'll take an opportunity to shoot her.'

"On that, I was so frightened that I went away back to my own room, and did not stir till they had a-gone out, and then—"

"What time was that?"

"About seven o'clock. Well, you put me out! where was I?—Well, I went into Mr. Aram's room, an' I seed they had been burning a fire, an' that all the ashes were taken out o' the grate; so I went an' looked at the rubbish behind the house, and there, sure enough, I seed the ashes, and among 'em several bits o' cloth and linen which seemed to belong to wearing apparel; and there, too, was a handkerchief which I had obsarved Houseman wear (for it was a very curious handkerchief, all spotted) many's the time, and there was blood on it, 'bout the size of a shilling. An' afterward I seed Houseman, an' I showed him the handkerchief; and I said to him, 'What has come of Clarke?' an' he frowned, and looking at me, said, 'Harkye, I know not what you mean, but, as sure as the Devil keeps watch for souls, I will shoot you through the head if you ever let that

VOL. II.—K

d—d tongue of yours let slip a single word about Clarke, or me, or Mr. Aram; so look to yourself!"

"An' I was all scared, and trimbled from limb to limb; an' for two whole yearn afterward (long arter Aram and Houseman were both gone) I niver could so much as open my lips on the matter; and afore he went, Mr. Aram would sometimes look at me, not sternly-like as the villain Houseman, but as if he would read to the bottom of my heart. Oh! I was as if you had taken a mountain'off of me when he an' Houseman left the town, for, sure as the sun shines, I believes, from what I have now said, that they two murdered Clarke on that same February night. An' now, Mr. Summers, I feels more easy than I has felt for many a long day; an' if I have not told it afore, it is because I thought of Houseman's frown, and his horrid words; but summut of it would ooze out of my tongue now an' then, for it's a hard thing, sir, to know a secret o' that sort and be quiet and still about it; and, indeed, I was not the same cretur when I knew it as I was afore, for it made me take to any thing rather than thinking; and that's the reason, sir, I lost the good crakter I used to have."

Such—somewhat abridged from its says he and says I, its involutions and its tautologies,—was the story which Walter held his breath to hear. But events thicken, and the maze is nearly thridden.

"Not a moment now should be lost," said the curate, as they left the house. "Let us at once proceed to a very able magistrate, to whom I can introduce you, and who lives a little way out of the town."

"As you will," said Walter, in an altered and hollow voice; "I am as a man standing on an eminence, who views the whole scene he is to travel over, stretched before him; but is dizzy and bewildered by the height which he has reached. I know—I feel—that I am on the brink of fearful and dread discoveries;—pray God that—but heed me not, sir,—heed me not—let us on—on!"

It was now approaching towards the evening; and as they walked on, having left the town, the sun poured his last beams on a group of persons that appeared hastily collecting and gathering round a spot, well known in the neighbourhood of Knaresbro', called Thistle Hill.

"Let us avoid the crowd," said the curate. "Yet what, I wonder, can be its cause?" While he spoke, two peasants hurried by towards the throng.

"What is the meaning of the crowd yonder?" asked the curate.

"I don't know exactly, your honour; but I hears as how Jem Ninnings, digging for stone for the lime-kiln, have dug out a big wooden chest." A shout from the group broke in on the peasant's explanation;—a sudden simultaneous shout, but not of joy, something of dismay and horror seemed to breathe in the sound.

Walter looked at the curate;—an impulse—a sudden instinct—seemed to attract them involuntarily to the spot whence that sound arose;—they quickened their pace—they made their way through the throng. A deep chest, that had been violently forced, stood before them: its contents had been dragged to day, and now lay on the sward—a bleached and mouldering skeleton! Several of the bones were loose and detached from the body.—A general hubbub of voices from the spectators,—inquiry—guess—fear—wonder,—rang confusedly round.

"Yes!" said one old man, with gray hair, leaning on a pickaxe; "it is now about fourteen years since the Jew pedlar disappeared;—these are probably his bones—he was supposed to have been murdered!"

"Nay!" screeched a woman, drawing back a child who, all unalarmed, was about to touch the ghastly relics—"nay, the pedlar was heard of afterward! I'll tell ye, ye may be sure these are the bones of Clarke—Daniel Clarke—whom the country was so stirred about when we were young!"

"Right, dame, right! It is Clarke's skeleton!" was the simultaneous cry. And Walter, pressing forward, stood over the bones, and waved his hand, as to guard them from further insult. His sudden appearance—his tall stature—his wild gesture—the horror—the paleness—the grief of his countenance—struck and appalled all present. He remained speechless, and a sudden silence succeeded the late clamour.

"And what do you here, fools!" said a voice, abruptly. The spectators turned—a new comer had been added to the throng;—it was Richard Houseman. His dress—loose and disarranged—his flushed cheeks and rolling eyes—betrayed the source of consolation to which he had flown from his domestic affliction. "What do ye here?" said he, reeling forward. "Ha! human bones! and whose may they be, think ye?"

"They are Clarke's!" said the woman who had first

given rise to that supposition.—“Yes, we think they are Daniel Clarke’s—he who disappeared some years ago!” cried two or three voices in concert.

“Clarke’s!” repeated Houseman, stooping down and picking up a thigh-bone, which lay at a little distance from the rest: “Clarke’s!—ha! ha! they are no more Clarke’s than mine!”

“Behold!” shouted Walter, in a voice that rang from cliff to plain,—and springing forward, he seized Houseman with a giant’s grasp—“behold the murderer!”

As if the avenging voice of Heaven had spoken, a thrilling, an electric conviction darted through the crowd. Each of the elder spectators remembered at once the person of Houseman, and the suspicion that had attached to his name.

“Seize him! seize him!” burst forth from twenty voices; “Houseman is the murderer!”

“Murderer!” faltered Houseman, trembling in the iron hands of Walter—“murderer of whom? I tell ye these are not Clarke’s bones!”

“Where then do *they* lie?” cried his arrester.

Pale—confused—conscience-stricken,—the bewilderment of intoxication mingling with that of fear, Houseman turned a ghastly look around him, and shrinking from the eyes of all, reading in the eyes of all his condemnation, he gasped out, “Search St. Robert’s cave, in the turn at the entrance!”

“Away!” rang the deep voice of Walter, on the instant—“away!—to the cave—to the cave!”

On the banks of the river Nid, whose waters keep an everlasting murmur to the crags and trees that overhang them, is a wild and dreary cavern, hollowed from a rock, which, according to tradition, was formerly the hermitage of one of those early enthusiasts who made their solitude in the sternest recesses of earth, and from the austere thoughts, and the bitterest penance, wrought their joyless offerings to the Great Spirit of the lovely world. To this desolate spot, called, from the name of its once celebrated eremite, St. Robert’s cave, the crowd now swept, increasing its numbers as it advanced.

The old man who had discovered the unknown remains, which were gathered up and made a part of the procession, led the way. Houseman, placed between two strong and active men, went next; and Walter followed behind, fixing his eyes mutely upon the ruffian.

The curate had had the precaution to send on before for torches, for the wintry evening now darkened round them, and the light from the torchbearers, who met them at the cavern, cast forth its red and lurid flare at the mouth of the chasm. One of these torches Walter himself seized, and his was the first step that entered the gloomy passage. At this place and time Houseman, who till then, throughout their short journey, had seemed to have recovered a sort of dogged self-possession, recoiled, and the big drops of fear or agony fell fast from his brow. He was dragged forward forcibly into the cavern; and now as the space filled, and the torches flickered against the grim walls, glaring on faces which caught, from the deep and thrilling contagion of a common sentiment, one common expression; it was not well possible for the wildest imagination to conceive a scene better fitted for the unhallowed burial-place of the murdered dead.

The eyes of all now turned upon Houseman, and he, after twice vainly endeavouring to speak, for the words died inarticulate and choked within him, advancing a few steps, pointed towards a spot on which, the next moment, fell the concentrated light of every torch. An indescribable and universal murmur, and then a breathless silence, ensued. On the spot which Houseman had indicated,—with the head placed to the right, lay what once had been a human body!

"Can you swear!" said the priest, solemnly, as he turned to Houseman, "that these are the bones of Clarke?"

"Before God, I can swear it!" replied Houseman, at length finding voice.

"MY FATHER!" broke from Walter's lips, as he sank upon his knees; and that exclamation completed the awe and horror which prevailed in the breasts of all present. Stung by the sense of the danger he had drawn upon himself, and despair and excitement restoring in some measure, not only his natural hardihood, but his natural astuteness, Houseman, here mastering his emotions, and making that effort which he was afterward enabled to follow up with an advantage to himself of which he could not then have dreamed;—Houseman, I say, cried aloud,

"But I did not do the deed; I am not the murderer!"

"Speak out,—whom do you accuse?" said the curate,

Drawing his breath hard, and setting his teeth, as with some steeled determination, Houseman replied,

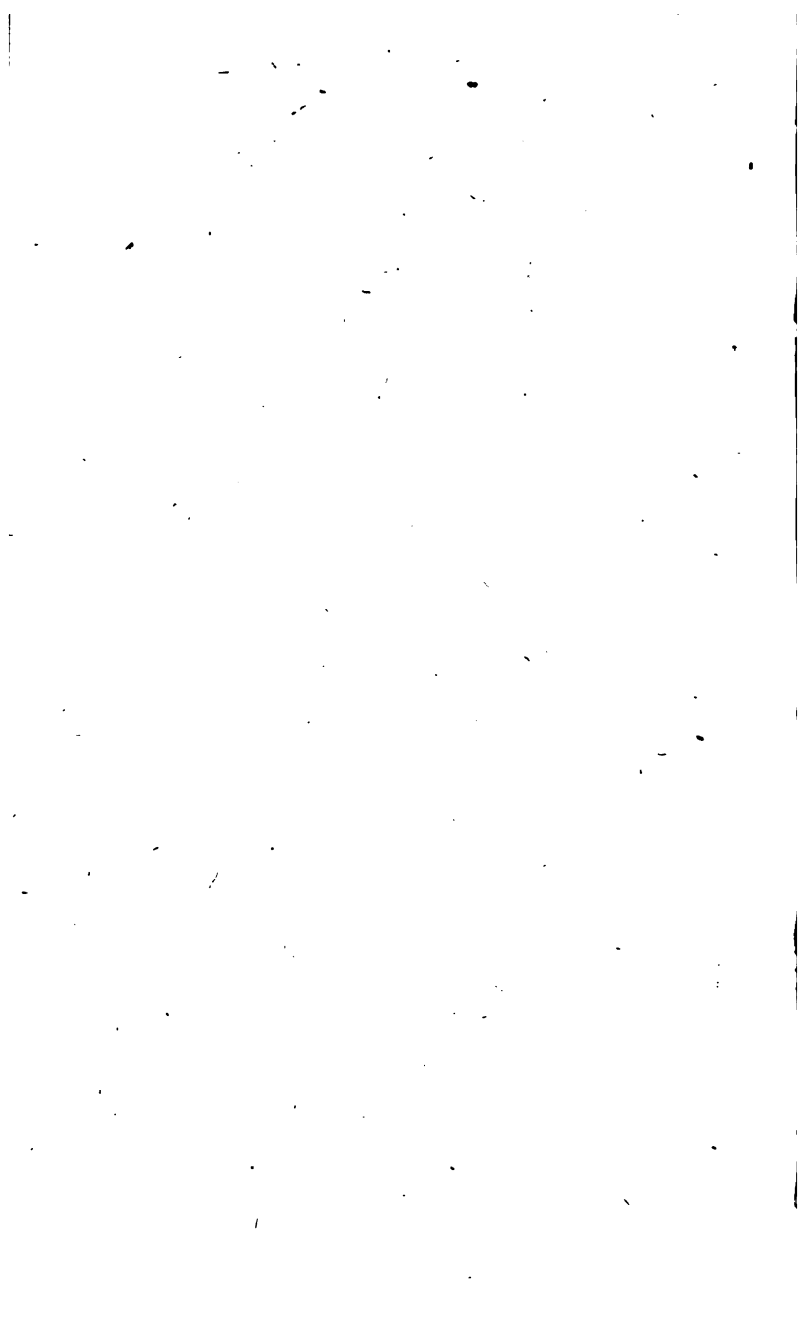
"The murderer is Eugene Aram!"

"Aram!" shouted Walter, starting to his feet; "O God, thy hand hath directed me hither!" and suddenly, and at once, sense left him, and he fell, as if a shot had pierced through his heart, beside the remains of that father whom he had thus mysteriously discovered.

EUGENE ARAM.

BOOK V.

*Οἱ σοφοὶ κατὰ τεύχεα αὐτῇ ἄλλῃ κατὰ τεύχεα
Ἡ δὲ κακὴ βουλὴ τῇ βουλεύσαντ' ἐκείσῃ.—⁵ΗΣΙΟΔ.*



BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

GRASSDALE—THE MORNING OF THE MARRIAGE—THE CRONE'S
GOSSIP—THE BRIDE AT HER TOILET—THE ARRIVAL.

"Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur Hymenæus,
Hymen, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe."
CATULLUS.—*Carmen Nuptiale.*

It was now the morning in which Eugene Aram was to be married to Madeline Lester. The student's house had been set in order for the arrival of the bride, and though it was yet early morn, two old women, whom his domestic (now not the only one, for a buxom lass of eighteen had been transplanted from Lester's household, to meet the additional cares that the change of circumstances brought to Aram's) had invited to assist her in arranging what was already arranged, were bustling about the lower apartments, and making matters, as they called it, "tidy."

"Them flowers look but poor things after all," muttered an old crone, whom our readers will recognise as Dame Darkmans, placing a bowl of exotics on the table. "They does not look nigh so cheerful as them as grows in the open air."

"Tush! Goody Darkmans," said the second gossip; "they be much prettier and finer to my mind; and so said Miss Nelly, when she plucked them last night and sent me down with them. They says there is not a blade o' grass that the master does not know. He must be a good man to love the things of the field so."

"Ho!" said Dame Darkmans, "ho! when Joe Wrench was hanged for shooting the lord's keeper, and he mounted the scaffold wid a nosegay in his hand, he said, in a peevish voice, says he, 'Why does not they give me a tarnation? I always loved them sort o' flowers, I wore them when I went a-courting Bess Lucas; an' I

would like to die with one in my hand?" So a man may like flowers, and be but a hempen dog after all."

"Now don't you, Goody; be still, can't you; what a tale for a marriage-day!"

"Tally-vally," returned the grim hag; "many a blessing carries a curse in its arms, as the new moon carries the old. This won't be one of your happy weddings, I tell ye."

"And why d'ye say that?"

"Did you ever see a man with a look like that make a happy husband!—No, no; can ye fancy the merry laugh o' childer in this house, or a babe on the father's knee, or the happy, still smile on the mother's winsome face, some few year hence? No, Madge! the de'il has set his black claw on the man's brow."

"Hush! hush, Goody Darkmans, he may hear o' ye," said the second gossip; who, having now done all that remained to do, had seated herself down by the window; while the more ominous crone, leaning over Aram's oak chair, uttered from thence her sibyl bodings.

"No," replied Mother Darkmans; "I seed him go out an hour ago, when the sun was just on the rise; an' I said, when I seed him stroam into the wood yonder, and the ould leaves splashed in the damp under his feet, and his hat was aboon his brows, and his lips went so,—I said, says I, 'tis not the man that will make a hearth bright, that would walk thus on his marriage-day. But I knows what I knows; and I minds what I seed last night."

"Why, what did you see last night?" asked the listener, with a trembling voice, for Mother Darkmans was a great teller of ghost and witch tales; and a certain ineffable awe of her dark gipsy features and malignant words had circulated pretty largely throughout the village.

"Why, I sat up here with the ould deaf woman, and we were a-drinking the health of the man, and his wife that is to be, and it was nigh twelve o' the clock ere I minded it was time to go home. Well, so I puts on my cloak, and the moon was up, an' I goes along by the wood, and up by Fairlegh Field, an' I was singing the ballad on Joe Wrench's hanging, for the spirats had made me gamesome, when I sees summut dark creep, creep, but iver so fast, arter me over the field, and making right ahead to the village. And I stands still, an' I was

not a bit afeard; but sure I thought it was no living cretur, at the first sight. And so it comes up faster and faster, and then I sees it was not one thing, but a many, many things, and they darkened the whole field afore me. And what d'ye think they was!—a whole body o' gray rats, thousands and thousands on 'em, and they were making away from the out-buildings here. For sure they knew—the witch things—that an ill luck sat on the spot. And so I stood aside by the tree, an' I laughed as I looked on the ugsome creturs, as they swept close by me, tramp, tramp, an' they never heeded me a jot; but some on 'em looked aslant at me with their glittering eyes, and showed their white teeth, as if they grinned, and were saying to me, 'Ha! ha, Goody Darkmans, the house that we leave is a falling house; for the Devil will have his own.'

In some parts of the country, and especially in that where our scene is laid, no omen is more superstitiously believed evil than the departure of these loathsome animals from their accustomed habitation: the instinct which is supposed to make them desert an unsafe tenement is supposed also to make them predict, in desertion, ill fortune to the possessor. But while the ears of the listening gossip were still tingling with this narration, the dark figure of the student passed the window, and the old woman, starting up, appeared in all the bustle of preparation, as Aram now entered the apartment.

"A happy day, your honour—a happy good morning," said both the crones in a breath; but the blessing of the worse-natured was vented in so harsh a croak, that Aram turned round, as if struck by the sound, and still more disliking the well-remembered aspect of the person from whom it came, waved his hand impatiently, and bad them begone.

"A-whish—a-whish!" muttered Dame Darkmans, "to spake so to the poor; but the rats never lie, the bonny things!"

Aram threw himself into his chair, and remained for some moments absorbed in a reverie, which did not bear the aspect of gloom. Then, walking once or twice to and fro the apartment, he stopped opposite the chimney-piece, over which were slung the firearms, which he never omitted to keep charged and primed.

"Humph!" he said, half-aloud, "ye have been but idle servants; and now ye are but little likly ever to requite the care I have bestowed upon you."

With that, a faint smile crossed his features, and turning away, he ascended the stairs that led to the lofty chamber in which he had been so often wont to outwatch the stars—

*"The souls of systems, and the lords of life,
Through their wide empire."*

Before we follow him to his high and lone retreat, we will bring the reader to the manor-house, where all was already gladness, and quiet but deep joy.

It wanted about three hours to that fixed for the marriage; and, as it was yet so early, Aram was not expected at the manor-house till an hour before the celebration of the event. Nevertheless, the bells were already ringing loud and blithely; and the near vicinity of the church to the house brought that sound, so inexpressibly buoyant and cheering, to the ears of the bride, with a noisy merriment that seemed like the hearty voice of an old-fashioned friend who seeks, in his greeting, rather cordiality than discretion. Before her glass stood the beautiful, the virgin, the glorious form of Madeline Lester; and Ellinor, with trembling hands (and a voice between a laugh and a cry) was braiding up her sister's rich hair, and uttering her hopes, her wishes, her congratulations. The small lattice was open, and the air came rather chillingly to the bride's bosom.

"It is a gloomy morning, dearest Nell," said she, shivering; "the winter seems about to begin at last."

"Stay, I will shut the window; the sun is struggling with the clouds at present, but I am sure it will clear up by-and-by. You don't—you don't leave us—the word must out—till evening."

"Don't cry!" said Madeline, half-weeping herself; and sitting down, she drew Ellinor to her, and the two sisters, who had never been parted since birth, exchanged tears that were natural, though scarcely the unmixed tears of grief.

"And what pleasant evenings we shall have!" said Madeline, holding her sister's hands, "in the Christmas time. You will be staying with us, you know; and that pretty old room in the north of the house Eugene has already ordered to be fitted up for you. Well, and then my dear father, and dear Walter, who will be returned long ere then, will walk over to see us, and praise my housekeeping and so forth. And then, after dinner, we will draw

near the fire; I next to Eugene, and my father, our guest, on the other side of me, with his long gray hair, and his good, fine face, with a tear of kind feeling in his eye: you know that look he has whenever he is affected. And at a little distance on the other side of the hearth will be you and—and Walter—I suppose we must make room for him. And Eugene, who will be then the liveliest of you all, shall read to us with his soft clear voice, or tell us all about the birds and flowers, and strange things in other countries. And then after supper we will walk half-way home across that beautiful valley, beautiful even in winter, with my father and Walter, and count the stars, and take new lessons in astronomy, and hear tales about the astrologers and the alchymists, with their fine old dreams. Ah! it will be such a happy Christmas, Ellinor! And then when spring comes, some fine morning—finer than this, when the birds are about, and the leaves getting green, and the flowers springing up every day, I shall be called in to help your toilet, as you have helped mine, and to go with you to church, though not, alas! as your bridesmaid! Ah! whom shall we have for that duty?"

"Pshaw!" said Ellinor, smiling through her tears.

While the sisters were thus engaged, and Madeline was trying with her innocent kindness of heart to exhilarate the spirits, so naturally depressed, of her doting sister, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard in the distance; nearer, nearer,—now the sound stopped, as at the gate;—now fast, faster, fast as the postillions could ply whip and the horses tear along, while the groups in the churchyard ran forth to gaze, and the bells rang merrily all the while, two chaises whirled by Madeline's window, and stopped at the porch of the house: the sisters had flown in surprise to the casement.

"It is—it is—good God! it is Walter," cried Ellinor; "but how pale he looks!"

"And who are those strange men with him?" fattered Madeline, alarmed, though she knew not why.

Vol. II.—L

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT ALONE IN HIS CHAMBER—THE INTERRUPTION—
FAITHFUL LOVE.

"Nequicquam thalamo graves
 Hastas—
 Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
 Ajacem." HORAT. Od. xv. lib. I.

'ALONE in his favourite chamber, the instruments of science around him, and books, some of astronomical research, some of less lofty but yet abstruser lore, scattered on the tables as wont, Eugene Aram indulged the last meditation he believed likely to absorb his thoughts before that great change of life which was to bless solitude with a companion.

"Yes," said he, pacing the apartment with folded arms, "yes, all is safe! He will not again return; the dead sleeps now without a witness.—I may lay this working brain upon the bosom that loves me, and not start at night, and think that the soft hand around my neck is the hangman's gripe. Back to thyself, henceforth and for ever, my busy heart! Let not thy secret stir from its gloomy depth!—the seal is on the tomb,—henceforth be the spectre laid.—Yes, I must smoothe my brow, and teach my lip restraint, and smile and talk like other men. I have taken to my hearth a watch, tender, faithful, anxious, but a watch. Farewell the unguarded hour!—the soul's relief in speech—the dark and broken, yet how grateful! confidence with self—farewell! And come, thou veil! subtle, close, unvarying, the everlasting curse of entire hypocrisy, that under thee, as night, the vexed world within may sleep, and stir not! and all, in truth concealment, may seem repose!"

As he uttered these thoughts, the student paused and looked on the extended landscape that lay below. A heavy, chill, and comfortless mist sat saddening over the earth. Not a leaf stirred on the autumnal trees, but the moist damps fell slowly and with a mournful murmur upon the unwavering grass. The outline of the morning sun was visible, but it gave forth no lustre; a ring of

watery and dark vapour girded the melancholy orb. Far at the entrance of the valley, the wild fern showed red and faded, and the first march of the deadly winter was already heralded by that drear and silent desolation which cradles the winds and storms. But amid this cheerless scene, the distant note of the merry marriage-bell floated by, like the good spirit of the wilderness, and the student rather paused to hearken to the note than to survey the scene.

"My marriage-bell!" said he, "could I two short years lack have ever dreamed of this! my marriage-bell! How fondly used my poor mother, when first she learned pride for her young scholar, to predict this day, and blend its festivities with the honour and the wealth *her* son was to acquire. Alas! can we have no science to count the stars and forebode the black eclipse of the future? But peace! peace! peace! I am, I will, I shall be happy now! Memory, I defy thee!"

He uttered the last words in a deep and intense tone, and turning away as the joyful peal again broke distinctly on his ear,

"My marriage-bell! oh, Madeline! how wondrously beloved! how unspeakably dear thou art to me! What hast thou conquered? how many reasons for resolve! how vast an army in the past has thy bright and tender purity overthrown! But thou, no never shalt *thou* repent!" and for several minutes the sole thought of the soliloquist was love. But scarce consciously to himself, a spirit not, to all seeming, befitted to that bridal-day,—vague, restless, impressed with the dark and fluttering shadow of coming change,—had taken possession of his breast, and did not long yield the mastery to any brighter and more serene emotion.

"And why," he said, as this spirit regained its empire over him, and he paused before the "starred tubes" of his beloved science—"and why this chill, this shiver, in the midst of hope? Can the mere breath of the seasons, the weight or lightness of the atmosphere, the outward gloom or smile of the brute mass called nature, affect us thus? Out on this empty science, this vain knowledge, this little lore, if we are so fooled by the vile clay and the common air from our one great empire—*self*! Great God! hast thou made us in mercy or in disdain? Placed in this narrow world, darkness and cloud around us—no fixed rule for men—creeds, morals,

changing in every clime, and growing, like herbs, upon the mere soil—we struggle to dispel the shadows; we grope around; from our own heart and our sharp and hard endurance we strike our only light,—for what? to show us what dupes we are! creatures of accident, tools of circumstance, blind instruments of the scorner Fate;—the very mind, the very reason a bound slave to the desires, the weakness of the clay;—affected by a cloud, dulled by the damps of the foul marsh;—stricken from power to weakness, from sense to madness,—to gaping idiocy, or delirious raving,—by a putrid exhalation!—a rheum, a chill, and Cæsar trembles! The world's gods, that slay or enlighten millions—poor puppets to the same rank imp which calls up the fungus or breeds the worm,—pah! How little worth is it in this life to be wise! Strange, strange, how my heart sinks.—Well, the better sign, the better sign! *in danger* it never sank.”

Absorbed in these reflections, Aram had not for some minutes noticed the sudden ceasing of the bell; but now, as he again paused from his irregular and abrupt paces along the chamber, the silence struck him, and looking forth, and striving again to catch the note, he saw a little group of men, among whom he marked the erect and comely form of Rowland Lester, approaching towards the house.

“What!” he thought, “do they come for me? Is it so late? Have I played the laggard? Nay, it yet wants near an hour to the time they expected me. Well, some kindness—some attention from my good father-in-law; I must thank him for it. What! my hand trembles; how weak are these poor nerves; I must rest and recall my mind to itself!”

And, indeed, whether or not from the novelty and importance of the event he was about to celebrate, or from some less reasonable presentiment, occasioned, as he would fain believe, by the mournful and sudden change in the atmosphere, an embarrassment, a wavering, a fear, very unwonted to the calm and stately self-possession of Eugene Aram, made itself painfully felt throughout his frame. He sank down in his chair and strove to recollect himself; it was an effort in which he had just succeeded, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door,—it swung open,—several voices were heard. Aram sprang up, pale, breathless, his lips apart.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands. "Murderer—was that the word I heard shouted forth?—The voice, too, is Walter Lester's. Has he returned?—can he have learned?"

To rush to the door, to throw across it a long, heavy iron bar, which would resist assaults of no common strength, was his first impulse. Thus enabled to gain time for reflection, his active and alarmed mind ran over the whole field of expédient and conjecture. Again, "Murderer,"—"Stay me not," cried Walter, front below, "*my* hand shall seize the murderer!"

Guess was now over; danger and death were marching on him. Escape!—how?—whither? the height forbade the thought of flight from the casement!—the door!—he heard loud steps already hurrying up the stairs;—his hands clutched convulsively at his breast, where his fire-arms were generally concealed—they were left below; that to his resolute and brave spirit was the bitterest thought of all. He glanced one lightning glance round the room, no weapon of any kind was at hand. His brain reeled for a moment, his breath gasped, a mortal sickness passed over his heart, and then the mind triumphed over all. He drew up to his full height, folded his arms doggedly on his breast, and muttering,—

"The accuser comes,—I have it still to refute the charge,"—he stood prepared to meet, nor despairing to evade, the worst.

As waters close over the object which divided them, all these thoughts, these fears, and this resolution had been but the work, the agitation, and the succeeding calm of the moment; that moment was past.

"Admit us," cried the voice of Walter Lester, knocking fiercely at the door.

"Not so fervently, boy," said Lester, laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder; "your tale is yet to be proved—I believe it not; treat him as innocent, I pray, I command, till you have shown him guilty."

"Away, uncle," said the fiery Walter, "he is my father's murderer. God hath given justice to my hands." These words, uttered in a lower key than before, were but indistinctly heard by Aram through the massy door.

"Open, or we force our entrance!" shouted Walter again; and Aram, speaking for the first time, replied in a clear and sonorous voice, so that an angel, had one spoken, could not have more deeply impressed the heart

of Rowland Lester with a conviction of the student's innocence,—

"Who knocks so rudely?—what means this violence? I open my doors to my friends. Is it a friend who asks it?"

"I ask it," said Rowland Lester, in a trembling and agitated voice; "there seems some dreadful mistake; come forth, Eugene, and rectify it by a word."

"Is it you, Rowland Lester? it is enough. I was but with my books, and had secured myself from intrusion,—enter!"

The bar was withdrawn, the door was burst open, and even Walter Lester—even the officers of justice with him—drew back for a moment, as they beheld the lofty brow, the majestic presence, the features so unutterably calm, of Eugene Aram.

"What want you, sirs?" said he, unmoved, and unflinching, though in the officers of justice he recognised faces he had known before, and in that distant town in which all that he dreaded in the past lay treasured up. At the sound of his voice the spell that for an instant had arrested the step of the avenging son melted away.

"Seize him!" he cried to the officers; "you see your prisoner."

"Hold!" cried Aram, drawing back; "by what authority is this outrage?—for what am I arrested?"

"Behold!" said Walter, speaking through his teeth—"behold our warrant! You are accused of murder! Know you the name of Richard Houseman? Pause—consider—or that of Daniel Clarke?"

Slowly Aram lifted his eyes from the warrant, and it might be seen that his face was a shade more pale, though his look did not quail, nor his nerves tremble. Slowly he turned his gaze upon Walter, and then, after one moment's survey, dropped it once more on the paper.

"The name of Houseman is not unfamiliar to me," said he, calmly, but with effort.

"And knew you Daniel Clarke?"

"What mean these questions?" said Aram, losing temper, and stamping violently on the ground; "is it thus that a man, free and guiltless, is to be questioned at the behest, or rather outrage, of every lawless boy? Lead me to some authority meet for me to answer:—for you, boy, my answer is contempt."

"Big words shall not save thee, murderer," cried Walter, breaking from his uncle, who in vain endeavoured to hold him, and laying his powerful grasp upon Aram's shoulder. Livid was the glare that shot from the student's eye upon his assailer; and so fearfully did his features work and change with the passions within him, that even Walter felt a strange shudder thrill through his frame.

"Gentlemen," said Aram, at last, mastering his emotions, and resuming some portion of the remarkable dignity that characterized his usual bearing, as he turned towards the officers of justice, "I call upon you to discharge your duty; if this be a rightful warrant, I am *your* prisoner, but I am not *this* man's. I command your protection from him!"

Walter had already released his gripe, and said, in a muttered voice,

"My passion misled me; violence is unworthy my solemn cause. God and justice, not these hands, are my avengers."

"*Your* avengers!" said Aram; "what dark words are these? This warrant accuses me of the murder of one Daniel Clarke; what is he to thee?"

"Mark me, man!" said Walter, fixing his eyes on Aram's countenance. "The name of Daniel Clarke was a feigned name; the real name was Geoffrey Lester; that murdered Lester was my father, and the brother of him whose daughter, had I not come to-day, you would have called your wife!"

Aram felt, while these words were uttered, that the eyes of all in the room were on him, and perhaps that knowledge enabled him not to reveal by outward sign what must have passed within during the awful trial of that moment.

"It is a dreadful tale," he said, "if true; dreadful to me, so nearly allied to that family. But, as yet, I grapple with shadows."

"What! does not your conscience now convict you?" cried Walter, staggered by the calmness of the prisoner. But here Lester, who could no longer contain himself, interposed; he put by his nephew, and rushing to Aram, fell, weeping, upon his neck.

"I do not accuse thee, Eugene—my son—my son,—I feel—I know thou art innocent of this monstrous crime; some horrid delusion darkens that poor boy's sight. You

—you—who would walk aside to save a worm!” and the poor old man, overcome with his emotions, could literally say no more.

Aram looked down on Lester with a compassionate expression, and soothing him with kind words, and promises that all would be explained, gently moved from his hold, and, anxious to terminate the scene, silently motioned the officers to proceed. Struck with the calmness and dignity of his manner, and fully impressed by it with the notion of his innocence, the officers treated him with a marked respect; they did not even walk by his side, but suffered him to follow their steps. As they descended the stairs, Aram turned round to Walter, with a bitter and reproachful countenance:

“And so, young man, your malice against me has reached even to this; will nothing but my life content you?”

“Is the desire of execution on my father’s murderer but the wish of malice?” retorted Walter; though his heart yet wellnigh misgave him as to the grounds on which his suspicion rested.

Aram smiled, as half in scorn, half through incredulity, and shaking his head gently, moved on without further words.

The three old women, who had remained in listening astonishment at the foot of the stairs, gave way as the men descended; but the one who so long had been Aram’s solitary domestic, and who from her deafness was still benighted and uncomprehending as to the causes of his seizure, though from that very reason her alarm was the greater and more acute,—she, impatiently thrusting away the officers, and mumbling some unintelligible anathema as she did so, flung herself at the feet of a master, whose quiet habits and constant kindness had endeared him to her humble and faithful heart, and exclaimed,

“What are they doing? Have they the heart to ill use you? O master, God bless you! God shield you! I shall never see you, who was my only friend, who was every one’s friend, any more!”

Aram drew himself from her, and said with a quivering lip to Rowland Lester,

“If her fears are true,—if—if I never more return hither, see that her old age does not starve—does not want.”

Lester could not speak for sobbing, but the request was remembered. And now Aram, turning aside his proud head to conceal his emotion, beheld open the door of the room so trimly prepared for Madeline's reception; the flowers smiled upon him from their stands. "Lead on, gentlemen," he said, quickly. And so Eugene Aram passed his threshold!

"Ho, ho!" muttered the old hag whose predictions in the morning had been so ominous; "ho, ho!" you'll believe Goody Darkmans another time! Providence respects the sayings of the ould. 'Twas not for nothing the rats grinned at me last night. But let's in and have a warm glass. He, he! there will be all the strong liquors for us now; the Lord is merciful to the poor!"

As the little group proceeded through the valley, the officers first, Aram and Lester side by side, Walter, with his hand on his pistol and his eye on the prisoner, a little behind—Lester endeavoured to cheer the prisoner's spirits and his own, by insisting on the madness of the charge, and the certainty of instant acquittal from the magistrate to whom they were bound, and who was esteemed the one both most acute and most just in the county.—Aram, interrupted him somewhat abruptly,—

"My friend, enough of this presently. But Madeline—what knows she as yet?"

"Nothing: of course we kept—"

"Exactly—exactly: you have done wisely. Why need she learn any thing as yet? Say an arrest for debt—a mistake—an absence but of a day or so at most:—you understand?"

"Yes. Will you not see her, Eugene, before you go, and say this yourself?"

"I—oh God!—I! to whom this day was—No, no: save me, I implore you, from the agony of such a contrast—an interview so mournful and unavailing. No, we must not meet! But whither go we now? not—not surely through all the idle gossips of the village—the crowd already excited to gape, and stare, and speculate on the—"

"No," interrupted Lester; "the carriages await us at the farther end of the valley. I thought of that—for the rash boy behind seems to have changed his nature. I loved—God knows how I loved my brother! But before I would let suspicion thus blind reason, I would suffer inquiry to sleep for ever on his fate."

"Your nephew," said Aram, "has ever wronged me; but waste not words on him: let us think only of Madeline. Will you go back at once to her, tell her a tale to hush her apprehensions, and then follow us with haste? I am alone among enemies till you come."

Lester was about to answer, when at a turn in the road, which brought the carriage within view, they perceived two figures in white hastening towards them; and ere Aram was prepared for the surprise, Madeline had sunk, pale, trembling, and all breathless, on his breast.

"I could not keep her back," said Ellinor, apologetically, to her father.

"Back! and why? Am I not in my proper place?" cried Madeline, lifting her face from Aram's breast, and then, as her eye circled the group, and rested on Aram's countenance, now no longer calm, but full of woe—of passion—of disappointed love—of anticipated despair—she rose, and gradually recoiling with a fear which struck dumb her voice, thrice attempted to speak, and thrice failed.

"But what—what is—what means this?" exclaimed Ellinor. "Why do you weep, father? Why does Eugene turn away his face? You answer not. Speak, for God's sake! These strangers—what are they? And you, Walter, you—why are you so pale? Why do you thus knit your brows and fold your arms? You—you will tell me the meaning of this dreadful silence—this scene! Speak, cousin—dear cousin, speak!"

"Speak!" cried Madeline, finding voice at length, but in the sharp and straining tone of wild terror, in which they recognised no note of the natural music. That single word sounded rather as a shriek than an adjuration; and so piercingly it ran through the hearts of all present, that the very officers, hardened as their trade had made them, felt as if they would rather have faced death than answered that command.

A dead, long, dreary pause—and Aram broke it. "Madeline Lester," said he, "prove yourself worthy of the hour of trial. Exert yourself; arouse your heart; be prepared! You are the betrothed of one whose soul never quailed before man's angry word: remember that, and fear not!"

"I will not—I will not, Eugene! Speak—only speak!"

"You have loved me in good report; trust me now in ill. They accuse me of crime—a heinous crime; at first,

"I would not have told you the real charge; pardon me, I wronged you: now, know all! They accuse me, I say, of crime. Of what crime? you ask. Ay, I scarce know, so vague is the charge—so fierce the accuser: but, prepare, Madeline; it is of—murder!"

Raised as her spirits had been by the haughty and earnest tone of Aram's exhortation, Madeline now, though she turned deadly pale—though the earth swam round and round—yet repressed the shriek upon her lips, as those horrid words shot into her soul.

"You!—murder!—you! And who dares accuse you?"

"Behold him—your cousin!"

Ellinor heard, turned, fixed her eyes on Walter's sullen brow and motionless attitude, and fell senseless to the earth. Not thus Madeline. As there is an exhaustion that forbids, not invites, repose, so when the mind is thoroughly on the rack, the common relief to anguish is not allowed; the senses are too sharply strung thus happily to collapse into forgetfulness; the dreadful inspiration that agony kindles supports nature while it consumes it. Madeline passed, without a downward glance, by the lifeless body of her sister; and, walking with a steady step to Walter, she laid her hand upon his arm, and fixing on his countenance that soft clear eye, which was now lit with a searching and preternatural glare, and seemed to pierce into his soul, she said,—

"Walter! do I hear aright? Am I awake—is it you who accuse Eugene Aram!—your Madeline's betrothed husband,—Madeline whom you once loved!—Of what? of crimes which death alone can punish. Away!—it is not you—I know it is not. Say that I am mistaken—that I am mad, if you will. Come, Walter, relieve me: let me not abhor the very air you breathe!"

"Will no one have mercy on me?" cried Walter, rent to the heart, and covering his face with his hands. In the fire and heat of vengeance, he had not reckoned of this; he had only thought of justice to a father—punishment to a villain—rescue for a credulous girl. The woe—the horror he was about to inflict on all he most loved,—*this* had not struck upon him with a due force till now!

"Mercy—*you* talk of mercy! I knew it could not be true!" said Madeline, trying to pluck her cousin's hand from his face; "you could not have dreamed of wrong to Eugene—and—and upon this day. Say we have erred, or that you have erred, and we will forgive and bless you even now!"

Aram had not interfered in this scene. He kept his eyes fixed on the cousins—not uninterested to see what effect Madeline's touching words might produce on his accuser; meanwhile, she continued, "Speak to me, Walter—dear Walter, speak to me! Are you, my cousin, my playfellow—are you the one to blight our hopes—to dash our joys, to bring dread and terror into a home so lately all peace and sunshine—your own home—your childhood's home? What have you done, what have you dared to do?—accuse *him*—of what? Murder! speak, speak.—Murder, ha! ha!—murder! nay, not so!—you would not venture to come here—you would not let me take your hand—you would not look us, your uncle, your more than sisters, in the face, if you could nurse in your heart this tie—this black—horrid lie!"

Walter withdrew his hands—and as he turned his face, said,—

"Let him prove his innocence,—pray God he do!—I am not his accuser, Madeline. His accusers are the bones of my dead father!—Save these, Heaven alone, and the revealing earth, are the witness against him!"

"Your father!"—said Madeline, staggering back—"my lost uncle! Nay, now I know, indeed, what a shadow has appalled us all! Did you know my uncle, Eugene?—Did you ever even see Geoffrey Lester?"

"Never, as I believe, so help me God!" said Aram, laying his hand on his heart. "But this is idle now," as recollecting himself, he felt that the case had gone forth from Walter's hands, and that appeal to him had become vain.

"Leave us now, dearest Madeline; my beloved wife that shall be, that is!—I go to disprove these charges—perhaps I shall return to-night. Delay not my acquittal, even from doubt—a boy's doubt. Come, sirs."

"O Eugene! Eugene!" cried Madeline, throwing herself on her knees before him;—"do not order me to leave you now—now, in the hour of dread—I will not. Nay, look not so! I swear I will not! Father, dear father, come and plead for me—say I shall go with you. I ask nothing more. Do not fear for my nerves—cowardice is gone. I will not shame you,—I will not play the woman. I know what is due to one who loves *him*—try me, only try me. You weep, father, you shake your head—but you, Eugene—you have not the heart to deny me! Think—think if I staid here to count the mo-

ments till you return, my very sense would leave me. What do I ask? but to go with you, to be the first to hail your triumph! Had this happened two hours hence, you could not have said me nay—I should have claimed the right to be with you; I now but implore the blessing.—You relent—you relent, I see it!”

“Oh God!” exclaimed Aram, rising, and clasping her to his breast, and wildly kissing her face, but with cold and trembling lips,—“this is, indeed, a bitter hour, let me not sink beneath it. Yes, Madeline, ask your father if he consents;—I hail your strengthening presence as that of an angel. I will not be the one to sever you from my side.”

“You are right, Eugene,” said Lester, who was supporting Ellinor, not yet recovered;—“let her go with us; it is but common kindness, and common mercy.”

Madeline uttered a cry of joy, (joy even at such a moment!) and clung fast to Eugene’s arm, as if for assurance that they were not indeed to be separated.

By this time some of Lester’s servants, who had from a distance followed their young mistress, reached the spot. To their care Lester gave the still scarce reviving Ellinor, and then turning round with a severe countenance to Walter, said, “Come, sir, your rashness has done sufficient wrong for the present; come now, and see how soon your suspicions will end in shame.”

“Justice, and blood for blood!” said Walter, sternly, —but his heart felt as if it were broken. . His venerable uncle’s tears—Madeline’s look of horror as she turned from him—Ellinor, all lifeless, and he not daring to approach her—this was *his* work! He pulled his hat over his eyes, and hastened into the carriage alone. Lester, Madeline, and Aram followed in the other vehicle, and the two officers contented themselves with mounting the box, certain that the prisoner would attempt no escape.

VOL. II.—M

CHAPTER III.

THE JUSTICE—THE DEPARTURE—THE EQUANIMITY OF THE
CORPORAL IN BEARING THE MISFORTUNES OF OTHER PEOPLE
—THE EXAMINATION; ITS RESULT—ARAM'S CONDUCT IN
PRISON—THE ELASTICITY OF OUR HUMAN NATURE—A VISIT
FROM THE EARL—WALTER'S DETERMINATION—MADELINE.

"Bear me to prison, where I am committed."

Measure for Measure.

On arriving at Sir ——'s, a disappointment, for which had they previously conversed with the officers they might have been prepared, awaited them. The fact was, that the justice had only endorsed the warrant sent from Yorkshire; and after a very short colloquy, in which he expressed his regret at the circumstance, his conviction that the charge would be disproved, and a few other courteous commonplaces, he gave Aram to understand that the matter now did not rest with him, but that it was to Yorkshire that the officers were bound, and before Mr. Thornton, a magistrate of that county, that the examination was to take place. "All I can do," said the magistrate, "I have already done; but I wished for an opportunity of informing you of it. I have written to my brother justice at full length respecting your high character, and treating the habits and rectitude of your life alone as a sufficient refutation of so monstrous a charge."

For the first time a visible embarrassment came over the firm nerves of the prisoner: he seemed to look with great uneasiness at the prospect of this long and dreary journey, and for such an end. Perhaps, the very notion of returning as a suspected criminal to that part of the country where a portion of his youth had been passed was sufficient to disquiet and deject him. All this while his poor Madeline seemed actuated by a spirit beyond herself; she would not be separated from his side—she held his hand in hers—she whispered comfort and courage at the very moment when her own heart most sank. The magistrate wiped his eyes when he saw a

creature so young, so beautiful, in circumstances so fearful, and bearing up with an energy so little to be expected from her years and delicate appearance. Aram said but little; he covered his face with his right hand for a few moments, as if to hide a passing emotion, a sudden weakness. When he removed it, all vestige of colour had died away; his face was pale as that of one who has risen from the grave; but it was settled and composed.

"It is a hard pang, sir," said he, with a faint smile; "so many miles—so many days—so long a deferment of knowing the best, or preparing to meet the worst. But be it so! I thank you, sir—I thank you all—Lester, Madeline, for your kindness; you two must now leave me; the brand is on my name—the suspected man is no fit object for love or friendship! Farewell!"

"We go with you!" said Madeline, firmly, and in a very low voice.

Aram's eye sparkled, but he waved his hand impatiently.

"We go with you, my friend!" repeated Lester.

And so, indeed, not to dwell long on a painful scene, it was finally settled. Lester and his two daughters that evening followed Aram to the dark and fatal bourn to which he was bound.

It was in vain that Walter, seizing his uncle's hands, whispered,

"For Heaven's sake, do not be rash in your friendship! You have not yet learned all. I tell you that there can be no doubt of his guilt! Remember, it is a brother for whom you mourn! will you countenance his murderer?"

Lester, despite himself, was struck by the earnestness with which his nephew spoke, but the impression died away as the words ceased: so strong and deep had been the fascination which Eugene Aram had exercised over the hearts of all once drawn within the near circle of his attraction, that had the charge of murder been made against himself, Lester could not have repelled it with a more entire conviction of the innocence of the accused. Still, however, the deep sincerity of his nephew's manner in some measure served to soften his resentment towards him.

"No, no, boy!" said he, drawing away his hand; "Rowland Lester is not the one to desert a friend in the day

of darkness and the hour of need. Be silent, I say!—My brother, my poor brother, you tell me, has been murdered. I will see justice done to him: but, Aram! fy! fy! it is a name that would whisper falsehood to the loudest accusation. Go, Walter! go! I do not blame you!—you may be right—a murdered father is a dread and awful memory to a son! What wonder that the thought warps your judgment? But go! Eugene was to me both a guide and a blessing; a father in wisdom, a son in love. I cannot look on his accuser's face without anguish. Go! we shall meet again.—How! Go!"

"Enough, sir," said Walter, partly in anger, partly in sorrow;—"Time be the judge between us all!"

With these words he turned from the house, and proceeded on foot towards a cottage half-way between Grassdale and the magistrate's house, at which, previous to his return to the former place, he had prudently left the corporal,—not willing to trust to that person's discretion as to the tales and scandal that he might propagate throughout the village on a matter so painful and so dark.

Let the world wag as it will, there are some tempers which its vicissitudes never reach. Nothing makes a picture of distress more sad than the portrait of some individual sitting indifferently looking on in the background. This was a secret Hogarth knew well. Mark his deathbed scenes:—Poverty and Vice worked up into horror—and the physicians in the corner wrangling for the fee!—or the child playing with the coffin—or the nurse filching what fortune, harsh, yet less harsh than humanity, might have left. In the melancholy depth of humour that steepes both our fancy and our heart in the immortal romance of Cervantes, (for how profoundly melancholy is it to be compelled by one gallant folly to laugh at all that is gentle, and brave, and wise, and generous!) nothing grates on us more than when, last scene of all, the poor knight lies died—his exploits for ever over—forever dumb his eloquent discourses;—than when, I say, we are told that, despite of his grief, even little Sancho did not eat or drink the less:—these touches open to us the real world, it is true; but it is not the best part of it. What a pensive thing is true humour! Certain it was, that when Walter, full of contending emotions at all he had witnessed,—harassed, tortured, yet also elevated by his feelings, stopped opposite the cottage door, and saw there the corporal sitting com

fortably in the porch,—his *vile modicum Sabini* before him, his pipe in his mouth, and a complacent expression of satisfaction diffusing itself over features which shrewdness and selfishness had marked for their own;—certain it was, that at this sight Walter experienced a more displeasing revulsion of feeling—a more entire conviction of sadness—a more consummate disgust of this weary world and the motley maskers that walk thereon, than all the tragic scenes he had just witnessed had excited within him.

“And well, sir,” said the corporal, slowly rising, “how did it go off!—Wasn’t the villain bash’d to the dust!—You’ve nabbed him safe, I hope!”

“Silence!” said Walter, sternly; “prepare for our departure. The chaise will be here forthwith: we return to Yorkshire this day. Ask me no more now.”

“A—well—baugh!” said the corporal.

There was a long silence. Walter walked to and fro the road before the cottage. The chaise arrived; the luggage was put in. Walter’s foot was on the step; but before the corporal mounted the rumbling dickey, that invaluable domestic hemmed thrice.

“And had you time, sir, to think of poor Jacob, and look at the cottage, and slip in a word to your uncle about the bit ’tato ground?”

We pass over the space of time, short in fact, long in suffering, that elapsed, till the prisoner and his companions reached Knaresbro’. Aram’s conduct during this time was not only calm but cheerful. The stoical doctrines he had affected through life he on this trying interval called into remarkable exertion. He it was who now supported the spirits of his mistress and his friend; and though he no longer pretended to be sanguine of acquittal—though again and again he urged upon them the gloomy fact—first, how improbable it was that this course had been entered into against him without strong presumption of guilt, and secondly, how little less improbable it was that at that distance of time he should be able to procure evidence, or remember circumstances, sufficient on the instant to set aside such presumption,—he yet dwelt partly on the hope of *ultimate* proof of his innocence, and still more strongly on the firmness of his own mind to bear, without shrinking, even the hardest fate.

“Do not,” he said to Lester, “do not look on these

trials of life only with the eyes of the world. Reflect how poor and minute a segment in the vast circle of eternity existence is at the best. Its sorrow and its shame are but moments. Always in my brightest and youngest hours I have wrapt my heart in the contemplation of an august futurity.

'The soul, secure in its existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.'

If I die even the death of the felon, it is beyond the power of fate to separate us for long. It is but a pang, and we are united again for ever; for ever in that far and shadowy clime, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Were it not for Madeline's dear sake, I should long since have been over-weary of the world. As it is, the sooner, even by a violent and unjust fate, we leave a path begirt with snares below and tempests above, the happier for that soul which looks to its lot in this earth as the least part of its appointed doom."

In discourses like this, which the nature of his eloquence was peculiarly calculated to render solemn and impressive, Aram strove to prepare his friends for the worst, and perhaps to cheat, or to steal, himself. Ever as he spoke thus, Lester or Ellinor broke on him with impatient remonstrance; but Madeline, as if imbued with a deeper and more mournful penetration into the future, listened in tearless and breathless attention. She gazed upon him with a look that shared the thought he expressed, though it read not (yet she dreamed so) the heart from which it came. In the words of that beautiful poet to whose true nature, so full of unuttered tenderness—so fraught with the rich nobility of love—we have begun slowly to awaken,

"Her lip was silent, scarcely beat her heart.
Her eye alone proclaimed 'we will not part.'
Thy 'hope' may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life—but not adieu to thee!"*

They arrived at noon at the house of Mr. Thornton, and Aram underwent his examination. Though he denied most of the particulars in Houseman's evidence, and expressly the charge of murder, his commitment was made out; and that day he was removed by the

* *Lara.*

officers (Barker and Moor, who had arrested him at Grassdale) to York Castle, to await his trial at the assizes.

The sensation which this extraordinary event created throughout the country was wholly unequalled. Not only in Yorkshire, and the county in which he had of late resided, where his personal habits were known, but even in the metropolis, and among men of all classes in England, it appears to have caused one mingled feeling of astonishment, horror, and incredulity, which in our times has had no parallel in any criminal prosecution. The peculiar turn of the prisoner—his genius—his learning—his moral life—the interest that by students had been for years attached to his name—his approaching marriage—the length of time that had elapsed since the crime had been committed—the singular and abrupt manner, the wild and legendary spot in which the skeleton of the lost man had been discovered—the imperfect rumours—the dark and suspicious evidence—all combined to make a tale of such marvellous incident, and breeding such endless conjecture, that we cannot wonder to find it afterward received a place, not only in the temporary chronicles, but even the most important and permanent histories of the period.

Previous to Walter's departure from Knaresbro' to Grassdale, and immediately subsequent to the discovery at St. Robert's Cave, the coroner's inquest had been held upon the bones so mysteriously and suddenly brought to light. Upon the witness of the old woman at whose house Aram had lodged, and upon that of Houseman, aided by some circumstantial and less weighty evidence, had been issued that warrant on which we have seen the prisoner apprehended.

With most men there was an intimate and indignant persuasion of Aram's innocence; and at this day, in the county where he last resided there still lingers the same belief. Firm as his gospel faith, that conviction rested in the mind of the worthy Lester; and he sought, by every means he could devise, to sooth and cheer the confinement of his friend. In prison, however (indeed after his examination—after Aram had made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstantial evidence which identified Clarke with Geoffrey Lester, a story that till then he had persuaded himself wholly to disbelieve), a change which, in the presence of

Madeline or her father, he vainly attempted wholly to conceal, and to which, when alone, he surrendered himself with a gloomy abstraction—came over his mood, and dashed him from the lofty height of philosophy from which he had before looked down on the peril and the ills below.

Sometimes he would gaze on Lester with a strange and glassy eye, and mutter inaudibly to himself, as if unaware of the old man's presence; at others he would shrink from Lester's proffered hand, and start abruptly from his professions of unaltered, unalterable regard; sometimes he would sit silently, and, with a changeless and stony countenance, look upon Madeline, as she now spoke in that exalted tone of consolation which had passed away from himself; and when she had done, instead of replying to her speech, he would say, abruptly, "Ay, at the worst you love me, then—love me better than any one on earth—say that, Madeline, again say that!"

And Madeline's trembling lips obeyed the demand.

"Yes," he would renew, "this man, whom they accuse me of murdering, this—your uncle—him you never saw since you were an infant, a mere infant; *him* you could not love. What was he to you?—yet it is dreadful to think of—dreadful, dreadful," and then again his voice ceased, but his lips moved convulsively, and his eyes seemed to speak meanings that defied words. These alterations in his bearing, which belied his steady and resolute character, astonished and dejected both Madeline and her father. Sometimes they thought that his situation had shaken his reason, or that the horrible suspicion of having murdered the uncle of his intended wife made him look upon themselves with a secret shudder, and that they were mingled up in his mind by no unnatural, though unjust, confusion, with the causes of his present awful and uncertain state. With the generality of the world, these two tender friends believed Houseman the sole and real murderer, and fancied his charge against Aram was but the last expedient of a villain to ward punishment from himself by imputing crime to another. Naturally, then, they frequently sought to turn the conversation upon Houseman, and on the different circumstances that had brought him acquainted with Aram; but on this ground the prisoner seemed morbidly sensitive, and averse to detailed discussion. His narra-

tion, however, such as it was, threw much light upon certain matters on which Madeline and Lester were before anxious and inquisitive.

"Houseman is, in all ways," said he, with great and bitter vehemence, "unredeemed, and beyond the calculations of an ordinary wickedness. We knew each other from our relationship, but seldom met, and still more rarely held long intercourse together. After we separated, when I left Knaresbro', we did not meet for years. He sought me at Grassdale; he was poor, and implored assistance. I gave him all within my power. He sought me again, nay, more than once again, and finding me justly averse to yielding to his extortionate demands, he then broached the purpose he has now effected. He threatened—you hear me, you understand—he threatened me with this charge—the murder of Daniel Clarke; by that name alone I knew the deceased. The menace and the known villany of the man agitated me beyond expression. What was I? A being who lived without the world—who knew not its ways—who desired only rest! The menace haunted me—almost maddened! Your nephew has told you, you say, of broken words, of escaping emotions, which he has noted, even to suspicion, in me; you now behold the cause! Was it not sufficient? My life, nay, more, my fame, my marriage, Madeline's peace of mind, all depended on the uncertain fury or craft of a wretch like this! The idea was with me night and day; to avoid it, I resolved on a sacrifice. You may blame me—I was weak—yet I thought then not unwise; to avoid it, I say, I offered to bribe this man to leave the country. I sold my pittance to oblige him to it. I bound him thereto by the strongest ties; nay, so disinterestedly, so truly did I love Madeline, that I would not wed while I thought this danger could burst upon me. I believed, that before my marriage-day Houseman had left the country. It was not so; Fate ordered otherwise. It seems that Houseman came to Knaresbro' to see his daughter; that suspicion, by a sudden train of events, fell on him, perhaps justly; to screen himself, he has sacrificed me. The tale seems plausible; perhaps the accuser may triumph. But, Madeline, you now may account for much that may have perplexed you before. Let me remember—ay, ay, I have dropped mysterious words, have I not?—have I not?—owning that danger was around me—owning that a wild and terrific secret

was heavy at my breast; nay, once, walking with you the evening before, before the fatal day, I said that we must prepare to seek some yet more secluded spot, some deeper retirement; for, despite my precautions, despite the supposed absence of Houseman from the country itself, a fevered and restless presentiment would at some times intrude itself on me. All this is now accounted for, is it not, Madeline? Speak, speak!"

"All, love, all. Why do you look on me with that searching eye, that frowning brow?"

"Did I? No, no, I have no frown for you; but peace, I am not what I ought to be through this ordeal."

The above narration of Aram's did indeed account to Madeline for much that had till then remained unexplained,—the appearance of Houseman at Grassdale—the meeting between him and Aram on the evening she walked with the latter and questioned him of his ill-boding visitor—the frequent abstraction and muttered hints of her lover, and, as he had said, his last declaration of the possible necessity of leaving Grassdale. Nor was there any thing improbable, though it was rather in accordance with the unworldly habits than with the haughty character of Aram, that he should seek, circumstanced as he was, to silence even the false accuser of a plausible tale, that might well strike horror and bewilderment into a man much more, to all seeming, fitted to grapple with the hard and coarse realities of life than the moody and secluded scholar. Be that as it may, though Lester deplored, he did not blame, this circumstance, which, after all, had not transpired, nor seemed likely to transpire; and he attributed the prisoner's aversion to enter further on the matter to the natural dislike of so proud a man to refer to his own weakness, and to dwell upon the manner in which, despite of that weakness, he had been duped. This story Lester retailed to Walter, and it contributed to throw a damp and uncertainty over those mixed and unquiet feelings with which the latter waited for the coming trial. There were many moments when the young man was tempted to regret that Aram had not escaped a trial, which, if he were proved guilty, would for ever blast the happiness of his family, and which might, notwithstanding such a verdict, leave on Walter's own mind an impression of the prisoner's innocence, and an uneasy consciousness that he, through his investigations, had brought him to that doom.

Walter remained in Yorkshire, seeing little of his family, of none indeed but Lester; it was not to be expected that Madeline would see him, and once only he caught the tearful eyes of Ellinor as she retreated from the room he entered, and those eyes beamed kindness and pity, but something also of reproach.

Time passed slowly and witheringly on: a man of the name of Terry having been included in the suspicion, and indeed committed, it appeared that the prosecutor could not procure witnesses by the customary time, and the trial was postponed till the next assizes. As this man was however never brought up to trial, and appears no more, we have said nothing of him in our narrative, until he thus became the instrument of a delay in the fate of Eugene Aram. Time passed on, winter, spring were gone, and the glory and gloss of summer were now lavished over the happy earth. In some measure the usual calmness of his demeanour had returned to Aram; he had mastered those moody fits we have referred to, which had so afflicted his affectionate visitors; and he now seemed to prepare and buoy himself up against that awful ordeal of life and death which he was about so soon to pass. Yet he,—the hermit of nature, who—

—————"Each little herb
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
Had learned to name;"*

he could not feel, even through the bars and checks of a prison, the soft summer air, "the witchery of the soft blue sky;" he could not see the leaves bud forth, and mellow into their darker verdure; he could not hear the songs of the many-voiced birds, or listen to the dancing rain, calling up beauty where it fell; or mark at night, through his high and narrow casement, the stars aloof, and the sweet moon pouring in her light, like God's pardon, even through the dungeon-gloom and the desolate scenes where Mortality struggles with Despair; he could not catch, obstructed as they were, these, the benignant influences of earth, and not sicken and pant for his old and full communion with their ministry and presence. Sometimes all around him was forgotten, the harsh cell, the cheerless solitude, the approaching trial, the boding fear, the darkened hope, even the spectre of

* "Remorse," by S. T. Coleridge.

a troubled and fierce remembrance—all was forgotten, and his spirit was abroad, and his step upon the mountain-top once more.

In our estimate of the ills of life, we never sufficiently take into our consideration the wonderful elasticity of our moral frame, the unlooked-for, the startling facility with which the human mind accommodates itself to all change of circumstance, making an object and even a joy from the hardest and seemingly the least redeemed conditions of fate. The man who watched the spider in his cell may have taken, at least, as much interest in the watch, as when engaged in the most ardent and ambitious objects of his former life; and he was but a type of his brethren; all in similar circumstances would have found some similar occupation. Let any man look over his past life—let him recall, not *moments*, not *hours* of agony, for to them Custom lends not her blessed magic—but let him single out some *lengthened* period of physical or moral endurance; in hastily reverting to it, it may seem at first, I grant, altogether wretched—a series of days marked with the black stone,—the clouds without a star; but let him look more closely, it was not so during the time of suffering; a thousand little things, in the bustle of life dormant and unheeded, *then* started forth into notice, and became to him objects of interest or diversion; the dreary present, once made familiar, glided away from him, not less than if it had been all happiness; his mind dwelt not on the dull intervals, but the stepping-stone it had created and placed at each; and by that moral dreaming which for ever goes on within man's secret heart, he lived as little in the immediate world before him, as in the most sanguine period of his youth, or the most scheming of his maturity.

So wonderful in equalizing all states and all times in the varying tide of life are these two rulers yet levellers of mankind, Hope and Custom, that the very idea of an eternal punishment includes that of an utter alteration of the whole mechanism of the soul in its human state; and no effort of an imagination, assisted by past experience, can conceive a state of torture which custom can *never* blunt, and from which the chainless and immaterial spirit can *never* be beguiled into even a momentary escape.

Among the very few persons admitted to Aram's solitude was Lord *****. That nobleman was staying, on a visit, with a relation of his in the neighbourhood,

and he seized with an excited and mournful avidity the opportunity thus afforded him of seeing once more a character that had so often forced itself on his speculation and surprise. He came to offer, not condolence, but respect; *services*, at such a moment, no individual could render,—he gave, however, what was within his power—advice,—and pointed out to Aram the best counsel to engage, and the best method of previous inquiry into particulars yet unexplored. He was astonished to find Aram indifferent on these points, so important. The prisoner, it would seem, had even then resolved on being his own counsel, and conducting his own cause; the event proved that he did not rely in vain on the power of his own eloquence and sagacity, though he might on their result. As to the rest, he spoke with impatience, and the petulance of a wronged man. “For the idle rumours of the world, I do not care,” said he, “let them condemn or acquit me as they will;—for my life, I might be willing indeed, that it were spared,—I trust it may be, if not, I can stand face to face with Death. I have now looked on him within these walls long enough to have grown familiar with his terrors. But enough of me; tell me, my lord, something of the world without,—I have grown eager about it at last. I have been now so condemned to feed upon myself, that I have become surfeited with the diet;”—and it was with great difficulty that the earl drew Aram back to speak of himself: he did so, even when compelled to it, with so much qualification and reserve, mixed with some evident anger at the thought of being sifted and examined, that his visiter was forced finally to drop the subject, and not liking, nor indeed able, at such a time, to converse on more indifferent themes, the last interview he ever had with Aram terminated much more abruptly than he had meant it. His opinion of the prisoner was not, however, shaken in the least. I have seen a letter of his to a celebrated personage of the day, in which, mentioning this interview, he concludes with saying, “In short, there is so much real dignity about the man, that adverse circumstances increase it tenfold. Of his innocence I have not the remotest doubt: but if he persist in being his own counsel, I tremble for the result,—you know in such cases how much more valuable is practice than genius. But the judge, you will say, is, in criminal causes, the prisoner’s counsel,—God grant he may here prove a suc-

cessful one! I repeat, were Aram condemned by five hundred juries, I could not believe him guilty. No, the very essence of all human probabilities is against it."

The earl afterward saw and conversed with Walter. He was much struck with the conduct of the young Lester, and much impressed with a feeling for a situation so harassing and unhappy.

"Whatever be the result of the trial," said Walter, "I shall leave the country the moment it is finally over. If the prisoner be condemned, there is no hearth for me in my uncle's home; if not, my suspicions may still remain, and the sight of each other be an equal bane to the accused and to myself. A voluntary exile, and a life that may lead to forgetfulness, are all that I covet.—I now find in my own person," he added, with a faint smile, "how deeply Shakspeare had read the mysteries of men's conduct. Hamlet, we are told, was naturally full of fire and action. One dark discovery quells his spirit, unstrings his heart, and stales to him for ever the uses of the world. I now comprehend the change. It is bodied forth even in the humblest individual, who is met by a similar fate—even in myself."

"Ay," said the earl, "I do indeed remember you a wild, impetuous, headstrong youth. I scarcely recognise your very appearance. The elastic spring has left your step—there seems a fixed furrow in your brow. These clouds of life are indeed no summer vapour, darkening one moment and gone the next. But, my young friend, let us hope the best. I firmly believe in Aram's innocence—firmly!—more rootedly than I can express. The real criminal will appear on the trial. All bitterness between you and Aram must cease at his acquittal; you will be anxious to repair to him the injustice of a natural suspicion; and he seems not one who could long retain malice. All will be well, believe me."

"God send it!" said Walter, sighing deeply.

"But at the worst," continued the earl, pressing his hand in parting, "if you should persist in your resolution to leave the country, write to me, and I can furnish you with an honourable and stirring occasion for doing so.—Farewell."

While time was thus advancing towards the fatal day, it was graving deep ravages within the pure breast of Madeline Lester. She had borne up, as we have seen, for some time, against the sudden blow that had shivered

her young hopes, and separated her by so awful a chasm from the side of Aram; but as week after week, month after month rolled on, and he still lay in prison, and the horrible suspense of ignominy and death still hung over her, then gradually her courage began to fail, and her heart to sink. Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, suspense is the one that most gnaws, and cankers into, the frame. One little month of that suspense, when it involves death, we are told, in a very remarkable work lately published by an eyewitness,* is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in the face of a convict of five-and-twenty—sufficient to dash the brown hair with gray, and to bleach the gray to white. And this suspense—suspense of this nature—for more than eight whole months, had Madeline to endure!

About the end of the second month the effect upon her health grew visible. Her colour, naturally delicate as the hues of the pink shell or the youngest rose, faded into one marble whiteness, which again, as time proceeded, flushed into that red and preternatural hectic which, once settled, rarely yields its place but to the colours of the grave. Her flesh shrank from its rounded and noble proportions. Deep hollows traced themselves beneath eyes which yet grew even more lovely as they grew less serenely bright. The blessed sleep sunk not upon her brain with its wonted and healing dews. Perturbed dreams, that towards dawn succeeded the long and weary vigil of the night, shook her frame even more than the anguish of the day. In these dreams one frightful vision—a crowd—a scaffold—and the pale majestic face of her lover, darkened by unutterable pangs of pride and sorrow, were for ever present before her. Till now, she and Ellinor had always shared the same bed: this Madeline would not now suffer. In vain Ellinor wept and pleaded. “No,” said Madeline, with a hollow voice; “at night I see him. My soul is alone with his; but—but,”—and she burst into an agony of tears—“the most dreadful thought is this, I cannot master my dreams. And sometimes I start and wake, and find that in sleep I have believed him guilty. Nay, O God! that *his* lips have proclaimed the guilt! And shall any living being—shall any but God, who reads not words but hearts, hear this hideous falsehood—this

* See Mr. Wakefield's work on “The Punishment of Death.”

ghastly mockery of the lying sleep? No, I must be alone! The very stars should not hear what is forced from me in the madness of my dreams."

But not in vain, or not excluded from *her*, was that elastic and consoling spirit of which I have before spoken. As Aram recovered the tenor of his self-possession, a more quiet and peaceful calm diffused itself over the mind of Madeline. Her high and starry nature could comprehend those sublime inspirations of comfort which lift us from the lowest abyss of this world to the contemplation of all that the yearning visions of mankind have painted in another. She would sit, rapt and absorbed for hours together, till these contemplations assumed the colour of a gentle and soft insanity. "Come, dearest Madeline," Ellinor would say,—“come, you have thought enough; my poor father asks to see you."

"Hush!" Madeline answered. "Hush, I have been walking with Eugene in heaven; and oh! there are green woods and lulling waters above, as there are on earth, and we see the stars quite near, and I cannot tell you how happy their smile makes those who look upon them. And Eugene never starts there, nor frowns, nor walks aside, nor looks on me with an estranged and chilling look; but his face is as calm and bright as the face of an angel;—and his voice!—it thrills amid all the music which plays there night and day—softer than their softest note. And we are married, Ellinor, at last. We were married in heaven, and all the angels came to the marriage! I am now so happy that we were not wed before! What! are you weeping, Ellinor? Ah, we never weep in heaven! but we will all go there again—all of us, hand in hand!"

These affecting hallucinations terrified them, lest they should settle into a *confirmed* loss of reason; but perhaps without cause. They never lasted long, and never occurred but after moods of abstraction of unusual duration. To her they probably supplied what sleep does to others—a relaxation and refreshment—an escape from the consciousness of life. And indeed it might always be noted, that after such harmless aberrations of the mind, Madeline seemed more collected and patient in thought, and, for the moment, even stronger in frame than before. Yet the body evidently pined and languished, and each week made palpable decay in her vital powers.

Every time Aram saw her, he was startled at the alteration; and kissing her cheek, her lips, her temples, in an agony of grief, wondered that to him alone it was forbidden to weep. Yet, after all, when she was gone, and he again alone, he could not but think death likely to prove to her the most happy of earthly boons. He was not sanguine of acquittal; and even in acquittal a voice at his heart suggested insuperable barriers to their union, which had not existed when it was first anticipated.

"Yes, let her die," he would say, "let her die; *she* at least is certain of heaven!" But the human infirmity clung around him, and notwithstanding this seeming resolution in her absence, he did not mourn the less, he was not stung the less, when he saw her again, and beheld a new character from the hand of Death graven upon her form. No; we may triumph over all weakness but that of the affections. Perhaps in this dreary and haggard interval of time, these two persons loved each other more purely, more strongly, more enthusiastically, than they had ever done at any former period of their eventful history. Over the hardest stone, as over the softest turf, the green moss *will* force its verdure and sustain its life!

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE TRIAL—THE COUSINS—THE CHANGE
IN MADELINE—THE FAMILY OF GRASSDALE MEET ONCE
MORE BENEATH ONE ROOF.

"Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows;
For Sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects."

* * * * *
———Hope is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of death
Which false hope lingers in extremity?"—*Richard II.*

It was the evening before the trial. Lester and his daughters lodged at a retired and solitary house in the suburbs of the town of York: and thither, from the village some miles distant in which he had chosen his

own retreat, Walter now proceeded across fields laden with the ripening corn. The last and the richest month of summer had commenced, but the harvest was not yet begun, and deep and golden showed the vegetation of life, bedded among the dark verdure of the hedge-rows, and "the merrie woods!" The evening was serene and lulled; at a distance rose the spires and chimneys of the town, but no sound from the busy hum of men reached the ear. Nothing perhaps gives a more entire idea of stillness than the sight of those abodes where "noise dwelleth," but where you cannot now hear even its murmurs. The stillness of a city is far more impressive than that of nature; for the mind instantly compares the present silence with the wonted uproar. The harvest-moon rose slowly from a copse of gloomy firs, and diffused its own unspeakable magic into the hush and transparency of the night. As Walter walked slowly on, the sound of voices from some rustic party going homeward broke jocundly on the silence, and when he paused for a moment at the stile from which he first caught a glimpse of Lester's house, he saw, winding along the green hedgerow, some village pair, the "lover and the maid," who could meet only at such hours, and to whom such hours were therefore especially dear. It was altogether a scene of pure and true pastoral character, and there was all around a semblance of tranquillity, of happiness, which suits with the poetical and the scriptural paintings of a pastoral life; and which, perhaps, in a new and fertile country, may still find a realization. From this scene, from these thoughts, the young loiterer turned with a sigh towards the solitary house in which this night could awaken none but the most anxious feelings, and that moon could beam only on the most troubled hearts.

*"Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes
Nutrit; et urtica proxima sæpe rosa est."*

He now walked more quickly on, as if stung by his reflections, and avoiding the path which led to the front of the house, gained a little garden at the rear, and opening a gate that admitted to a narrow and shaded walk, over which the linden and nut-trees made a sort of continuous and natural arch, the moon, piercing at broken intervals through the boughs, rested on the form of Ellinor Lester.

"This is most kind, most like my own sweet cousin,"

said Walter, approaching; "I cannot say how fearful I was, lest you should not meet me after all."

"Indeed, Walter," replied Ellinor, "I found some difficulty in concealing your note, which was given me in Madeline's presence; and still more, in stealing out unobserved by her, for she has been, as you may well conceive, unusually restless the whole of this agonizing day. Ah, Walter, would to God you had never left us!"

"Rather say," rejoined Walter, "that this unhappy man, against whom my father's ashes still seem to me to cry aloud, had never come into our peaceful and happy valley! Then *you* would not have reproached me, that I have sought justice on a suspected murderer; nor *I* have longed for death rather than, in that justice, have inflicted such distress and horror on those whom I love the best!"

"What! Walter, you yet believe—you are yet convinced that Eugene Aram is the real criminal?"

"Let to-morrow show," answered Walter. "But poor, poor Madeline! How does she bear up against this long suspense? You know I have not seen her for months."

"Oh! Walter," said Ellinor, weeping bitterly, "you would not know her, so dreadfully is she altered. I fear"—(here sobs choked the sister's voice, so as to leave it scarcely audible)—"that she is not many weeks for this world!"

"Great God! is it so?" exclaimed Walter, so shocked that the tree against which he leaned scarcely preserved him from falling to the ground, as the thousand remembrances of his first love rushed upon his heart. "And Providence singled *me* out of the whole world to strike this blow!"

Despite her own grief, Ellinor was touched and smitten by the violent emotion of her cousin; and the two young persons, lovers—though love was at this time the least perceptible feeling of their breasts—mingled their emotions, and sought, at least, to console and cheer each other.

"It may yet be better than our fears," said Ellinor, soothingly. "Eugene may be found guiltless, and in that joy we may forget all the past."

Walter shook his head despondingly. "*Your* heart, Ellinor, was always kind to me. You now are the only one to do me justice, and to see how utterly reproachless I am for all the misery the crime of another occa-

sions. But my uncle—him, too, I have not seen for some time: is he well?"

"Yes, Walter, yes," said Ellinor, kindly disguising the real truth, how much her father's vigorous frame had been bowed by his state of mind. "And I, you see," added she, with a faint attempt to smile,—"I am, in health at least, the same as when, this time last year, we were all happy and full of hope."

Walter looked hard upon that face, once so vivid with the rich colour and the buoyant and arch expression of liveliness and youth, now pale, subdued, and worn by the traces of constant tears; and, pressing his hand convulsively on his heart, turned away.

"But can I not see my uncle?" said he, after a pause.

"He is not at home: he has gone to the castle," replied Ellinor.

"I shall meet him, then, on his way home," returned Walter. "But, Ellinor, there is surely no truth in a vague rumour which I heard in the town, that Madeline intends to be present at the trial to-morrow."

"Indeed, I fear that she will. Both my father and myself have sought strongly and urgently to dissuade her; but in vain. You know, with all that gentleness, how resolute she is when her mind is once determined on any object."

"But if the verdict should be against the prisoner, in her state of health consider how terrible would be the shock!—Nay, even the joy of acquittal might be equally dangerous—for Heaven's sake! do not suffer her."

"What is to be done, Walter?" said Ellinor, wringing her hands. "We cannot help it. My father has, at last, forbid me to contradict the wish. Contradiction, the physician himself says, might be as fatal as concession can be. And my father adds, in a stern, calm voice, which it breaks my heart to hear, 'Be still, Ellinor. If the innocent is to perish, the sooner she joins him the better: I would then have all my ties on the other side the grave!'"

"How that strange man seems to have fascinated you all!" said Walter, bitterly.

Ellinor did not answer: over her the fascination had never been to an equal degree with the rest of her family.

"Ellinor!" said Walter, who had been walking for the last few moments to and fro with the rapid strides of a man debating with himself, and who now suddenly

paused, and laid his hand on his cousin's arm—"Ellinor! I am resolved. I must, for the quiet of my soul, I must see Madeline this night, and win her forgiveness for all I have been made the unintentional agent of Providence to bring upon her. The peace of my future life may depend on this single interview. What if Aram be condemned—and—and—in short, it is no matter—I *must* see her."

"She would not hear of it, I fear," said Ellinor, in alarm. "Indeed, you cannot—you do not know her state of mind."

"Ellinor!" said Walter, doggedly, "I am resolved." And so saying, he moved towards the house.

"Well, then," said Ellinor, whose nerves had been greatly shattered by the scenes and sorrow of the last several months, "if it must be so, wait at least till I have gone in, and consulted or prepared her."

"As you will, my gentlest, kindest cousin; I know your prudence and affection. I leave you to obtain me this interview; you can, and will, I am convinced."

"Do not be sanguine, Walter. I can only promise to use my best endeavours," answered Ellinor, blushing as he kissed her hand; and, hurrying up the walk, she disappeared within the house.

Walter walked for some moments about the alley in which Ellinor had left him, but growing impatient, he at length wound through the overhanging trees, and the house stood immediately before him,—the moonlight shining full on the window-panes, and sleeping in quiet shadow over the green turf in front. He approached yet nearer, and through one of the windows, by a single light in the room, he saw Ellinor leaning over a couch, on which a form reclined, that his heart, rather than his sight, told him was his once-adored Madeline. He stopped, and his breath heaved thick;—he thought of their common home at Grassdale—of the old manor-house—of the little parlour, with the woodbine at its casement—of the group within, once so happy and light-hearted, of which he had formerly made the one most buoyant, and not least loved. And now this strange—this desolate house,—himself estranged from all once regarding him—(and those broken-hearted)—this night ushering what a morrow! He groaned almost aloud, and retreated once more into the shadow of the trees. In a few minutes the door at the right of the building opened, and Ellinor came forth with a quick step.

"Come in, dear Walter," said she; "Madeline has consented to see you—nay, when I told her you were here, and desired an interview, she paused but for one instant, and then begged me to admit you."

"God bless her!" said poor Walter, drawing his hand across his eyes, and following Ellinor to the door.

"You will find her greatly changed!" whispered Ellinor, as they gained the outer hall; "be prepared!"

Walter did not reply, save by an expressive gesture; and Ellinor led him into a room which communicated, by one of those glass doors often to be seen in the old-fashioned houses of country towns, with the one in which he had previously seen Madeline. With a noiseless step, and almost holding his breath, he followed his fair guide through this apartment, and he now stood by the couch on which Madeline still reclined. She held out her hand to him—he pressed it to his lips, without daring to look her in the face; and after a moment's pause, she said,

"So you wished to see me, Walter? It is an anxious night this for all of us!"

"For *all*!" repeated Walter, emphatically; "and for me not the least!"

"We have known some sad days since we last met!" renewed Madeline; and there was another, and an embarrassed pause.

"Madeline—dearest Madeline!" said Walter, at length, dropping on his knee; "you, whom while I was yet a boy I so fondly, passionately loved;—you, who yet are—who, while I live, ever will be so inexpressibly dear to me—say but one word to me on this uncertain and dreadful epoch of our fate—say but one word to me—say you feel you are conscious that throughout these terrible events *I* have not been to blame—I have not willingly brought this affliction upon our house—least of all upon that heart which my own would have forfeited its best blood to preserve from the slightest evil;—or, if you will not do me this justice, say at least that you forgive me!"

"I forgive you, Walter! I do you justice, my cousin!" replied Madeline, with energy, and raising herself on her arm. "It is long since I have felt how unreasonable it was to throw any blame upon you—the mere and passive instrument of fate. If I have forborne to see you, it was not from an angry feeling, but from a reluctant

weakness. God bless and preserve you, my dear cousin! I know that your own heart has bled as profusely as ours; and it was but this day that I told my father, if we never met again, to express to you some kind message as a last memorial from me. Don't weep, Walter! It is a fearful thing to see *men* weep! It is only once that I have seen *him* weep,—that was long, long ago! He has no tears in the hour of dread and danger. But no matter, this is a bad world, Walter, and I am tired of it. Are not you? Why do you look so at me, Ellinor? I am not mad! Has she told you that I am, Walter? Don't believe her! Look at me! I am calm and collected! Yet to-morrow is—O God! O God!—if—

if—” Madeline covered her face with her hands, and became suddenly silent, though only for a short time; when she again lifted up her eyes, they encountered those of Walter; as through those blinding and agonized tears, which are only wrung from the grief of manhood, he gazed upon that face on which nothing of herself, save the divine and unearthly expression which had always characterized her loveliness, was left.

“Yes, Walter, I am wearing fast away—fast beyond the power of chance! Thank God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, if the worst happen *we* cannot be divided long. Ere another Sabbath has passed I may be with him in Paradise! What cause shall we then have for regret?”

Ellinor flung herself on her sister's neck, sobbing violently. “Yes, we shall regret you are not with us, Ellinor; but you will also soon grow tired of the world; it is a sad place—it is a wicked place—it is full of snares and pitfalls. In our walk to-day lies our destruction for to-morrow! You will find this soon, Ellinor! And you, and my father, and Walter, too, shall join us! Hark! the clock strikes!—By this time to-morrow night, what triumph!—or to me at least” (sinking her voice into a whisper that thrilled through the very bones of her listeners) “what peace!”

Happily for all parties this distressing scene was here interrupted. Lester entered the room with the heavy step into which his once elastic and cheerful tread had subsided.

“Ha, Walter!” said he, irresolutely glancing over the group; but Madeline had already sprang from her seat.

"You have seen him!—you have seen him!—And how does he—how does he look? But that I know; I know his brave heart does not sink. And what message does he send to me? And—and—tell me all, my father: quick, quick!"

"Dear, miserable child!—and miserable old man!" muttered Lester, folding her in his arms; "but we ought to take courage and comfort from him, Madeline. A hero on the eve of battle could not be more firm—even more cheerful. He smiled often—his old smile; and he only left tears and anxiety to us. But of you, Madeline, we spoke mostly: he would scarcely let me say a word on any thing else. Oh, what a kind heart!—what a noble spirit! And perhaps a chance to-morrow may quench both. But, God! be just, and let the avenging lightning fall on the real criminal, and not blast the innocent man!"

"Amen!" said Madeline, deeply.

"Amen!" repeated Walter, laying his hand on his heart.

"Let us pray!" exclaimed Lester, animated by a sudden impulse, and falling on his knees. The whole group followed his example; and Lester, in a trembling and impassioned voice, poured forth an extempore prayer that justice might fall only where it was due. Never did that majestic and pausing moon—which filled that lowly room as with the presence of a spirit—witness a more impressive adjuration, or an audience more absorbed and rapt. Full streamed its holy rays upon the now snowy locks and upward countenance of Lester, making his venerable person more striking from the contrast it afforded to the dark and sunburnt cheek, the energetic features, and chivalric and earnest head of the young man beside him. Just in the shadow the raven locks of Ellinor were bowed over her clasped hands,—nothing of her face visible, the graceful neck and heaving breast alone distinguished from the shadow: and, hushed in a deathlike and solemn repose, the parted lips moving inaudibly; the eye fixed on vacancy; the wan transparent hands crossed upon her bosom:—the light shone with a more softened and tender ray upon the faded but all angelic form and countenance of *her* for whom Heaven was already preparing its eternal recompense for the ills of earth!

CHAPTER V.

THE TRIAL.

"Equal to either fortune."—*Speech of Eugene Aram.*

A THOUGHT comes over us sometimes in our career of pleasure, or the troublous exultation of our ambitious pursuits; a thought comes over us like a cloud, that around us and about us death—shame—crime—despair, are busy at their work. I have read somewhere of an enchanted land, where the inmates walked along voluptuous gardens, and built palaces, and heard music, and made merry; while around and within the land were deep caverns, where the gnomes and the fiends dwelt: and ever and anon their groans and laughter, and the sounds of their unutterable toils, or ghastly revels, travelled to the upper air, mixing in an awful strangeness with the summer festivity and buoyant occupation of those above. And this is the picture of human life! These reflections of the maddening disparities of the world are dark, but salutary:—

"They wrap our thoughts at banquets in the shroud;" *

but we are seldom sadder without being also wiser men!

The 3d of August, 1759, rose bright, calm, and clear: it was the morning of the trial; and when Ellinor stole into her sister's room, she found Madeline sitting before the glass, and braiding her rich locks with an evident attention and care.

"I wish," said she, "that you had pleased me by dressing as for a holyday. See, I am going to wear the dress I was to have been married in."

Ellinor shuddered; for what is more appalling than to find the signs of gayety accompanying the reality of anguish!

"Yes," continued Madeline, with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, "a little reflection will convince you that this day ought not to be one of mourning. It was *the sus-*

* Young.

pense that has so worn out our hearts. If he is acquitted, as we all believe and trust, think how appropriate will be the outward seeming of our joy! If not, why I shall go before him to our marriage home, and in marriage garments. Ay," she added, after a moment's pause, and with a much more grave, settled, and intense expression of voice and countenance—"ay; do you remember how Eugene once told us that if we went at goonday to the bottom of a deep pit,* we should be able to see the stars, which on the level ground are invisible. Even so, from the depths of grief—worn, wretched, seared, and dying—the blessed apparitions and tokens of heaven make themselves visible to our eyes. And I know—I have seen—I feel here," pressing her hand on her heart, "that my course is run; a few sands only are left in the glass. Let us waste them bravely. Stay, Ellinor! You see these poor withered rose-leaves: Eugene gave them to me the day before—before that fixed for our marriage. I shall wear them to-day, as I would have worn them on the wedding-day. When he gathered the poor flower, how fresh it was; and I kissed off the dew: *now* see it! But come, come; this is trifling: we must not be late. Help me, Nell, help me: come, bustle, quick, quick! Nay, be not so slovenly; I told you I would be dressed with care to-day."

And when Madeline *was* dressed, though the robe sat loose and in large folds over her shrunken form, yet, as she stood erect, and looked with a smile, that saddened Ellinor more than tears, at her image in the glass, perhaps her beauty never seemed of a more striking and lofty character,—she looked indeed a bride, but the bride of no earthly nuptials. Presently they heard an irresolute and trembling step at the door, and Lester, knocking, asked if they were prepared.

"Come in, father," said Madeline, in a calm and even cheerful voice; and the old man entered.

He cast a silent glance over Madeline's white dress, and then at his own, which was deep mourning: the glance said volumes, and its meaning was not marred by words from any one of the three.

"Yes, father," said Madeline, breaking the pause,—
'we are all ready. Is the carriage here?'

* The remark is in Aristotle. Buffon quotes it, with his usual adroit felicity, in, I think, the first volume of his great work.

"It is at the door, my child."

"Come then, Ellinor, come!" and leaning on her arm, Madeline walked towards the door. When she got to the threshold, she paused and looked round the room.

"What is it you want?" asked Ellinor.

"I was but bidding all here farewell," replied Madeline, in a soft and touching voice: and now before we leave the house, father—sister, one word with you;—you have *ever* been very, very kind to me, and most of all in this bitter trial, when I must have taxed your patience sadly—for I know all is not right here"—(touching her forehead)—"I cannot go forth this day without thanking you. Ellinor, my dearest friend—my fondest sister—my playmate in gladness—my comforter in grief—my nurse in sickness; since we were little children we have talked together, and laughed together, and wept together, and though we knew all the thoughts of each other, we have never known one thought that we would have concealed from God;—and now we are going to part!—do not stop me, it must be so, I know it. But after a little while may you be happy again, not so buoyant as you have been, that can never be, but still happy!—You are formed for love and home, and for those ties you once thought would be mine. God grant that I may have suffered for us both, and that when we meet hereafter, you may tell me *you* have been happy here!

"But you, father," added Madeline, tearing herself from the neck of her weeping sister, and sinking on her knees before Lester, who leaned against the wall convulsed with his emotions, and covering his face with his hands—
"but *you*,—what can I say to *you*?—you who have never,—no, not in my first childhood, said one harsh word to me—who have sunk all a father's authority in a father's love,—how can I say all that I feel for you?—the grateful overflowing (paining, yet—oh, how sweet!) remembrances which crowd around and suffocate me now!—The time will come when Ellinor and Ellinor's children must be all in all to you—when of your poor Madeline nothing will be left but a memory; but they, they will watch on you and tend you, and protect your gray hairs from sorrow, as I might once have hoped I also was fated to do."

"My child! my child! you break my heart!" faltered forth at last the poor old man, who till now had in vain endeavoured to speak.

"Give me your blessing, dear father," said Madeline, herself overcome by her feelings;—"put your hand on my head and bless me—and say that if I have ever unconsciously given you a moment's pain, I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven!" repeated Lester, raising his daughter with weak and trembling arms as his tears fell fast upon her cheek;—"never did I feel what an angel had sat beside my hearth till now!—But be comforted—be cheered. What if Heaven had reserved its crowning mercy till this day, and Eugene be among us, free, acquitted, triumphant before the night!"

"Ha!" said Madeline, as if suddenly roused by the thought into new life,—"ha! let us hasten to find your words true. Yes! yes!—if it should be so—if it should. And," added she, in a hollow voice (the enthusiasm checked), "if it were not for my dreams, I might believe it would be so.—But—come—I am ready now!"

The carriage went slowly through the crowd that the fame of the approaching trial had gathered along the streets, but the blinds were drawn down, and the father and daughter escaped that worst of tortures, the curious gaze of strangers on distress. Places had been kept for them in court, and as they left the carriage and entered the fatal spot, the venerable figure of Lester, and the trembling and veiled forms that clung to him, arrested all eyes. They at length gained their seats, and it was not long before a bustle in the court drew off attention from them. A buzz, a murmur, a movement, a dread pause! Houseman was first arraigned on his former indictment, acquitted, and admitted evidence against Aram, who was thereupon arraigned. The prisoner stood at the bar! Madeline gasped for breath, and clung, with a convulsive motion, to her sister's arm. But presently, with a long sigh she recovered her self-possession, and sat quiet and silent, fixing her eyes upon Aram's countenance; and the aspect of that countenance was well calculated to sustain her courage, and to mingle a sort of exulting pride with all the strained and fearful acuteness of her sympathy. Something, indeed, of what he had suffered was visible in the prisoner's features; the lines around the mouth, in which mental anxiety generally the most deeply writes its traces, were grown marked and furrowed; gray hairs were here and there scattered among the rich and long luxuriance of the dark brown locks, and as, before his imprisonment, he had seemed consider-

ably younger than he was, so now Time had atoned for its past delay, and he might have appeared to have told more years than had really gone over his head; but the remarkable light and beauty of his eye was undimmed as ever, and still the broad expanse of his forehead retained its unwrinkled surface and striking expression of calmness and majesty. High, self-collected, serene, and undaunted, he looked upon the crowd, the scene, the judge, before and around him; and, even among those who believed him guilty, that involuntary and irresistible respect which moral firmness always produces on the mind forced an unwilling interest in his fate, and even a reluctant hope of his acquittal.

Houseman was called upon. No one could regard his face without a certain mistrust and inward shudder. In men prone to cruelty, it has generally been remarked, that there is an animal expression strongly prevalent in the countenance. The murderer and the lustful man are often alike in the physical structure. The bull-throat—the thick lips—the receding forehead—the fierce restless eye—which some one or other says reminds you of the buffalo in the instant before he becomes dangerous, are the outward tokens of the natural animal unsoftened—unenlightened—unredeemed—consulting only the immediate desires of his nature, whatever be the passion (lust or revenge) to which they prompt. And this animal expression, the witness of his character, was especially wrought, if we may use the word, in Houseman's rugged and harsh features; rendered, if possible, still more remarkable at that time by a mixture of sullenness and timidity. The conviction that his own life was saved could not prevent remorse at his treachery in accusing his comrade—a sort of confused principle of which villains are the most susceptible, when every other honest sentiment has deserted them.

With a low, choked, and sometimes a faltering tone, Houseman deposed, that in the night between the 7th and 8th of January, 1744-5, some time before 11 o'clock, he went to Aram's house—that they conversed on different matters—that he staid there about an hour—that some three hours afterward he passed, in company with Clarke, by Aram's house, and Aram was outside the door, as if he were about to return home—that Aram invited them both to come in—that they did so—that Clarke, who intended to leave the town before daybreak, in

order, it was acknowledged, to make secretly away with certain property in his possession, was about to quit the house, when Aram proposed to accompany him out of the town—that he (Aram) and Houseman then went forth with Clarke—that when they came into the field where St. Robert's Cave is, Aram and Clarke went into it, over the hedge, and when they came within six or eight yards of the cave, he saw them quarrelling—that he saw Aram strike Clarke several times, upon which Clarke fell, and he never saw him rise again—that he saw no instrument Aram had, and knew not that he had any—that upon this, without any interposition or alarm, he left them and returned home—that the next morning he went to Aram's house, and asked what business he had with Clarke last night, and what he had done with him? Aram replied not to this question; but threatened him, if he spoke of his being in Clarke's company that night; vowing revenge either by himself or some other person if he mentioned any thing relating to the affair. This was the sum of Houseman's evidence.

A Mr. Beckwith was next called, who deposed, that Aram's garden had been searched, owing to a vague suspicion that he might have been an accomplice in the frauds of Clarke—that some parts of clothing, and also some pieces of cambric which he had sold to Clarke a little while before, were found there.

The third witness was the watchman, Thomas Barnet, who deposed, that before midnight (it might be a little after eleven) he saw a person come out from Aram's house, who had a wide coat on, with the cape about his head, and seemed to shun him; whereupon he went up to him, and put by the cape of his great-coat, and perceived it to be Richard Houseman. He contented himself with wishing him good night.

The officers who executed the warrant then gave their evidence as to the arrest, and dwelt on some expressions dropped by Aram before he arrived at Knaresbro', which, however, were felt to be wholly unimportant.

After this evidence, there was a short pause;—and then a shiver, that recoil and tremor which men feel at any exposition of the relics of the dead, ran through the court; for the next witness was mute—it was the scull of the deceased! On the left side there was a fracture that, from the nature of it, seemed as it could only have been made by the stroke of some blunt instrument. The

piece was broken, and could not be replaced but from within.

The surgeon, Mr. Locock, who produced it, gave it as his opinion, that no such breach could proceed from natural decay—that it was not a recent fracture by the instrument with which it was dug up, but seemed to be of many years' standing.

This made the chief part of the evidence against Aram; the minor points we have omitted, and also such as, like that of Aram's hostess, would merely have repeated what the reader knew before.

And now closed the criminatory evidence—and now the prisoner was asked, in that peculiarly thrilling and awful question—what he had to say in his own behalf? Till now, Aram had not changed his posture or his countenance—his dark and piercing eye had for one instant fixed on each witness that appeared against him, and then dropped its gaze upon the ground. But at this moment a faint hectic flushed his cheek, and he seemed to gather and knit himself up for defence. He glanced round the court, as if to see what had been the impression created against him. His eye rested on the gray locks of Rowland Lester, who, looking down, had covered his face with his hands. But beside that venerable form was the still and marble face of Madeline; and even at that distance from him, Aram perceived how intent was the hush and suspense of her emotions. But when she caught his eye—that eye which even at such a moment beamed unutterable love, pity, regret for her—a wild, a convulsive smile of encouragement, of anticipated triumph, broke the repose of her colourless features, and, suddenly dying away, left her lips apart, in that expression which the great masters of old, faithful to nature, give alike to the struggle of hope and the pause of terror.

"My lord," began Aram, in that remarkable defence still extant, and still considered as wholly unequalled from the lips of one defending his own and such a cause;—"my lord, I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence; incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour, not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For, having

never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety, that it might reasonably be expected to exceed my hope, should I be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest of human crimes. You will grant me then your patience, if I, single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel, attempt something perhaps like argument in my defence. What I have to say will be but short, and that brevity may be the best part of it.

"My lord, the tenor of my life contradicts this indictment. Who can look back over what is known of my former years, and charge me with one vice—one offence? No! I concerted not schemes of fraud—projected no violence—injured no man's property or person. My days were honestly laborious—my nights intensely studious. This egotism is not presumptuous—is not unreasonable. What man, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, without one single deviation from a sober and even tenor of conduct, ever plunged into the depth of crime precipitately and at once? Mankind are not instantaneously corrupted. Villany is always progressive. We decline from right, not suddenly, but step after step.

"If my life in general contradicts the indictment, my health at that time in particular contradicts it yet more. A little time before, I had been confined to my bed, I had suffered under a long and severe disorder. The distemper left me but slowly, and in part. So far from being well at the time I am charged with this fact, I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could a person in this condition execute violence against another?—I, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage—no ability to accomplish—no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact;—without interest, without power, without motives, without means!

"My lord, Clarke disappeared: true; but is that a proof of his death? The fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort from a circumstance, is too obvious to require instances. One instance is before you: this very castle affords it.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, amid all the vigilance of this place, in open daylight, and double-

ironed, made his escape; notwithstanding an immediate inquiry was set on foot, notwithstanding all advertisements, all search, he was never seen or heard of since. If this man escaped unseen through all these difficulties, how easy for Clarke, whom no difficulties opposed. Yet what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

"These bones are discovered! Where! Of all places in the world, can we think of any one, except indeed the church-yard, where there is so great a certainty of finding human bones as a hermitage? In times past, the hermitage was a place, not only of religious retirement, but of burial. And it has scarce or never been heard of, but that every cell now known contains, or contained, these relics of humanity: some mutilated, some entire! Give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat SOLITARY SANCTITY, and here the hermit and the anchorite hoped that repose for their bones when dead, they here enjoyed when living. I glance over a few of the many evidences that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and enumerate a few of the many caves similar in origin to St. Robert's, in which human bones have been found." Here the prisoner instanced, with remarkable felicity, several places in which bones had been found, under circumstances and in spots analogous to those in point.* And the reader, who will remember that it is the great principle of the law, that no man can be condemned for murder unless the body of the deceased be found, will perceive at once how important this point was to the prisoner's defence. After concluding his instances with two facts of skeletons found in fields in the vicinity of Knaresbro', he burst forth—

"Is then the invention of those bones forgotten, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of these in question may appear the more extraordinary? Extraordinary—yet how common an event! Every place conceals such remains. In fields—in hills—in highway-sides—on wastes—on commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And mark,—no example perhaps occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell. Here you find but one, agreeable to the peculiarity of every known cell in Britain. Had *two* skeletons been discovered, then alone might the fact have seemed sus-

* See his published defence.

picious and uncommon. What! Have we forgotten how difficult, as in the case of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Symnell, it has been sometimes to identify the living; and shall we now assign personality to bones—bones which may belong to either sex? How know you that this is even the skeleton of a man? But another skeleton was discovered by some labourer! Was not that skeleton averred to be Clarke's full as confidently as this?

"My lord, my lord—must some of the living be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed and chance exposed? The skull that has been produced, has been declared fractured. But who can surely tell whether it was the cause or the consequence of death? In May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up by permission in their cathedral, the bones of the skull were found broken as these are. Yet *he* died by no violence! by no blow that could have caused that fracture. Let it be considered how easily the fracture on the skull produced is accounted for. At the dissolution of religious houses, the ravages of the times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, shrines demolished. Parliament itself was called in to restrain these violations. And now are the depredations, the iniquities of those times, to be visited on this? But here, above all, was a castle vigorously besieged; every spot around was the scene of a sally, a conflict, a flight, a pursuit. Where the slaughtered fell, there were they buried. What place is not burial earth in war? How many bones must still remain in the vicinity of that siege for futurity to discover! Can you, then, with so many probable circumstances, choose the one least probable? Can you impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off and piety interred, or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited?

"And now, glance over the circumstantial evidence—how weak, how frail! I almost scorn to *allude* to it. I will not condescend to *dwell* upon it. The witness of one man, arraigned himself! Is there no chance that to save his own life he might conspire against mine?—no chance that he might have committed this murder, *if* murder hath indeed been done? that conscience be-

trayed to his first exclamation? that craft suggested his throwing that guilt on me, to the knowledge of which he had unwittingly confessed? He declares that he saw me strike Clarke, that he saw him fall; yet he utters no cry, no reproof. He calls for no aid; he returns quietly home; he declares that he knows not what became of the body, yet he tells where the body is laid. He declares that he went straight home, and alone; yet the woman with whom I lodged declares that Houseman and I returned to my house in company together!—what evidence is this? and from whom does it come?—ask yourselves. As for the rest of the evidence, what does it amount to? The watchman sees Houseman leave my house at night. What more probable, but what less connected with the murder, real or supposed, of Clarke? Some pieces of clothing are found buried in my garden. But how can it be shown that they belonged to Clarke? Who can swear to, who can prove any thing so vague? And if found there, even if belonging to Clarke, what proof that they were there deposited by me? How likely that the real criminal may in the dead of night have preferred any spot rather than that round his own home, to conceal the evidence of his crime!

“How impotent such evidence as this! and how poor, how precarious, even the strongest of mere circumstantial evidence invariably is! Let it rise to probability, to the strongest degree of probability; it is but probability still. Recollect the case of the two Harrisons, recorded by Dr. Howell; both suffered on circumstantial evidence on account of the disappearance of a man who, like Clarke, contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen. And this man returned several years after their execution. Why remind you of Jaques du Moulin, in the reign of Charles the Second?—why of the unhappy Coleman, convicted, though afterward found innocent, and whose children perished for want because the world believed the father guilty? Why should I mention the perjury of Smith, who, admitted king’s evidence, screened himself by accusing Fainloth and Loveday of the murder of Dunn? The first was executed, the second was about to share the same fate, when the perjury of Smith was incontrovertibly proved.

“And now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this charge is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition

of health about that time; that no rational inference of the death of a person can be drawn from his disappearance; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the proofs of these are well authenticated; that the revolutions in religion or the fortune of war have mangled or buried the dead; that the strongest circumstantial evidence is often lamentably fallacious; that in my case that evidence, so far from being strong, is weak, disconnected, contradictory: what remains? A conclusion, perhaps, no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after nearly a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, intrust myself to the candour, the justice, the humanity of your lordship, and to yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

The prisoner ceased: and the painful and choking sensations of sympathy, compassion, regret, admiration, all uniting, all mellowing into one fearful hope for his acquittal, made themselves felt through the crowded court.

In two persons only an uneasy sentiment remained—a sentiment that the prisoner had not completed that which they would have asked from him. The one was Lester; he had expected a more warm, a more earnest, though, perhaps, a less ingenious and artful defence. He had expected Aram to dwell far more on the improbable and contradictory evidence of Houseman, and, above all, to have explained away all that was still left unaccounted for in his acquaintance with Clarke (as we will still call the deceased), and the allegation that he had gone out with him on the fatal night of the disappearance of the latter. At every word of the prisoner's defence he had waited almost breathlessly, in the hope that the next sentence would begin an explanation or a denial on this point; and when Aram ceased, a chill, a depression, a disappointment remained vaguely on his mind. Yet so lightly and so haughtily had Aram approached and glanced over the immediate evidence of the witnesses against him, that his silence here might have been but the natural result of a disdain that belonged essentially to his calm and proud character. The other person we referred to, and whom his defence had not impressed with a belief in its truth equal to an admiration for its skill, was one far more important in deciding the prisoner's fate—it was the judge!

But Madeline—great God! how sanguine is a woman's heart when the innocence, the fate of the one she loves is

concerned!—a radiant flush broke over a face so colourless before; and with a joyous look, a kindled eye, a lofty brow, she turned to Ellinor, pressed her hand in silence, and once more gave up her whole soul to the dread procedure of the court.

The judge now began.—It is greatly to be regretted that we have no minute and detailed memorial of the trial, except only the prisoner's defence. The summing up of the judge was considered at that time scarce less remarkable than the speech of the prisoner. He stated the evidence with peculiar care and at great length to the jury. He observed how the testimony of the other deponents confirmed that of Houseman; and then, touching on the contradictory parts of the latter, he made them understand how natural, how inevitable was some such contradiction in a witness who had not only to give evidence against another, but to refrain from criminating himself. There could be no doubt but that Houseman was an accomplice in the crime; and all, therefore, that seemed improbable in his giving no alarm when the deed was done, &c. &c. was easily rendered natural and reconcileable with the other parts of his evidence. Commenting then on the defence of the prisoner (who, as if disdaining to rely on aught save his own genius or his own innocence, had called no witnesses, as he had employed no counsel), and eulogizing its eloquence and art till he destroyed their effect, by guarding the jury against that impression which eloquence and art produce in defiance of simple fact, he contended that Aram had yet alleged nothing to invalidate the positive evidence against him.

I have often heard, from men accustomed to courts of law, that nothing is more marvellous than the sudden change in a jury's mind which the summing up of the judge can produce; and in the present instance it was like magic. That fatal look of a common intelligence, of a common assent, was exchanged among the doomers of the prisoner's life and death as the judge concluded.

* * * * *

They found the prisoner guilty.

The judge drew on the black cap.

VOL. II.—P

Aram received his sentence in profound composure. Before he left the bar, he drew himself up to his full height, and looked slowly around the court with that thrilling and almost sublime unmovedness of aspect which belonged to him alone of all men, and which was rendered yet more impressive by a smile, slight but eloquent beyond all words—of a soul collected in itself:—no forced and convulsive effort, vainly masking the terror or the pang; no mockery of self that would mimic contempt for others, but more in majesty than bitterness; rather as daring fate than defying the judgment of others;—rather as if he wrapped himself in the independence of a quiet than the disdain of a despairing heart!

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEATH—THE PRISON—AN INTERVIEW—ITS RESULT.

"Lay her! the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

"See, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep.—*Hamlet*."

"BEAR with me a little longer," said Madeline. I shall be well, quite well presently."

Ellinor let down the carriage window to admit the air; and she took the occasion to tell the coachman to drive faster. There was that change in Madeline's voice which alarmed her.

"How noble was his look! you saw him smile!" continued Madeline, talking to herself: "and they will murder him after all. Let me see—this day week—ay, ere this day week we shall meet again."

"Faster; for God's sake, Ellinor, tell them to drive faster!" cried Lester, as he felt the form that leant on his bosom wax heavier and heavier. They sped on; the house was in sight; that lonely and cheerless house; not their sweet home at Grassdale, with the ivy round its porch and the quiet church behind. The sun was setting slowly, and Ellinor drew the blind to shade the glare from her sister's eyes.

Madeline felt the kindness, and smiled. Ellinor wiped her eyes, and tried to smile again. The carriage stopped, and Madeline was lifted out; she stood, supported by her father and Ellinor, for a moment on the threshold. She looked on the golden sun, and the gentle earth, and the little motes dancing in the western ray—all was steeped in quiet, and full of the peace and tranquillity of the pastoral life! "No, no," she muttered, grasping her father's hand. "How is this? this is not *his* hand! Ah, no; no; I am not with him! Father," she added, in a louder and deeper voice, rising from his breast, and standing alone and unaided. "Father, bury this little packet with me, they are his letters; do not break the seal, and—tell him that; I never felt how deeply I—I—loved him—till all—the world—had—deserted him!"—

She uttered a faint cry of pain, and fell at once to the ground; she lived a few hours longer, but never made speech or sign, or evinced token of life but its breath, which died at last gradually—imperceptibly—away.

On the following evening, Walter obtained entrance to Aram's cell: that morning the prisoner had seen Lester; that morning he had heard of Madeline's death. He had shed no tear; he had, in the affecting language of Scripture, "turned his face to the wall;" none had seen his emotions; yet Lester felt in that bitter interview that his daughter was duly mourned.

He did not lift his eyes when Walter was admitted, and the young man stood almost at his knee before he perceived him. He then looked up, and they gazed on each other for a moment, but without speaking, till Walter said, in a hollow voice:

"Eugene Aram!"

"Ay!"

"Madeline Lester is no more."

"I have heard it! I am reconciled. Better now than later."

"Aram!" said Walter, in a tone trembling with emotion, and passionately clasping his hands, "I entreat, I implore you, at this awful time, if it be within your power, to lift from my heart a load that weighs it to the dust; that, if left there, will make me through life a crushed and miserable man:—I implore you, in the name of common humanity, by your hopes of heaven, to remove it! The time now has irrevocably passed, when your denial or your confession could alter your doom; your days are

numbered, there is no hope of reprieve; I implore you, then, if you were led, I will not ask how or wherefore, to the execution of the crime for the charge of which you die, to say, to whisper to me but one word of confession, and I, the sole child of the murdered man, will forgive you from the bottom of my soul."

Walter paused, unable to proceed.

Aram's brow worked; he turned aside; he made no answer; his head dropped on his bosom, and his eyes were unmovedly fixed on the earth.

"Reflect," continued Walter, recovering himself, "Reflect! I have been the mute instrument of bringing you to this awful fate, in destroying the happiness of my own house—in—in—in breaking the heart of the woman whom I adored even as a boy. If you be innocent, what a dreadful memory is left to me! Be merciful, Aram! be merciful. And if this deed was done by your hand, say to me but one word, to remove the terrible uncertainty that now harrows up my being. What now is earth, is man, is opinion, to you? God only now can judge you. The eye of God reads your heart while I speak, and in the awful hour when eternity opens to you, if the guilt has been indeed committed, think, oh think, how much lighter will be your offence, if, by vanquishing the stubborn heart, you can relieve a human being from a doubt, that otherwise will make the curse—the horror of existence. Aram, Aram, if the father's death came from you, shall the life of the son be made a burden to him through you also?"

"What would you have of me? speak!" said Aram, but without lifting his face from his breast.

"Much of your nature belies this crime. You are wise, calm, beneficent to the distressed. Revenge, passion,—nay, the sharp pangs of hunger, may have urged to one deed, but your soul is not wholly hardened: nay, I think I would so far trust you, that, if at this dread moment—the clay of Madeline Lester scarce yet cold, wo busy and softening at your breast, and the son of the murdered dead before you—if at this moment you can lay your hand on your heart, and say, 'Before God, and at peril of my soul, I am innocent of this deed,' I will depart—I will believe you, and bear, as bear I may, the reflection that, in any way, I have been one of the unconscious agents of condemning to a fearful death an innocent man! If innocent in this—how good! how perfect in all else!"

But, if you cannot, at so dark a crisis, take that oath,—then! oh then! be just—be generous, even in guilt, and let me not be haunted throughout life by the spectre of a ghastly and restless doubt! Speak! oh, speak!”

Well, well may we judge how crushing must have been that doubt, in the breast of one naturally bold and fiery, when it thus humbled the very son of the murdered man to forget wrath and vengeance, and descend to prayer! But Walter had heard the defence of Aram; he had marked his mien: not once in that trial had he taken his eyes from the prisoner, and he had felt, like a bolt of ice through his heart, that the sentence passed on the accused *his* judgment could not have passed. How dreadful must then have been the state of his mind, when, repairing to Lester's house he found it the house of death—the pure, the beautiful spirit gone—the father mourning for his child, and not to be comforted—and Ellinor!—No! scenes like these, thoughts like these, pluck the pride from a man's heart.

“Walter Lester!” said Aram, after a pause, but raising his head with dignity, though on the features there was but one expression—wo, unutterable wo. “Walter Lester! I had thought to quit life with my tale untold; but you have not appealed to me in vain! I tear the *self* from my heart!—I renounce the last haughty dream, in which I wrapped myself from the ills around me. You shall learn all, and judge accordingly. But to your ear the tale can scarce be told: the son cannot hear in silence that which, unless I too unjustly, too wholly condemn myself, I must say of the dead! But time,” continued Aram, mutteringly, and with his eyes on vacancy, “time does not press too fast. Better let the hand speak than the tongue:—yes, the day of execution is—ay, ay, two days yet to it—to-morrow! no! Young man,” he said, abruptly, turning to Walter, “on the day after to-morrow, about seven in the evening, the eve before that morn fated to be my last, come to me. At that time, I will place in your hands a paper containing the whole history that connects myself with your father. On the word of a man on the brink of another world, no truth that imports your interest therein shall be omitted. But read it not till I am no more; and when read, confide the tale to none, till Lester's gray hairs have gone to the grave. This swear! 'tis an oath difficult, perhaps, to keep, but—”

"As my Redeemer lives, I will swear to both conditions!" cried Walter, with a solemn fervour. "But tell me now at least—"

"Ask me no more!" interrupted Aram, in his turn. "The time is near, when you will know all! Tarry that time, and leave me! Yes, leave me now—at once leave me!"

To dwell lingeringly over those passages which excite pain, without satisfying curiosity, is scarcely the duty of the drama, or of that province even nobler than the drama; for it requires minuter care—indulges in more complete description—yields to more elaborate investigation of motives—commands a greater variety of chords in the human heart—to which, with poor and feeble power for so high, yet so ill-appreciated a task, we now, not irreverently, if rashly, aspire.

We pass at once—we glance not around us at the chamber of death—at the broken heart of Lester—at the twofold agony of his surviving child—the agony which mourns and yet seeks to console another—the mixed emotions of Walter, in which an unsleeping eagerness to learn the fearful all formed the main part—the solitary cell and solitary heart of the convicted—we glance not at these;—we pass at once to the evening in which Aram again saw Walter Lester, and for the last time.

"You are come punctual to the hour," said he, in a low clear voice: "I have not forgotten my word; the fulfilment of that promise has been a victory over myself which no man can appreciate: but I owed it to you. I have discharged the debt. Enough!—I have done more than I at first purposed. I have extended my narration, but superficially in some parts, over my life: that prolixity, perhaps, I owed to myself. Remember *your* promise: this seal is not broken till the pulse is stilled in the hand which now gives you these papers!"

Walter renewed his oath, and Aram, pausing for a moment, continued in an altered and softening voice:

"Be kind to Lester: sooth, console him—never by a hint let him think otherwise of me than he does. For his sake more than mine I ask this. Venerable, kind old man! the warmth of human affection has rarely glowed for me. To the few who loved me, how deeply I have repaid the love! But these are not words to pass between you and me. Farewell! Yet, before we part, say this much: whatever I have revealed in this confession—whatever has been my wrong to you, or whatever (a less

offence) the language I have now, justifying myself, used to—to your father—say, that you grant me that pardon which one man may grant another.”

“Fully, cordially,” said Walter.

“In the day that for you brings the death that to-morrow awaits me,” said Aram, in a deep tone, “be that for givenness accorded to yourself! Farewell. In that untried variety of being which spreads beyond us, who knows, but progressing from grade to grade, and world to world, our souls, though in far distant ages, may meet again!—one dim and shadowy memory of this hour the link between us. Farewell—farewell!”

For the reader's interest we think it better (and certainly it is more immediately in the due course of narrative, if not of actual events) to lay at once before him the confession that Aram placed in Walter's hands, without waiting till that time when Walter himself broke the seal of a confession, not of deeds alone, but of thoughts how wild and entangled—of feelings how strange and dark—of a starred soul that had wandered from how proud an orbit, to what perturbed and unholy regions of night and chaos! For me, I have not sought to derive the reader's interest from the vulgar sources that such a tale might have afforded; I have suffered him, almost from the beginning, to pierce into Aram's secret; and I have *prepared* him for that guilt, with which other narrators of this story might have only sought to *surprise*.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFESSION—AND THE FATE.

“In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me.”—*Richard II.*

“I WAS born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale. My family had originally been of some rank; they were formerly lords of the town of Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees. But time had humbled these pretensions to consideration; though they were still fondly

cherished by the heritors of an ancient name and the but haughty recollections. My father resided on a small farm, and was especially skilful in horticulture, a taste I derived from him. When I was about thirteen, the deep and intense passion that has made the demon of my life, first stirred palpably within me. I had always been, from my cradle, of a solitary disposition, and inclined to reverie and musing; these traits of character heralded the love that now seized me—the love of knowledge. Opportunity or accident first directed my attention to the abstruser sciences. I poured my soul over that noble study, which is the best foundation of all true discovery; and the success I met with soon turned my pursuits into more alluring channels. History, poetry, the mastery of the past, the spell that admits us into the visionary world, took the place which lines and numbers had done before. I became gradually more and more rapt and solitary in my habits; knowledge assumed a yet more lovely and bewitching character, and every day the passion to attain it increased upon me; I do not—I have not now the heart to do it—enlarge upon what I acquired without assistance, and with labour sweet in proportion to its intensity.* The world, the creation, all things that lived, moved, and were, became to me objects contributing to one passionate, and, I fancied, one exalted end. I suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away from me untasted and unfelt. As you read, in the East, of men remaining motionless for days together, with their eyes fixed upon the heavens, my mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the things above its reach, had no sight of what passed around. My parents died, and I was an orphan. I had no home, and no wealth; but wherever the field contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought and food for delight to me. I wandered alone for months together, seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which I could learn the least. I came to Knaresbro': the beauty of the country, a facility in acquiring books from a neighbouring library that was open to me, made me resolve to settle there. And now, new desires opened upon me with new stores: I became

* We learn from a letter of Eugene Aram's, now extant, that his method of acquiring the learned languages was, to linger over five lines at a time, and never to quit a passage till he thought he had comprehended its meaning.

seized, possessed, haunted with the ambition of enlightening my race. At first, I had loved knowledge solely for itself: I now saw afar an object grander than knowledge. To what end, said I, are these labours? Why do I feed a lamp which consumes itself in a desert place? Why do I heap up riches, without asking who shall gather them? I was restless and discontented. What could I do? I was friendless; I was strange to my kind; I was shut out from all uses by the wall of my own poverty. I saw my desires checked when their aim was at the highest: all that was proud and aspiring and ardent in my nature was cramped and chilled. I exhausted the learning within my reach. Where, with my appetite excited not slaked, was I, destitute and penniless, to search for more? My abilities, by bowing them to the lowliest tasks, but kept me from famine:—was this to be my lot for ever? And all the while I was thus grinding down my soul in order to satisfy the vile physical wants, what golden hours, what glorious advantages, what openings into new heavens of science, what chances of illuminating mankind were for ever lost to me! Sometimes when the young, whom I taught some elementary, all-unheeded, initiations into knowledge, came around me; when they looked me in the face with their laughing eyes; when, for they all loved me, they told me their little pleasures and their petty sorrows, I have wished that I could have gone back again into childhood, and, becoming as one of them, enter into that heaven of quiet which was denied me now. Yet more often it was with an indignant and chafed rather than a sorrowful spirit that I looked upon my lot; and if I looked beyond it, what could I see of hope? Dig I could; but was all that thirsted and swelled within to be dried up and stifled, in order that I might gain the sustenance of life? Was I to turn menial to the soil, and forget that knowledge was abroad? Was I to starve my mind, that I might keep alive my body? Beg I could not. Where ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense of the dignity of his calling? Was I to show the sores of my pride, and strip my heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve? Pah!—He whom the vilest poverty ever stooped to this may be the quack, but never the true disciple, of learning. Steal, rob—worse—ay, all those I or any of my brethren might do;—beg?

never! What did I then? I devoted the lowliest part of my knowledge to the procuring the bare means of life, and the grandest—the knowledge that pierced to the depths of earth, and numbered the stars of heaven—why, that was valueless, save to the possessor.

"In Knaresbro', at this time, I met a distant relation, Richard Houseman. Sometimes in our walks we encountered each other; for he sought me, and I could not always avoid him. He was a man like myself born to poverty, yet he had always enjoyed what to him was wealth. This seemed a mystery to me; and when we met we sometimes conversed upon it. 'You are poor, with all your wisdom,' said he. 'I know nothing; but I am never poor. Why is this? The world is my treasury.—I live upon my kind.—Society is my foe.—Laws order me to starve; but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society, and more imperious than laws.'

"The undisguised and bold manner of his discourse impressed while it revolted me. I looked upon him as a study, and I combated, in order to learn him. He had been a soldier—he had seen the greater part of Europe—he possessed a strong shrewd sense—he was a villain—but a villain bold, adroit, and not then thoroughly unredeemed. His conversation created dark and perturbed reflections. What was that state of society—was it not at war with its own elements—in which vice prospered more than virtue? Knowledge was my dream; that dream I might realize, not by patient suffering, but by active daring. I might wrest from society, to which I owed nothing, the means to be wise and great. Was it not better and nobler to do this, even at my life's hazard, than lie down in a ditch and die the dog's death? Was it not better than such a doom—ay, better for mankind—that I should commit one bold wrong, and by that wrong purchase the power of good? I asked myself that question. It is a fearful question; it opens a labyrinth of reasonings, in which the soul may walk and lose itself for ever.

"One day Houseman met me, accompanied by a stranger who had just visited our town, for what purpose you know already. His name—supposed name—was Clarke. Man, I am about to speak plainly of that stranger—his character and his fate. And yet—yet you are his son! I would fain soften the colouring; but I

speaking truth of myself, and I must not, unless I would blacken my name yet deeper than it deserves, varnish truth when I speak of others. Houseman joined, and presented to me this person. From the first I felt a dislike creep through me at the stranger, which indeed it was easy to account for. He was of a careless and somewhat insolent manner. His countenance was impressed with the lines and character of a thousand vices: you read in the brow and eye the history of a sordid yet reckless life. His conversation was repellent to me beyond expression. He uttered the meanest sentiments, and he chuckled over them as the maxims of a superior sagacity; he avowed himself a knave upon system, and upon the lowest scale. To overreach, to deceive, to elude, to shuffle, to fawn, and to lie, were the arts that he confessed to with so naked and cold a grossness, that one perceived that in the long habits of debasement he was unconscious of what was not debased. Houseman seemed to draw him out: he told us anecdotes of his rascality, and the distresses to which it had brought him; and he finished by saying, 'Yet you see me now almost rich, and wholly contented. I have always been the luckiest of human beings; no matter what ill chances to-day, good turns up to-morrow. I confess that I bring on myself the ill, and Providence sends me the good.' We met accidentally more than once, and his conversation was always of the same strain—his luck and his rascality; he had no other theme, and no other boast. And did not this stir into gloomy speculation the depths of my mind? Was it not an ordination that called upon men to take Fortune in their own hands, when Fate lavished her rewards on this low and creeping thing, that could only enter even vice by its sewers and alleys? Was it worth while to be virtuous, and look on, while the bad seized upon the feast of life? This man was instinct with the basest passions, the pettiest desires: he gratified them, and Fate smiled upon his daring. I, who had shut out from my heart the poor temptations of sense—I, who fed only the most glorious visions, the most august desires—I denied myself their fruition, trembling and spellbound in the ceremonies of human laws, without hope, without reward,—losing the very powers of virtue because I would not stray into crime.

"These thoughts fell on me darkly and rapidly; but they led to no result. I saw nothing beyond them. I

suffered my indignation to gnaw my heart, and preserved the same calm and serene demeanour which had grown with my growth of mind. Nay, while I upbraided Fate, I did not cease to love mankind. I envied—what? the power to serve them! I had been kind and loving to all things from a boy; there was not a dumb animal that would not single me from a crowd as its protector,* and yet I was doomed—but I must not premeditate my tale. In returning at night to my own home, from my long and solitary walks, I often passed the house in which Clarke lodged; and sometimes I met him reeling by the door, insulting all who passed; and yet their resentment was absorbed in their disgust. ‘And this loathsome and grovelling thing,’ said I, inly, ‘squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages to society that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp that should shed a light over the world!’

“There was that in this man’s vices which revolted me far more than the villany of Houseman. The latter had possessed no advantages of education; he descended to no minutiae of sin; he was a plain, blunt, coarse wretch, and his sense threw something respectable around his vices. But in Clarke you saw the traces of happier opportunities of better education; it was in him not the coarseness of manner so much as the sickening, universal canker of vulgarity of mind. Had Houseman money in his purse, he would have paid a debt and relieved a friend from mere indifference; not so the other. Had he been overflowing with wealth, he would have slipped from a creditor, and duped a friend; there was a pitiful and debasing weakness in his nature, which made him regard the lowest meanness as the subtlest wit. His mind, too, was not only degraded but broken by his habits of life; a strange idiotic folly, that made him love laughing at his own littleness, ran through his character. Houseman was young; he might amend: but Clarke had gray hairs and dim eyes; was old in constitution, if not years; and every thing in him was hopeless and

* All the authentic anecdotes of Aram corroborate the fact of his natural gentleness to all things. A clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Hinton) said that he used frequently to observe Aram, when walking in the garden, stoop down to remove a snail or worm from the path, to prevent its being destroyed. Mr. Hinton ingeniously conjectured that Aram wished to atone for his crime by showing mercy to every animal and insect: but the fact is, that there are several anecdotes to show that he was equally humane *before* the crime was committed. Such are the strange contradictions of the human heart!

confirmed; the leprosy was in the system. Time, in this, has made Houseman what Clarke was then.

"One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected around him. I sought to pass in an opposite direction; he would not suffer me; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay, even threat. But when he came near, he shrank before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on unheeding him. The insult galled me; he had taunted my poverty; poverty was a favourite jest with him: it galled me; anger, revenge, no! *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time for such a cause; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me*! He dream himself, on account of a little yellow dust, *my* superior! I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leaned against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered—I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

"'What, moralizing?' said he, with his rude smile.

"I did not answer him.

"'Look,' said he, pointing to the waters, 'where yonder fish lies waiting his prey, that prey his kind. Come, you have read Nature, is it not so universally?'

"I did not answer him.

"'They who do not as the rest,' he renewed, 'fulfil not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man, and would learn.'

"Still I did not answer.

"'You are silent,' said he; 'do I offend you?'

"'No!'

"'Now, then,' he continued, 'strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you, per-

haps, are equally destitute. But mark the difference,—I, the ignorant man, ere three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.'

"How?"

"Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart; these are to me what coffers are to others. There is a chance of detection and of death; I allow it. But is not this chance better than some certainties?"

"I turned away my face. In the silence of my chamber, and in the solitude of my heart, I had thought as the robber spoke—there was a strife within me.

"Will you share the danger and the booty?" renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

"I turned my eyes upon him. 'Speak out,' said I; 'explain your purpose!'

"Houseman's looks brightened.

"Listen!" said he; 'Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more; he has converted his legacy into jewels; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretences; he purposes to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night; he has confided to me his intention, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old; we have shared together other dangers, and other spoils; he has asked my assistance in his flight. Now do you learn my purpose! Let us ease him of his burthen! I offer to you the half; share the enterprise and its fruits.'

"I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart; I wished to silence the voice that whispered me within. Houseman saw the conflict; he followed me; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach!—the means of gratifying the one passion of my soul, the food for knowledge, the power of a lone blessed independence upon myself,—and all were in my grasp; no repeated acts of fraud; no continuation of sin, one single act sufficed! I breathed heavily, but I threw not off the emotion that seized my soul; I shut my eyes and shuddered, but the vision still rose before me.

"Give me your hand," said Houseman.*

* Though, in the above part of Aram's confession, it would seem as if Houseman did not allude to more than the robbery of Clarke; it is evident from what follows, that the more heinous crime also was then at least hinted at by Houseman.

"'No, no,' I said, breaking away from him. 'I must pause—I must consider—I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.'

"Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination;—he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice—the next night was the one on which the deed was to be done. We parted—I returned an altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me—a new incident had occurred which strengthened the web: there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks. She supported her family by her dexterity in making lace,—a quiet, patient-looking, gentle creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretence of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house (when all but himself were from home), where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter,—but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal which among the very lowest classes are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. Can you wonder that they fixed at once, and to a dread end? What was this wretch? aged with vice—forestalling time—tottering on to a dishonoured grave—soiling all that he touched on his way—with gray hairs and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world. What was the deed—that I should rid the earth of a thing at once base and venomous? Was it crime? Was it justice? Within myself I felt the will—the spirit that might bless mankind. I lacked the means to accomplish the will and wing the spirit. One deed supplied me with the means. Had the victim of that deed been a man moderately good—pursuing with even steps the narrow line between vice and virtue—blaming none, but offending none,—it might have been yet a question whether mankind would not gain more by the deed than lose. But here was one whose steps stumbled on no good act—whose heart beat to no generous emotion;—

there was a blot, a foulness on creation,—nothing but death could wash it out and leave the world fair. The soldier receives his pay, and murders, and sleeps sound, and men applaud. But you say he smites not for pay, but glory. Granted—though a sophism. But was there no glory to be gained in fields more magnificent than those of war—no glory to be gained in the knowledge which saves and not destroys? Was I not about to strike for that glory, for the means of earning it? Nay, suppose the soldier struck for patriotism, a better feeling than glory, would not my motive be yet larger than patriotism? Did it not body forth a broader circle? Could the world stop the bound of its utilities? Was there a corner of the earth—was there a period in time, which an ardent soul, freed from, not chained as now by the cares of the body, and given wholly up to wisdom, might not pierce, vivify, illumine? Such were the questions which I asked:—time only answered them.

“Houseman came, punctual to our dark appointment. I gave him my hand in silence. We understood each other. We said no more of the deed itself, but of the manner in which it should be done. The melancholy incident I have described made Clarke yet more eager to leave the town. He had settled with Houseman that he would abscond that very night, not wait for the next, as at first he had intended. His jewels and property were put in a small compass. He had arranged that he would, towards midnight or later, quit his lodging; and about a mile from the town, Houseman had engaged to have a chaise in readiness. For this service Clarke had promised Houseman a reward, with which the latter appeared contented. It was arranged that I should meet Houseman and Clarke at a certain spot in their way from the town, and there—! Houseman appeared at first fearful, lest I should relent and waver in my purpose. It is never so with men whose thoughts are deep and strong. To resolve was the arduous step—once resolved, and I cast not a look behind. Houseman left me for the present. I could not rest in my chamber. I went forth and walked about the town; the night deepened—I saw the lights in each house withdrawn, one by one, and at length all was hushed. Silence and sleep kept court over the abodes of men. That stillness—that quiet—that sabbath from care and toil,—how deeply it sank into my heart! Nature never seemed to me to make so dread a pause. I

felt as if I and my intended victim had been left alone in the world. I had wrapped myself above fear into a high and preternatural madness of mind. I *looked on the deed I was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to knowledge, whose priest I was.* The very silence breathed to me of a stern and awful sanctity—the repose, not of the charnel-house, but the altar. I heard the clock strike hour after hour, but I neither faltered nor grew impatient. My mind lay hushed in its design.

“The moon came out, but with a pale and sickly countenance. Winter was around the earth; the snow, which had been falling towards eve, lay deep upon the ground, and the frost seemed to lock the universal nature into the same calm and deadness which had taken possession of my soul.

“Houseman was to have come to me at midnight, just before Clarke left his house, but it was nearly two hours after that time ere he arrived. I was then walking to and fro before my own door; I saw that he was not alone, but with Clarke. ‘Ha!’ said he, ‘this is fortunate, I see you are just going home. You were engaged, I recollect, at some distance from the town, and have, I suppose, just returned. Will you admit Mr. Clarke and myself, for a short time; for to tell you the truth,’ said he, in a lower voice, ‘the watchman is about, and we must not be seen by him! I have told Clarke that he may trust you; we are relatives!’

“Clarke, who seemed strangely credulous and indifferent, considering the character of his associate,—but those whom fate destroys, she first blinds,—made the same request in a careless tone, assigning the same cause. Unwillingly, I opened the door and admitted them. We went up to my chamber. Clarke spoke with the utmost unconcern of the fraud he purposed, and, with a heartlessness that made my veins boil, of the poor victim his brutality had destroyed. All this was as iron bands round my purpose. They staid for nearly an hour, for the watchman remained some time in that beat—and then Houseman asked me to accompany them a little way out of the town. Clarke seconded the request. We walked forth; the rest—why need I repeat? Houseman lied in the court; my hand struck—but not the *death-blow*: yet, from that hour, I have never given that right hand in pledge of love or friendship—the curse of memory has clung to it.

“We shared our booty; mine I buried, for the present.

Houseman had dealings with a gipsy hag, and through her aid removed his share, at once, to London. And now, mark what poor strugglers we are in the eternal web of destiny! Three days after that deed, a relation, who neglected me in life, died, and left me wealth!—wealth at least to me!—wealth, greater than that for which I had! The news fell on me as a thunderbolt. Had I waited but three little days! Great God! when they told me, I thought I heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom! Tell me not now of our free will—we are but the things of a never-swerving, an everlasting necessity!—pre-ordered to our doom—bound to a wheel that whirls us on, till it touches the point at which we are crushed! Had I waited but three days, three little days! Had but a dream been sent me; had but my heart cried within me, ‘Thou hast suffered long, tarry yet!’* No, it was for this, for the guilt and its penance, for the wasted life and the shameful death—with all my thirst for good, my dreams of glory—that I was born, that I was marked from my first sleep in the cradle!

“The disappearance of Clarke, of course, created great excitement;—those whom he had overreached had naturally an interest in discovering him. Some vague surmises that he might have been made away with were rumoured abroad. Houseman and I, owing to some concurrence of circumstances, were examined—not that suspicion attached to me, before or after the examination. That ceremony ended in nothing. Houseman did not betray himself; and I, who from a boy had mastered my passions, could master also the nerves, which are the passions’ puppets: but I read in the face of the woman

*Aram has hitherto been suffered to tell his own tale, without comment or interruption. The chain of reasonings, the metaphysical labyrinth of defence and motive, which he wrought around his act, it was, in justice to him, necessary to give at length, in order to throw a clearer light on his character—and lighten, perhaps, in some measure, the heinousness of his crime. No moral can be more impressive than that which teaches how man can entangle himself in his own sophisms—that moral is better, viewed aright, than volumes of homilies. But here I must pause for one moment, to bid the reader mark, that that event which confirmed Aram in the bewildering doctrines of his fatalism, ought rather to inculcate the divine virtue—the foundation of all virtues, heaven or Christian—that which Epictetus made clear, and Christ sacred—*FORGIVENESS*. The reader will note, that the answer to the reasonings that probably convinced the mind of Aram, and blinded him to his crime, may be found in the change of feelings by which the crime was followed. I must apologize for this interruption—it seemed to me advisable in this place;—though, in general, the moment we begin to inculcate morality as a science, we ought to discard moralizing as a method.

with whom I lodged that I was suspected. Houseman told me that she had openly expressed her suspicion to him; nay, he entertained some design against her life, which he naturally abandoned on quitting the town. This he did soon afterward. I did not linger long behind him. I dug up my jewels—I concealed them about me, and departed on foot to Scotland. There I converted my booty into money. And now I was above want—was I at rest? Not yet. I felt urged on to wander—Cain's curse descends to Cain's children. I travelled for some considerable time—I saw men and cities, and I opened a new volume in my kind. It was strange; but before the deed, I was as a child in the ways of the world, and a child, despite my knowledge, might have duped me. The moment after it, a light broke upon me—it seemed as if my eyes were touched with a charm, and rendered capable of piercing the hearts of men! Yes, it was a charm—a new charm—it was SUSPICION! I now practised myself in the use of arms—they made my sole companions. Peaceful as I seemed to the world, I felt there was that eternally within me with which the world was at war.

"I do not deceive you. I did not feel what men call remorse! Having once convinced myself that I had removed from the earth a thing that injured and soiled its tribes,—that I had, in crushing one worthless life, but without crushing one virtue—one feeling—one thought that could benefit others, strode to a glorious end;—having once convinced myself of this, I was not weak enough to feel a vague remorse for a deed I would not allow, in *my* case, to be a crime. I did not feel remorse, but I felt regret. The thought that had I waited three days I might have been saved, not from guilt, but from the chance of shame,—from the degradation of sinking to Houseman's equal—of feeling that man had the power to hurt me—that I was no longer above the reach of human malice or human curiosity—that I was made a slave to my own secret—that I was no longer lord of my heart, to show or to conceal it—that at any hour, in the possession of honours, by the hearth of love, I might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer—that I held my life, my reputation, at the breath of accident—that in the moment I least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim;—this could I feel—all this—and not make a spectre of the past:—a

spectre that walked by my side—that slept at my bed—that rose from my books—that glided between me and the stars of heaven, that stole along the flowers and withered their sweet breath—that whispered in my ear, ‘Toil, fool, and be wise; the gift of wisdom is to place us above the reach of fortune, but *thou* art her veriest minion!’ Yes; I paused at last from my wanderings, and surrounded myself with books, and knowledge became once more to me what it had been, a thirst; but not what it had been, a reward. I occupied my thoughts—I laid up new hoards within my mind—I looked around and I saw few whose stores were like my own,—but where, with the passion for wisdom still alive within me—where was that once more ardent desire which had cheated me across so dark a chasm between youth and manhood—between past and present life—the desire of applying that wisdom to the service of mankind? Gone—dead—buried for ever in my bosom, with the thousand dreams that had perished before it! When the deed was done, mankind seemed suddenly to have grown my foes. I looked upon them with other eyes: I knew that I carried within that secret which, if bared to-day, would make them loathe and hate me,—yea, though I coined my future life into one series of benefits on them and their posterity! Was not this thought enough to quell my ardour—to chill activity into rest? The more I might toil, the brighter honours I might win, the greater services I might bestow on the world, the more dread and fearful might be my fall at last! I might be but piling up the scaffold from which I was to be hurled! Possessed by these thoughts, a new view of human affairs succeeded to my old aspirations;—the moment a man feels that an object has ceased to charm, he reconciles himself by reasonings to his loss. ‘Why,’ said I,—‘why flatter myself that *I can* serve—that I can enlighten mankind? Are we fully sure that individual wisdom has ever, in reality, done so? Are we really better because Newton lived, and happier because Bacon thought?’ This dampening and frozen line of reflection pleased the present state of my mind more than the warm and yearning enthusiasm it had formerly nourished. Mere worldly ambition from a boy I had disdained;—the true worth of sceptres and crowns—the inquietude of power—the humiliations of vanity—had never been disguised from my sight. Intellectual ambition had inspired me. I now

regarded it equally as a delusion. I coveted light solely for my own soul to bathe in. I would have drawn down the Promethean fire; but I would no longer have given to man what it was in the power of circumstance alone (which I could control not) to make his enlightener or his ruin—his blessing or his curse. Yes, I loved—I love still—could I live for ever, I should for ever love knowledge! It is a companion—a solace—a pursuit—a Lethe. But, no more!—oh! never more for me was the bright ambition that makes knowledge a means, not end. As, contrary to the vulgar notion, the bee is said to gather her honey unperceiving of the winter, labouring without a motive, save the labour, I went on, year after year, hiving all that the earth presented to my toils, and asking not to what use. I had rushed into a dread world, that I might indulge a dream. Lo! the dream was fled! but I could not retrace my steps.

“Rest now became to me the sole *raison*—the sole charm of existence. I grew enamoured of the doctrine of those old mystics, who have placed happiness only in an even and balanced quietude. And where but in utter loneliness was that quietude to be enjoyed? I no longer wondered that men in former times, when consumed by the recollection of some haunting guilt, fled to the desert and became hermits. Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled—light griefs fly to the crowd—fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest. Many years had flown, and I had made my home in many places. All that was turbulent, if not all that was unquiet in my recollections, had died away. Time had lulled me into a sense of security. I breathed more freely. I sometimes stole from the past. Since I had quitted Knaresbro’ chance had thrown it in my power frequently to serve my brethren—not by wisdom, but by charity or courage—by individual acts that it soothed me to remember. If the grand aim of enlightening a world was gone—if to so enlarged a benevolence had succeeded apathy or despair, still the man, the human man, clung to my heart—still was I as prone to pity, as prompt to defend, as glad to cheer, whenever the vicissitudes of life afforded me the occasion; and to poverty, most of all, my hand never closed. For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man’s soul who sees famine at his door! One tender act, and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush forever! He who deems

the world his foe, convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

"I came to a beautiful and remote part of the country. Walter Lester, I came to Grassdale! The enchanting scenery around—the sequestered and deep retirement of the place, arrested me at once. 'And among these valleys,' I said, 'will I linger out the rest of my life, and among these quiet graves shall mine be dug, and my secret shall die with me!'

"I rented the lonely house in which I dwelt when you first knew me—thither I transported my books and instruments of science. I formed new projects in the vast empire of wisdom, and a deep quiet, almost amounting to content, fell like a sweet sleep upon my soul!

"In this state of mind, the most free from memory and from the desire to pierce the future that I had known for twelve years, I first saw Madeline Lester. Even with that first time a sudden and heavenly light seemed to dawn upon me. Her face—its still, its serene, its touching beauty, shone upon me like a vision. My heart warmed as I saw it—my pulse seemed to wake from its even slowness. I was young once more. Young! the youth, the freshness, the ardour, not of the frame only, but of the soul. But I then only saw, or spoke to her—scarce knew her—not loved her—nor was it often that we met. When we did so, I felt haunted, as by a holy spirit, for the rest of the day—an unquiet yet delicious emotion agitated all within—the south wind stirred the dark waters of my mind, but it passed, and all became hushed again. It was not for two years from the time we first saw each other that accident brought us closely together. I pass over the rest. We loved! Yet oh, what struggles were mine during the progress of that love! How unnatural did it seem to me to yield to a passion that united me with my kind; and as I loved her more, how far more urgent grew my fear of the future! That which had almost slept before awoke again to terrible life. The soil that covered the past might be riven, the dead awake, and that ghastly chasm separate me for ever from ~~her~~! What a doom, too, might I bring upon that breast which had begun so confidently to love me! Often—often I resolved to fly—to forsake her—to seek some desert spot in the distant parts of the world, and never to be betrayed again into human emotions! But as the bird flutters in the net, as the hare doubles from its

pursuers, I did but wrestle—I did but trifle with an irresistible doom. Mark how strange are the coincidences of fate—fate that gives us warnings and takes away the power to obey them—the idle prophetess—the juggling fiend! On the same evening that brought me acquainted with Madeline Lester, Houseman, led by schemes of fraud and violence into that part of the country, discovered and sought me! Imagine my feelings, when in the hush of night I opened the door of my lonely home to his summons, and by the light of that moon which had witnessed so never-to-be-forgotten a companionship between us, beheld my accomplice in murder after the lapse of so many years. Time and a course of vice had changed, and hardened, and lowered his nature; and in the power, at the will of that nature, I beheld myself abruptly placed. He passed that night under my roof. He was poor. I gave him what was in my hands. He promised to leave that part of England—to seek me no more.

“The next day I could not bear my own thoughts; the revulsion was too sudden, too full of turbulent, fierce, torturing emotions. I fled for a short relief to the house to which Madeline’s father had invited me. But in vain I sought, by wine, by converse, by human voices, human kindness, to fly the ghost that had been raised from the grave of time. I soon returned to my own thoughts. I resolved to wrap myself once more in the solitude of my heart. But let me not repeat what I have said before, somewhat prematurely, in my narrative. I resolved—I struggled in vain; Fate had ordained that the sweet life of Madeline Lester should wither beneath the poison-tree of mine. Houseman sought me again; *and now came on the humbling part of crime, its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy!* They made my chiefest penance. I was to evade, to beguile, to buy into silence this rude and despised ruffian. No matter now to repeat how this task was fulfilled; I surrendered nearly my all, on the condition of his leaving England for ever: not till I thought that condition already fulfilled, till the day had passed on which he should have left England, did I consent to allow Madeline’s fate to be irrevocably woven with mine. Fool that I was—as if laws could bind us closer than love had done already.

“How often, when the soul sins, are her loftiest feelings punished through her lowest! To me—lone, rapt,

for ever on the wing to unearthly speculation—galling and humbling was it indeed to be suddenly called from the eminence of thought, to barter, in pounds and pence, for life, and with one like Houseman. These are the curses that deepen the tragedy of life by grinding down our pride. But I wander back to what I have before said. I was to marry Madeline,—I was once more poor, but want did not rise before me; I had succeeded in obtaining the promise of a competence from one whom you know. For that I had once forced from my kind, I asked now, but not with the spirit of the beggar, but of the just claimant, and in that spirit it was granted. And now I was really happy. Houseman I believed removed for ever from my path; Madeline was about to be mine: I surrendered myself to love, and, blind and deluded, I wandered on, and awoke on the brink of that precipice into which I am about to plunge. You know the rest. But oh! what now was my horror! It had not been a mere worthless, isolated unit in creation that I had blotted out of the sum of life. I had shed the blood of his brother whose child was my betrothed! Mysterious avenger—weird and relentless Fate! How, when I deemed myself the farthest from her, had I been sinking into her grasp! Mark, young man, there is a moral here that few preachers can teach thee! Mark! Men rarely violate the individual rule in comparison to their violation of general rules. It is in the latter that we deceive by sophisms which seem truths. In the individual instance it was easy for me to deem that I had committed no crime. I had destroyed a man noxious to the world; with the wealth by which he afflicted society I had been the means of blessing many: in the individual consequences mankind had really gained by my deed; the general consequence I had overlooked till now, and now it flashed upon me. The scales fell from my eyes, and I knew myself for what I was! All my calculations were dashed to the ground at once; for what had been all the good I had proposed to do—the good I had done—compared to the anguish I now inflicted on your house? Was your father my only victim? Madeline, have I not murdered her also? Lester, have I not shaken the sands in his glass? You, too, have I not blasted the prime and glory of your years? How incalculable—how measureless—how viewless the consequences of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that

would have turned with a hair's weight! Yes; before I had felt no remorse. I felt it now. I had acknowledged no crime, and now crime seemed the essence itself of my soul. The Theban's fate, which had seemed to the men of old the most terrible of human destinies, was mine. The crime—the discovery—the irremediable despair!—hear me, as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature of which reason cannot pierce—hear me! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers, 'This may be crime in others, but is not so in thee'—tremble; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me!

"But in this state of mind I was yet forced to play the hypocrite. Had I been alone in the world—had Madeline and Lester not been to me what they were, I might have avowed my deed and my motives—I might have spoken out to the hearts of men—I might have poured forth the gloomy tale of reasonings and of temptings, in which we lose sense and become the archfiend's tools! But while *their* eyes were on me; while *their* lives and hearts were set on my acquittal; my struggle against truth was less for myself than them. For them I girded up my soul, a villain I was; and for them a bold, a crafty, a dexterous villain I became! My defence fulfilled its end: Madeline died without distrusting the innocence of him she loved. Lester, unless you betray me, will die in the same belief. In truth, since the arts of hypocrisy have *been* commenced, the pride of consistency would have made it sweet to me to leave the world in a like error, or at least in doubt. For you I conquer that desire, the proud man's last frailty. And now my tale is done. From what passes at this instant within my heart I lift not the veil! Whether beneath be despair, or hope, or fiery emotions, or one settled and ominous calm, matters not. My last hours shall not belie my life: on the verge of death I will not play the dastard and tremble at the Dim Unknown. The thirst, the dream, the passion of my youth yet lives, and burns to learn the sublime and shaded mysteries that are banned Mortality. Perhaps I am not without a hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed and worshipped, though erringly and in vain, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices. The guide I received from heaven betrayed me, and I was lost; but I

have not plunged wittingly from crime to crime. Against one guilty deed some good and much suffering may be set: and, dim and afar off from my allotted bourn, I may behold in her glorious home the starred face of her who taught me to love, and who, even there, could scarce be blessed without shedding the light of her divine forgiveness upon me. Enough! ere you break this seal my doom rests not with man nor earth. The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay—these tell me that, whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God! As men of the old wisdom drew their garments around their face and sat down collectedly to die, I wrap myself in the settled resignation of a soul firm to the last, and taking not from man's vengeance even the method of its dismissal. The courses of my life I swayed with my own hand: from my own hand shall come the manner and moment of my death!

“EUGENE ARAM.

“August, 1759.”

On the day after that evening in which Aram had given the above confession to Walter Lester;—on the day of execution, when they entered the condemned cell, they found the prisoner lying on the bed; and when they approached to take off the irons, they found that he neither stirred nor answered to their call. They attempted to raise him, and he then uttered some words in a faint voice. They perceived that he was covered with blood. He had opened his veins in two places in the arm with a sharp instrument he had some time since concealed. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and by the customary applications the prisoner in some measure was brought to himself. Resolved not to defraud the law of its victim, they bore him, though he appeared unconscious of all around, to the fatal spot. But when he arrived at that dread place, his sense suddenly seemed to return. He looked hastily round the throng that swayed and murmured below, and a faint flush rose to his cheek: he cast his eyes impatiently above, and breathed hard and convulsively. The dire preparations were made, completed; but the prisoner drew back for an instant—was it from mortal fear? He motioned to the clergyman to approach, as if about to whisper some last request in his ear. The

clergyman bowed his head,—there was a minute's awful pause—Aram seemed to struggle as for words, when, suddenly throwing himself back, a bright triumphant smile flashed over his whole face. With that smile the haughty spirit passed away, and the law's last indignity was wreaked upon a breathless corpse !*

CHAPTER VIII. AND LAST.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN—THE COUNTRY VILLAGE ONCE MORE VISITED ; ITS INHABITANTS—THE REMEMBERED BROOK—THE DESERTED MANOR-HOUSE—THE CHURCHYARD—THE TRAVELLER RESUMES HIS JOURNEY—THE COUNTRY TOWN—A MEETING OF TWO LOVERS AFTER LONG ABSENCE AND MUCH SORROW—CONCLUSION.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course
From foul to fair."—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, *the Jesuit*.

SOMETIMES towards the end of a gloomy day, the sun, before but dimly visible, breaks suddenly out, and clothes the landscape with a smile ; then beneath your eye, which, during the clouds and sadness of day, had sought only the chief features of the prospect around (some gray hill, or rising spire, or sweeping wood), the less prominent yet not less lovely features of the scene mellow forth into view ; over them, perhaps, the sun sets with a happier and richer glow than over the rest of nature ; and thus they leave upon your mind its last grateful impression, and console you for the gloom and sadness which the parting light they catch and reflect dispels.

* I cannot dismiss the principal character of this tale without recommending the reader forthwith to procure (if, indeed, he has not forestalled my recommendation) Mr. Hood's fine and striking poem of "Eugene Aram."—Mr. Hood might perhaps (at least such, I may be allowed to say, is my own impression) have formed a conception more true to nature, if he had described the stoical and dark character of the man as rather attempting, now to refine away, now to bear up against his guilt—than as yielding so entirely to remorse :—but no conception could have been more vigorously, more nobly executed ;—the *mens divinator* breathes in every line.

Just so in our tale; it continues not in cloud and sorrow to the last; some little ray breaks forth at the close; in that ray, characters which before received but a slight portion of the interest that prouder and darker ones engrossed are thrown into light, and cheer from the mind of him who hath watched and tarried with us till now, we will not say all the sadness that may perhaps linger on his memory,—and yet something of the gloom.

It was some years after the date of the last event we have recorded, and it was a fine warm noon in the happy month of May, when a horseman was slowly riding through the long, straggling village of Grassdale. He was a man, though in the prime of youth (for he might yet want some two years of thirty), that bore the steady and earnest air of one who has seen not sparingly of the world; his eye keen but tranquil; his sunburnt though handsome features, which either exertion, or thought, or care had despoiled of the roundness of their early contour, leaving the cheek somewhat sunken, and the lines somewhat marked, were impressed with a grave, and at that moment with a melancholy and soft expression; and now, as his horse proceeded slowly through the green lane, which in every vista gave glimpses of rich verdant valleys, the sparkling river, or the orchard ripe with the fragrant blossoms of spring, his gaze lost the calm expression it habitually wore, and betrayed how busily remembrance was at work. The dress of the horseman was of foreign fashion, and at that day, when the garb still denoted the calling, sufficiently military to show the profession he had belonged to. And well did the garb become the short dark mustache, the sinewy chest and length of limb of the young horseman: recommendations, the two latter, not despised in the court of the great Frederick of Prussia, in whose service he had borne arms. He had commenced his career in that battle terminating in the signal defeat of the bold Daun, when the fortunes of that gallant general paled at last before the star of the greatest of modern kings. The peace of 1763 had left Prussia in the quiet enjoyment of the glory she had obtained, and the young Englishman took the advantage it afforded him of seeing as a traveller, not despoiler, the rest of Europe.

The adventure and the excitement of travel pleased, and left him even now uncertain whether or not his present return to England would be for long. He had

not been a week returned, and to this part of his native country he had hastened at once.

He checked his horse as he now passed the memorable sign that yet swung before the door of Peter Dealtry; and there, under the shade of the broad tree, now budding into all its tenderest verdure, a pedestrian wayfarer sat, enjoying the rest and coolness of his shelter. Our horseman cast a look at the open door, across which, in the bustle of housewifery, female forms now and then glanced and vanished, and presently he saw Peter himself saunter forth to chat with the traveller beneath his tree. And Peter Dealtry was the same as ever, only he seemed perhaps shorter and thinner than of old, as if time did not so much break as wear mine host's slender person gradually away.

The horseman gazed for a moment, but observing Peter return the gaze, he turned aside his head, and putting his horse into a canter, soon passed out of cognizance of the Spotted Dog.

He now came in sight of the neat white cottage of the old corporal, and there, leaning over the pale, a crutch under one arm, and his friendly pipe in one corner of his shrewd mouth, was the corporal himself. Perched upon the railing in a semi-doze, the ears down, the eyes closed, sat a large brown cat: poor Jacobina, it was not thyself! Death spares neither cat nor king; but thy virtues lived in thy grandchild; and thy grandchild (as age brings dotage) was loved even more than thee by the worthy corporal. Long may thy race flourish, for at this day it is not extinct. Nature rarely inflicts barrenness on the feline tribe; they are essentially made for love, and love's soft cares and a cat's lineage outlives the lineage of kesars.

At the sound of hoofs the corporal turned his head, and he looked long and wistfully at the horseman, as, relaxing his horse's pace into a walk, our traveller rode slowly on.

"Fore George," muttered the corporal, "a fine man—a very fine man; 'bout my inches—'augh!"

A smile, but a very faint smile, crossed the lip of the horseman, as he gazed on the figure of the stalwart corporal.

"He eyes me hard," thought he; "yet he does not seem to remember me. I must be greatly changed. 'Tis fortunate, however, that I am not recognised: *fin*,

indeed, at this time, would I come and go unnoticed and alone."

The horseman fell into a reverie, which was broken by the murmur of the sunny rivulet, fretting over each little obstacle it met, the happy and spoiled child of Nature! That murmur rang on the horseman's ear like a voice from his boyhood, how familiar was it, how dear! No tone of music—no haunting air ever recalled so rushing a host of memories and associations as that simple, restless, everlasting sound! Everlasting!—all had changed,—the trees had sprung up or decayed,—some cottages around were ruins,—some new and unfamiliar ones supplied their place, and on the stranger himself, on all those whom the sound recalled to his heart, Time had been, indeed, at work,—but with the same exulting bound and happy voice that little brook leaped along its way. Ages hence may the course be as glad, and the murmur as full of mirth! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams!—they fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures!—and in a green corner of the world there is one that, for my part, I never see without forgetting myself to tears—tears that I would not lose for a king's ransom; tears that no other sight or sound could call from their source; tears of what affection, what soft regret; tears that leave me for days afterward a better and a kinder man!

The traveller, after a brief pause, continued his road; and now he came full upon the old manor-house. The weeds were grown up in the garden, the mossed paling was broken in many places, the house itself was shut up, and the sun glanced on the deep-sunk casements without finding its way into the desolate interior. High above the old hospitable gate hung a board, announcing that the house was for sale, and referring the curious, or the speculating, to the attorney of the neighbouring town. The horseman sighed heavily, and muttered to himself; then turning up the road that led to the back entrance, he came into the courtyard, and leading his horse into an empty stable, he proceeded on foot through the dismantled premises, pausing with every moment, and holding a sad and ever-changing commune with himself. An old woman, a stranger to him, was the sole inmate of the house, and imagining he came to buy, or at least examine, she conducted him through the house, pointing out its advantages, and lamenting its dilapidated state. Our

traveller scarcely heard her,—but when he came to one room which he would not enter till the last (it was the little parlour in which the once happy family had been wont to sit), he sank down in the chair that had been Lester's honoured seat, and covering his face with his hands, did not move or look up for several moments. The old woman gazed at him with surprise :—"Perhaps, sir, you knew the family, they were greatly beloved."

The traveller did not answer; but when he rose he muttered to himself,—“No, the experiment is made in vain! Never, never could I live here again—it must be so—my forefathers' house *must* pass into a stranger's hands.” With this reflection he hurried from the house, and re-entering the garden, turned through a little gate that swung half-open on its shattered hinges, and led into the green and quiet sanctuaries of the dead. The same touching character of deep and undisturbed repose that hallows the country churchyard—and that more than most—yet brooded there as when, years ago, it woke his young mind to reflection then unmingled with regret.

He passed over the rude mounds of earth that covered the deceased poor, and paused at a tomb of higher though but of simple pretensions; it was not yet discoloured by the dews and seasons, and the short inscription traced upon it was strikingly legible in comparison with those around.

HOWLAND LESTER, oblit 1760, æt. 64.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

By that tomb the traveller remained in undisturbed contemplation for some time; and when he turned, all the swarthy colour had died from his cheek, his eyes were dim, and the wonted pride of a young man's step and a soldier's bearing was gone from his mien.

As he looked up, his eye caught afar, imbedded among the soft verdure of the spring, one lone and gray house, from whose chimney there rose no smoke—sad, inhospitable, dismantled as that beside which he now stood;—as if the curse which had fallen on the inmates of either mansion still clung to either roof. One hasty glance

only the traveller gave to the solitary and distant abode, —and then started and quickened his pace.

On re-entering the stables the traveller found the corporal examining his horse from head to foot with great care and scrupulosity.

"Good hoofs too, humph!" quoth the corporal, as he released the front leg; and, turning round, saw, with some little confusion, the owner of the steed he had been honouring with so minute a survey. "Oh,—augh! looking at the beastie, sir, lest it might have cast a shoe. Thought your honour might want some intelligent person to show you the premises, if so be you have come to buy; nothing but an old 'oman there; dare say your honour does not like old 'omen—augh!"

"The owner is not in these parts?" said the horseman.

"No, over seas, sir; a fine young gentleman, but hasty; and—and—but Lord bless me! sure—no, it can't be—yes, now you turn—it is—it is my young master!" So saying, the old corporal, roused into affection, hobbled up to the wanderer, and seized and kissed his hand. "Ah, sir, we shall be glad indeed to see you back after such doings. But's all forgotten now, and gone by—augh! Poor Miss Ellinor, how happy she'll be to see your honour. Ah, how she be changed, *surely!*"

"Changed; ay, I make no doubt! What! does she look in weak health?"

"No; as to that, your honour, she be winsome enough still," quoth the corporal, smacking his lips; "I seed her the week afore last, when I went over to —, for I suppose you knows as she lives there all alone like, in a small house with a green rail afore it, and a brass knocker on the door, at top of the town, with a fine view of the — hills in front? Well, sir, I seed her, and mighty handsome she looked, though a little thinner than she was; but, for all that, she be greatly changed."

"How! for the worse?"

"For the worse, indeed," answered the corporal, assuming an air of melancholy and grave significance; "she be grown religious, sir, think of that—augh—bother—whaugh!"

"Is that all?" said Walter, relieved, and with a slight smile. "And she lives alone?"

"Quite, poor young lady, as if she had made up her mind to be an old maid; though I know as how she

refused Squire Knyvett of the Grange, waiting for your honour's return, mayhap!"

"Lead out the horse, Bunting; but stay, I am sorry to see you with a crutch; what's the cause? no accident, I trust?"

"Merely rheumatics; will attack the youngest of us; never been quite myself since I went a travelling with your honour—ugh!—without going to Lunnun arter all. But I shall be stronger next year, I dare to say—"

"I hope you will, Bunting. And Miss Lester lives alone, you say?"

"Ay; and for all she be so religious, the poor about do bless her very footsteps. She does a power of good; she gave *me* half a guinea, your honour; an excellent young lady, so sensible like!"

"Thank you; I can tighten the girths!—so!—there, Bunting, there's something for old companion's sake."

"Thank your honour; you be too good, always was—baugh! But I hopes your honour be a-coming to live here now; 'twill make things smile agin!"

"No, Bunting, I fear not," said Walter, spurring through the gates of the yard; "good day."

"Augh, then," cried the corporal, hobbling breathlessly after him, "if so be as I shan't see your honour agin, at which I am extramely consarned, will your honour recollect your promise touching the 'tato ground? The steward, Master Bailey, 'od rot him, has clean forgot it—ugh!"

"The same old man, Bunting, eh? Well, make your mind easy, it shall be done."

"Lord bless your honour's good heart; thank ye; and—and"—laying his hand on the bridle—"your honour *did* say the bit cot should be rent-free. You see, your honour," quoth the corporal, drawing up with a grave smile, "I may marry some day or other, and have a large family; and the rent won't sit so easy then—ugh!"

"Let go the rein, Bunting—and consider your house rent-free."

"And, your honour—and—"

But Walter was already in a brisk trot; and the remaining petitions of the corporal died in empty air.

"A good day's work, too," muttered Jacob, hobbling homeward. "What a green un'tis still! Never be a man of the world—ugh!"

For two hours Walter did not relax the rapidity of his

pace ; and when he did so, at the descent of a steep hill, a small country town lay before him, the sun glittering on its single spire, and lighting up the long, clean, centre street, with the good old-fashioned garden stretching behind each house, and detached cottages around, peeping forth here and there from the blossoms and verdure of the young May. He rode into the yard of the principal inn, and putting up his horse, inquired, in a tone that he persuaded himself was the tone of indifference, for Miss Lester's house.

"John," said the landlady (landlord there was none), summoning a little boy of about ten years old—"run on, and show this gentleman the good lady's house: and—stay—his honour will excuse you a moment—just take up the nosegay you cut for her this morning: she loves flowers. Ah! sir, an excellent young lady is Miss Lester," continued the hostess, as the boy ran back for the nosegay; "so charitable, so kind, so meek to all.—Adversity, they say, softens some characters; but she must always have been good. And so religious, sir, though so young! Well, God bless her, and that every one must say. My boy John, sir, he is not eleven yet, come next August—a 'cute boy, calls her the good lady: we now always call her so here. Come, John, that's right. You stay to dine here, sir? Shall I put down a chicken?"

At the farther extremity of the town stood Miss Lester's dwelling. It was the house in which her father had spent his last days; and there she had continued to reside, when left by his death to a small competence, which Walter, then abroad, had persuaded her (for her pride was of the right kind) to suffer him, though but slightly, to increase. It was a detached and small building, standing a little from the road; and Walter paused for some moments at the garden gate, and gazed round him before he followed his young guide, who, tripping lightly up the gravel-walk to the door, rang the bell, and inquired if Miss Lester was within.

Walter was left for some moments alone in a little parlour: he required those moments to recover himself from the past that rushed sweepingly over him. And was it—yes, it was Ellinor that now stood before him! Changed she was, indeed; the slight girl had budded into woman; changed she was, indeed; the bound had for ever left that step, once so elastic with hope; the vivacity of the quick, dark eye was soft and quiet: the rich colour had given

place to a hue fainter, though not less lovely. But to repeat in verse what is poorly bodied forth in prose—

"And years had past, and thus they met again;
The wind had swept along the flower since then,
O'er her fair cheek a paler lustre spread,
As if the white rose triumphed o'er the red.
No more she walk'd exulting on the air;
Light though her step, there was a languor there;
No more—her spirit hursting from its bound,—
She stood, like Hebe, scattering smiles around."

"Ellinor!" said Walter, mournfully, "thank God! we meet at last."

"That voice—that face—my cousin—my dear, dear Walter!" All reserve—all consciousness fled in the delight of that moment; and Ellinor leaned her head upon his shoulder, and scarcely felt the kiss that he pressed upon her lips.

"And so long absent!" said Ellinor, reproachfully.

"But did you not tell me that the blow that had fallen on our house had stricken from you all thoughts of love—had divided us for ever? And what, Ellinor, was England or home without you?"

"Ah!" said Ellinor, recovering herself, and a deep paleness succeeding to the warm and delighted flush that had been conjured to her cheek, "do not revive the past—I have sought for years—long, solitary, desolate years, to escape from its dark recollections!"

"You speak wisely, dearest Ellinor; let us assist each other in doing so. We are alone in the world—let us unite our lot. Never, through all I have seen and felt,—in the starry nightwatch of camps—in the blaze of courts—by the sunny groves of Italy—in the deep forests of the Hartz—never have I forgotten you, my sweet and dear cousin. Your image has linked itself indissolubly with all I conceived of home and happiness, and a tranquil and peaceful future; and now I return, and see you, and find you changed, but oh, how lovely! Ah, let us not part again! A consoler, a guide, a soother, father, brother, husband,—all this my heart whispers I could be to you!"

Ellinor turned away her face, but her heart was very full. The solitary years that had passed over her since they last met rose up before her. The only living image.

* From "A Portrait" by the Author—"O Virgo, quam te memorem!"

that had mingled through those years with the dreams of the departed was his who now knelt at her feet ;—her sole friend—her sole relative—her first—her last love ! Of all the world, he was the only one with whom she could recur to the past ; on whom she might repose her bruised but still unconquered affections. And Walter knew by that blush—that sigh—that tear, that he was remembered—that he was beloved—that his cousin was his own at last !

“ But before you end,” said my friend, to whom I showed the above pages, originally concluding my tale with the last sentence, “ you must—it is a comfortable and orthodox old fashion—tell us a little about the fate of the other persons to whom you have introduced us :—the wretch Houseman !”

“ True ; in the mysterious course of mortal affairs, the greater villain had escaped, the more generous and redeemed one fallen. But though Houseman died without violence, died in his bed, as honest men die, we can scarcely believe that his life was not punishment enough. He lived in strict seclusion—the seclusion of poverty, and maintained himself by dressing flax. His life was several times attempted by the mob, for he was an object of universal execration and horror ; and even ten years afterward, when he died, his body was buried in secret at the dead of night, for the hatred of the world survived him !”

“ And the corporal, did he marry in his old age !”

“ History telleth of one Jacob Bunting, whose wife, several years younger than himself, played him certain sorry pranks with the young curate of the parish : the said Jacob, knowing nothing thereof, but furnishing great oblation unto his neighbours, by boasting that he turned an excellent penny by selling poultry to his reverence above market prices,—“ For, Bessy, my girl, I’m a man of the world—augh !”

“ Contented ! a suitable fate for the old dog.—But Peter Dealtry !”

“ Of Peter Dealtry know we nothing more, save that we have seen at Grassdale churchyard a small tombstone inscribed to his memory, with the following sacred poesy thereto appended :—

"We flourish, saith the holy text,
One hour, and are cut down the next :
I was like grass but yesterday,
But Death has mowed me into hay."*

"And his namesake, Sir Peter Grindlescrew Hales?"

"Went through a long life, honoured and respected, but met with domestic misfortunes in old age. His eldest son married a maid-servant, and his youngest daughter—"

"Eloped with the groom?"

"By no means,—with a young spendthrift;—the very picture of what Sir Peter was in his youth: they were both disinherited, and Sir Peter died in the arms of his eight remaining children, seven of whom never forgave his memory for not being the eighth, viz. chief heir."

"And his contemporary, John Courtland, the non-hypochondriac?"

"Died of sudden suffocation, as he was crossing Hounslow Heath."

"But Lord *****?"

"Lived to a great age; his last days, owing to growing infirmities, were spent out of the world; every one pitied him,—it was the happiest time of his life!"

"Dame Darkmans?"

"Was found dead in her bed, from over-fatigue, it was supposed, in making merry at the funeral of a young girl on the previous day."

"Well!—hem,—and so Walter and his cousin were really married; and did they never return to the old manor-house?"

"No; the memory that is allied only to melancholy grows sweet with years, and hallows the spot which it haunts; not so the memory allied to dread, terror, and something too of shame. Walter sold the property with some pangs of natural regret; after his marriage with Ellinor he returned abroad for some time, but finally settling in England, engaged in active life, and left to his posterity a name they still honour, and to his country the memory of some services that will not lightly pass away."

But one dread and gloomy remembrance never forsook his mind, and exercised the most powerful influence over the actions and motives of his life. In every emergency,

* Verbatim.

in every temptation, there rose to his eyes the fate of him so gifted, so noble in much, so formed for greatness in all things, blasted by one crime—self-sought, but self-denied; a crime, the offspring of bewildered reasonings—all the while speculating upon virtue. And that fate, revealing the darker secrets of our kind, in which the true science of morals is chiefly found, taught him the twofold lesson, caution for himself and charity for others. He knew henceforth that even the criminal is not all evil; the angel within us is not easily expelled; it survives sin, ay, and many sins, and leaves us sometimes in amaze and marvel at the good that lingers round the heart even of the hardest offender.

And Ellinor clung with more than revived affection to one with whose lot she was now allied. Walter was her last tie upon earth, and in him she learned, day by day, more lavishly to treasure up her heart. Adversity and trial had ennobled the character of both; and she who had so long seen in her cousin all she could love beheld now in her husband that greater and more enduring spell—all that she could venerate and admire. A certain religious fervour, in which, after the calamities of her family, she had indulged, continued with her to the last; but (softened by human ties, and the reciprocation of earthly duties and affections) it was fortunately preserved either from the undue enthusiasm or the undue austerity into which it would otherwise, in all likelihood, have merged. What remained, however, uniting her most cheerful thoughts with something serious, and the happiest moments of the present with the dim and solemn forecast of the future, elevated her nature, not depressed, and made itself visible rather in tender than in sombre hues. And it was sweet, when the thought of Madeline and her father came across her, to recur at once for consolation to that Heaven in which she believed their tears were dried, and their past sorrows but a forgotten dream! There is, indeed, a time of life when these reflections make our chief, though a melancholy, pleasure. As we grow older, and sometimes a hope, sometimes a friend, is shivered from our path, the thought of an immortality will press itself forcibly upon us! and there, by little and little, as the ant piles grain after grain, the garnerers of a future sustenance, we learn to carry our hopes, and harvest, as it were, our wishes.

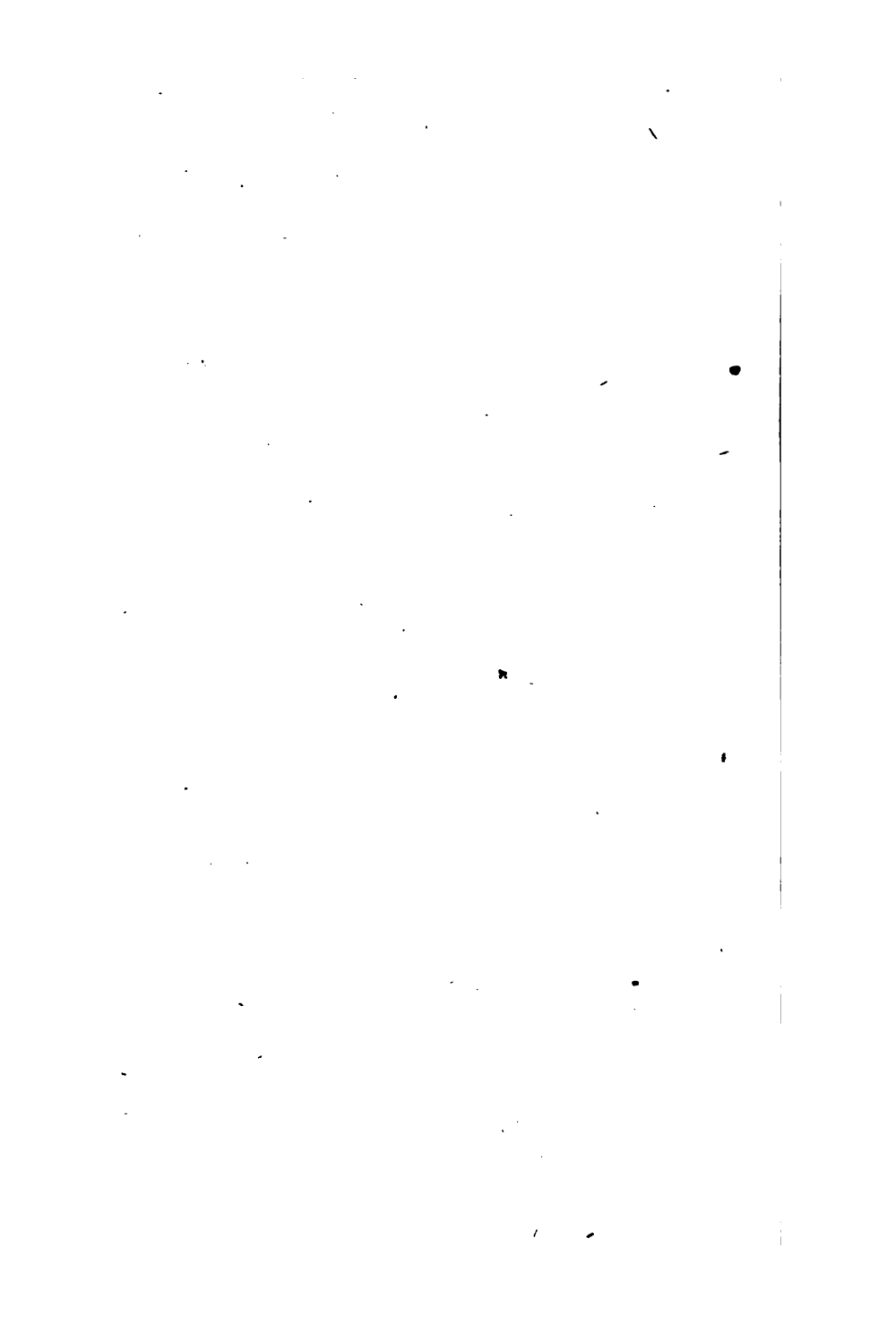
Our cousins then were happy. Happy, for they loved

one another entirely; and on those who do so love, I sometimes think that, barring physical pain and extreme poverty, the ills of life fall with but idle malice. Yes, they were happy in spite of the past, and in defiance of the future.

"I am satisfied then," said my friend;—"and your tale is fairly done!"

And now, Reader, farewell! If, sometimes as thou hast gone with me to this our parting spot, thou hast suffered thy companion to win the mastery over thine interest, to flash now on thy convictions, to touch now thy heart, to guide thy hope, to excite thy anxiety, to gain even almost to the sources of thy tears—then is there a tie between thee and me which cannot readily be broken! And when thou hearest the malice that wrongs, affect the candour which should judge, thou wilt be surprised to feel how unconsciously He who has, even in a tale, once wound himself around those feelings not daily excited, can find in thy sympathies the defence, or in thy charity the indulgence,—of a friend!

THE END.



VALUABLE WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

J. & J. HARPER, 82 CLIFF-STREET, NEW-YORK,

And for Sale by the principal Booksellers in the United States.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. In 3 vols. 18mo. Illustrated with original Maps and Woodcuts.

"The Editors of the Family Library have been most fortunate in engaging on this work the pen of a scholar, both classical and scriptural, and so elegant and powerful a writer as the Poetry Professor. Few theological works of this order have appeared either in ours or in any other language. To the Christian reader of every age and sex—and we may add of every sect—it will be a source of the purest delight, instruction, and comfort; and of the infidels who open it merely that they may not remain in ignorance of a work placed by general consent in the rank of an English classic, is there not every reason to hope that many will lay it down in a far different mood?"—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Though the subject is trite, the manner of treating it is such as to command our deepest attention. While the work has truth and simplicity enough to fascinate a child, it is written with a masterliness of the subject and an elegance of composition that will please the most refined and fastidious reader."—*E. Saturday's Post*.

"The narrative of the various and highly interesting events in that period flows on in a chaste style; and a thorough knowledge of his subject is evident in every page. The work is spirited, well arranged, and full of information, and of a wise and well cultivated spirit."—*Athenaeum*.

"Professor H. H. Milman is one of the most chaste and classical writers of the age. His Hampton Lectures contain some of the most glowing and graphic descriptions which we ever read. The History of the Jews embraced in the volumes before us, has already passed through three editions in England, and is highly and justly commended by many of the most respectable periodicals."—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

"It is written in a very interesting manner—in a more philosophical spirit, and with more depth of reflection, than is generally found in histories of this nature. It is not wanting in historical condensation, and the colouring of the style is lively and picturesque."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"The style in which it is written is remarkably lucid and elegant; attractive by its general smoothness and simplicity, yet animated and forcible. The work must be popular, and we doubt not ranked among the classics of the language."—*Baltimore Republican*.

"Mr. Milman's work is calculated to interest and instruct a greater number of readers, of all ages, than any book which has been produced for many years."—*Philadelphia Daily Chronicle*.

"This History of the Jews is the best we have ever seen."

New-England Palladium.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

To those who are desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the most esteemed authors of Greece and Rome, but possess not the means or leisure for pursuing a regular course of study, the present undertaking must prove a valuable acquisition.

To him who, as Dr. KNOX observes, although engaged in other pursuits, is still anxious to "retain a tincture of that elegance and liberality of sentiment which the mind acquires by the study of the Classics, and which contributes more to form the true gentleman than all the unsubstantial ornaments of modern affectation," such a collection will, it is confidently hoped, prove acceptable.

As the learned languages do not form part of the education of females, the only access which they have to the valuable stores of antiquity is through the medium of correct translation.

The selection is intended to include those authors whose works may with propriety be read by persons of both sexes; and it will be obvious that the nature of the publication is of so permanent a character, as to prove equally interesting to posterity as to the present generation. The whole will be presented to the public in a cheap, handsome, and uniform size, forming a complete "Family Classical Library," alike useful for the purpose of instruction and amusement. Indeed, as Dr. PARKE says, "if you desire your son, though no great scholar, to read and reflect, it is your duty to place in his hands the best translations of the best *Classical Authors*."

XENOPHON. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE ANABASIS; translated by Edward Spelman, Esq.

THE CYROPÆDIA; translated by Sir M. A. Cooper.

"Spelman's '*Anabasis*' is one of the most accurate and elegant translations that any language has produced."—*Gibbon*.

"The soldier has always admired the talents of Xenophon in conducting, and the scholar in describing, the '*Retreat of the Ten Thousand*;' and the philosopher and statesman have alike been delighted with his charming work denominated the '*Cyropædia*.'"—*Robinson's Antiquities of Greece*.

"There are various and obvious reasons which make a publication of this kind highly desirable in this country."—*The Churchman*.

"Good translations of the ancient classics have always been a great desideratum."—*N. Y. American*.

"The publication deserves the most liberal encouragement."—*N. Y. Constellation*.

"It is truly one of the most valuable works that could be presented to the public."—*Providence American*.

"Independently of their literary merit, it is in these works that the history and manners of the ancients are best studied."—*Balt. American*.

"The reputation of the present works is too well established to need commendation at this day. Blair, in his *Lectures*, briefly remarks that 'they are extremely beautiful. The circumstances are finely selected, and the narrative is easy and engaging.'"—*U. S. Gazette*.

DRAMATIC SERIES
OF
THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

The old English dramatists, the friends and contemporaries of Shakespeare, have contributed one of the most valuable portions to the poetic literature of our country. But, abounding as they do in wit and fancy, in force and copiousness of expression, in truth and variety of character, in rapid change of incidents, in striking and interesting situations, and, above all, in justice and elevation of sentiment,—their works are totally unknown to the generality of readers, and are only found in the hands of an adventurous few who have deviated from the beaten paths of study to explore for themselves less familiar and exhausted tracts of literary amusement. The neglect of these authors, in an age so favourable to works of imagination as the present, can only be ascribed to that occasional coarseness of language which intermixes with and pollutes the beauty of their most exquisite scenes. . . . Under these circumstances, the editors of the Family Library have determined on publishing a selection from the plays of Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Webster, Middleton, and others, omitting all such scenes and passages as are inconsistent with the delicacy and refinement of modern taste and manners. Whenever it is possible, the play will be printed entire.

**THE PLAYS OF PHILIP MASSINGER. In 3 vols.
18mo. With a Portrait.**

THE PLAYS OF JOHN FORD. In 2 vols. 18mo.

"There can be little doubt that the works of those dramatists who flourished in the time of Shakespeare will be eagerly purchased, as they are very much wanted in this country. Although containing the essence of poetry, few on this side of the Atlantic are acquainted with their merits. It is singular that they have not been reprinted here before. A little of the solid thought and laboured composition of those days might be advantageously substituted for much of the frippery now cut down into tedious metre, and eked out with forced and hackneyed rhyme."—*N. Y. Mirror*.
—"The plays of Massinger abound in strongly drawn characters, vivid imagery, classical language, and interesting situations."—*N. Y. Standard*.

"Massinger stands in the highest rank as a dramatic writer, and perhaps approaches his great contemporary, Shakespeare, nearer than any other."—*The Albion*.

"Massinger is held to be a writer of remarkable vigour of thought; his language is nervous, and frequently highly musical."—*N. Y. American*.

"Ford's writings are replete with beauties of sentiment and elegance of language."—*New York Evening Post*.

"There is a peculiar felicity in Ford's manner."—*Baltimore American*.

See also *Charleston Mercury and Gazette*—*New York Constellation*—*Evening Post*—*Daily Advertiser*—*Gazette*—*Courier & Enquirer*—*Evening Journal*—*Commercial Advertiser*—*Mercantile Advertiser*—*Atlas*—*Albany Evening Journal*—*Boston Statesman*—*Boston Courier*, &c. &c.

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.

This collection will embrace no works but such as have received the impress of general approbation, or have been written by authors of established character; and the publishers hope to receive such encouragement from the public patronage as will enable them, in the course of time, to produce a series of works of uniform appearance, and including most of the really valuable novels and romances that have been or shall be issued from the modern English and American press. The store from which they are at liberty to choose is already sufficiently great to ensure them against any want of good material; and it is their intention to make such arrangements as shall warrant the public confidence in the judgment with which the selection will be made. The price, too, will be so moderate as to make the work accessible to almost any income; and the style in which it is to be performed will render it a neat and convenient addition to every library. Several volumes are already published.—See Catalogue.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD OF CYRIL THORNTON. A Novel. In 3 vols. 12mo.

"It abounds in talent, in high and original conception, and vigorous carrying out of characters; and is brought home to all, and made, as it were, a part of real life, by its connexion with, and dependence upon, scenes that have actually passed in our own time, and, as it were, before our own eyes. It, like the novels of Scott, is of a class that will bear to be read and read again."—*New-York American*.

"Cyril Thornton is one of the best works of fiction which the present century has produced."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"This is a good beginning. Cyril Thornton is a most unexceptionable work. Its great popularity in England and in this country is well earned. Its style, tone, and purpose are equally faultless. It is a history of human nature, revealing shoals and quicksands which lie in the way of all the mariners who make the voyage of life. It ranks fairly with that class of books which are calculated to render those who use them better, happier, wiser."—*Albany Evening Journal*.

"A work that has acquired for its author, the reputation of a refined and powerful writer."—*Boston Courier*.

"The tribunal of European critics has already awarded to the author a high seat in the synagogue of letters; and we doubt not that his fame is destined to become extensive and perpetual."—*Evening Journal*.

"It is a novel of the first order; and those who have never read it had better procure it forthwith."—*B. M. Mirror*.

"Colonel Hamilton's powers of description are of no inferior order."—*Standard*.

"Very popular and interesting volumes."—*Boston Statesman*.

"A work of reputation among its class, and ranking, indeed, with the most respectable among the good novels of the day."—*Charleston Gazette*.

"A valuable work."—*Albany Daily Advertiser*.

"Of the merits of this work, which is already well known to the public, it would be superfluous to speak."—*Courier & Enquirer*.

"It ranks among the best of modern novels."—*Mercantile Advertiser*.

ENGLISH SYNONYMES; with copious Illustrations and Explanations drawn from the best Writers. By GEORGE CRABB, M.A. A new Edition, 8vo.

This valuable work is now used in several Colleges in the United States.

"The importance of a knowledge of synonyms is very great—indeed, indispensable to an accurate scholar; yet the study is much neglected, as the loose style of many of our best writers but too amply attests."—*New-York Daily Advertiser*.

"It deserves a place in every library, and on the table of every student who desires a correct knowledge of the English language."—*New-York Journal of Commerce*.

"This has now become a standard work, and ought to find a place in the library of every gentleman who aspires to elegance or precision of style."—*New-York Morning Herald*.

THE BOOK OF NATURE; being a popular Illustration of the general Laws and Phenomena of Creation, &c. By JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S. 8vo. Sixth Edition. To which is prefixed the Life of the Author.

"From a man of Dr. Good's acknowledged talents and learning, it is natural to expect something uncommon. Such expectations will be fully realized in his 'Book of Nature.' We have read the work with much interest and instruction. The author possessed, in an eminent degree, the happy talent of tracing his subjects from their elementary principles to their sublime results, and of interspersing his lectures with pertinent and interesting anecdotes. No person who thirsts for knowledge can read his 'Book of Nature' without having his mind enriched in the principles of natural philosophy far beyond he would have thought possible by a book of its size. It is a safe book for any person to read. There is no skepticism in it."—*New-England Christian Herald*.

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON; with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

"We do not know where the letters are to be found in any language which better repay a perusal. Perhaps, as mere models of the epistolary style, they are not so exquisite as some that might be cited. Even of this, however, we are far from being sure. If they do not equal, for instance, in grace and elegance those of Gray or Lady Mary,—if they are not specimens of that inimitable, ineffable *bavardage* which makes those of Madame de Sévigné so entirely unique,—they fully rival the best of them in spirit, piquancy, and, we venture to add, wit; while, like the epistles of Cicero, they not unfrequently rise from the most familiar colloquial ease and freedom into far loftier regions of thought and eloquence. We were particularly struck with this peculiarity. We scarcely read one of them without being surprised into a smile—occasionally into a broad laugh—by some felicitous waggery, some sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, while there is many a passage in which the least critical reader will not fail to recognise the hand that drew Childe Harold."—*South Review*.

STANDARD HISTORIES.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE; from the Rise of the Modern Kingdoms to the present period. By **WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D.** and **WILLIAM JONES, Esq.** With Annotations by an American. In 3 vols. 8vo. With plates. Fine edition.

THE HISTORICAL WORKS of the Rev. **WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.**; comprising his **HISTORY OF AMERICA; CHARLES V.; SCOTLAND;** and **INDIA.** In 3 vols. 8vo. With plates. Fine edition.

GIBBON'S HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. In 4 vols. 8vo. With plates. Fine edition.

§7 Harper's editions of the above works are stereotyped, and printed uniformly. Great pains have been taken to render them perfect in every respect. They are decidedly the best editions ever published in this country.

MEDICAL WORKS.

HOOPER'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY. From the last London Edition. With Additions, by **SAMUEL AKERLY, M.D.** 8vo.

COOPER'S SURGICAL DICTIONARY. New edition, greatly enlarged. 8vo.

GOOD'S (Dr. J. MASON) STUDY OF MEDICINE. In 5 vols. 8vo. A new edition. With Additions, by **SAMUEL COOPER, M.D.**

"Dr. Good's extensive reading and retentive memory enable him to enliven the most common elementary details by interweaving curious, uncommon, or illustrative examples in almost every page. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the work, beyond all comparison, the best of the kind in the English language."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review.*

STANDARD WORKS.

GIBSON'S SURVEYING. Improved and enlarged.
By JAMES RYAN. 8vo. With the necessary plates.

DAVIES'S SURVEYING. 8vo. A new work.

SURVEYORS' TABLES. 12mo. Carefully revised.

BROWN'S DICTIONARY OF THE HOLY BIBLE.
From the last genuine Edinburgh edition. 8vo.

BROWN'S (J.) CONCORDANCE. 32mo.

SERMONS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS. By
Rev. SAMUEL DAVIES, A.M. In 3 vols. 8vo.

THE WORKS OF REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.
With his Life. 8vo. With a portrait.

LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN. By JAMES EMER-
SON, Esq. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE LITERARY REMAINS of the late HENRY
NEELE, Author of the "Romance of History." 8vo.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES. By WALTER SCOTT.

**PRESENT STATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN ALL
PARTS OF THE WORLD.** By FREDERIC SCHO-
BERL. 12mo.

THE CONDITION OF GREECE in 1827 and 1828.
By J. P. MILLER. 12mo.

**LIFE AND REMAINS OF DR. EDWARD DAN-
IEL CLARKE.** 8vo.

VAN HALEN'S NARRATIVE of his Imprisonment
in the Dungeons of the Inquisition, his Escape, his
Journey to Madrid, &c. &c. 8vo.

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE
IN 1830. 12mo.

SMART'S HORACE. 2 vols. 18mo.

ROXOBEL. A Novel. In 3 vols. 18mo. By Mrs. Sherwood.

"It is in Mrs. Sherwood's happiest manner, and will rivet the attention of readers of unvitiated taste of every age. We recommend it as an excellent and instructive book."—*New-York American*.

"The author has acquired much celebrity for her works of fancy, in which she is always careful to mingle the useful with the agreeable, and to render the whole highly attractive to the reader."—*New-York Evening Journal*.

"Mrs. Sherwood is well known as an agreeable writer of fiction. But this is not the extent of her character as an author; she has an object beyond the mere amusement of her readers—to wit, the improvement of the mind, by blending moral and religious instruction with interesting narrative."—*New-York Constellation*.

"Mrs. Sherwood's reputation as an author is such that her name is a sufficient recommendation in the line of composition to which she has so successfully and usefully devoted her time and talents."—*Atlas*.

SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a Detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting Events in his Life, from the year 1733 to 1749, as written in his own Diary. Edited by Miss JANE PORTER. In 3 vols. 12mo.

"There is no finer picture in historical records or in poetry, of conjugal affection strong in danger and in death, and uniformly tender and pious, than that of this affectionate couple, as it is preserved in these plain and old-fashioned, but graphic memoirs; which, for a time, at least, will eclipse all the "*Voyages Imaginaires*," not excepting even the admirable fiction of Defoe."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

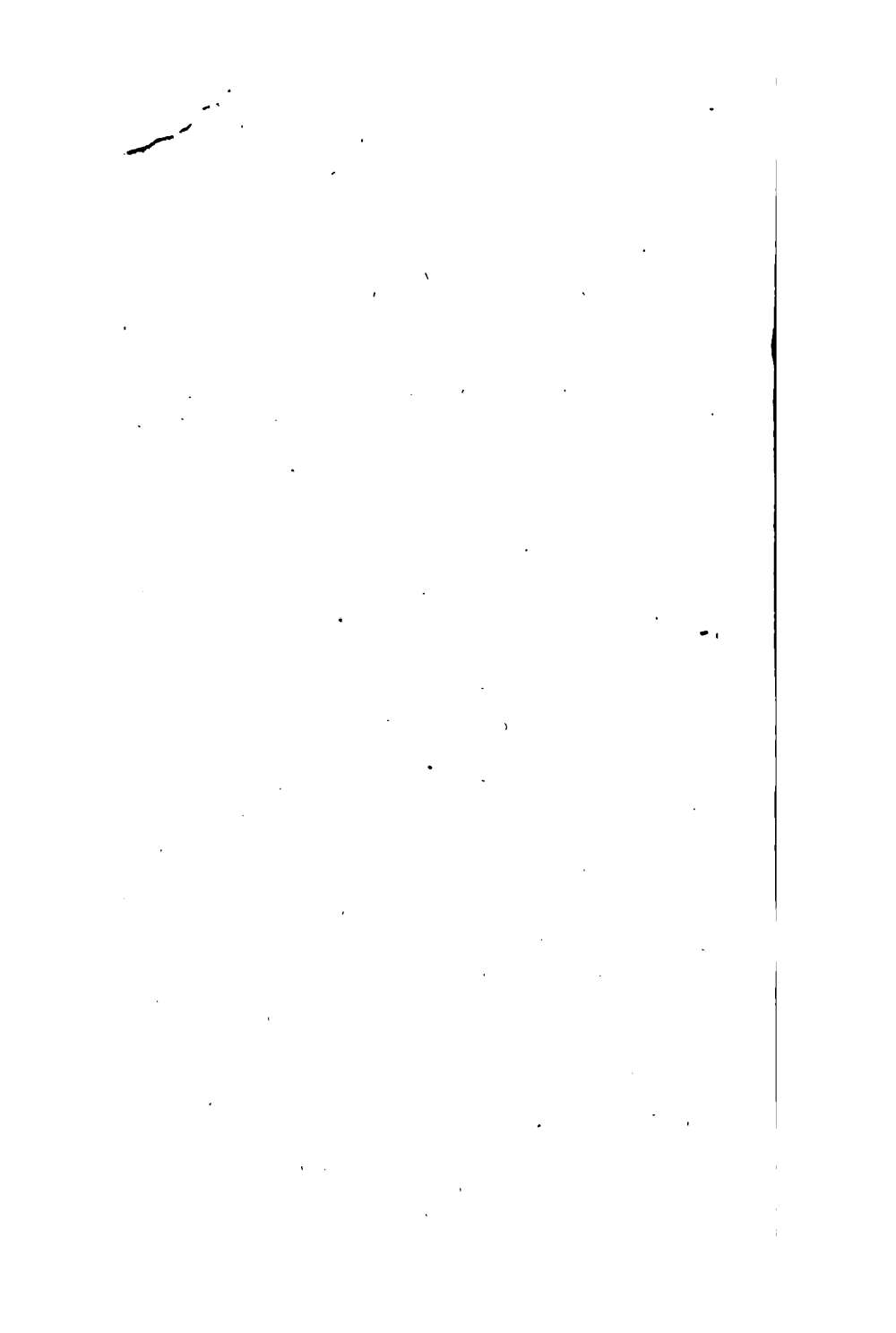
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By THOMAS MOORE. In 2 vols. 12mo. With a Portrait.

"Mr. Moore has acquitted himself creditably in the performance of this work."—*Boston Statesman*.

"These volumes are from the pen of the poet Thomas Moore, and picture the eventful life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in such a manner that all who have a sympathy for oppressed Erin will feel a strong desire to gain a knowledge of these details."—*American Traveller*.

EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, derived from the literal Fulfilment of Prophecy; particularly as illustrated by the History of the Jews, and by the Discoveries of recent Travellers. By the Rev. ALEXANDER KEITH. From the sixth Edinburgh edition. 12mo.





10

11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
840
841
842
843
844
845
846
847
848
849
850
851
852
853
854
855
856
857
858
859
860
861
862
863
864
865
866
867
868
869
870
871
872
873
874
875
876
877
878
879
880
881
882
883
884
885
886
887
888
889
890
891
892
893
894
895
896
897
898
899
900
901
902
903
904
905
906
907
908
909
910
911
912
913
914
915
916
917
918
919
920
921
922
923
924
925
926
927
928
929
930
931
932
933
934
935
936
937
938
939
940
941
942
943
944
945
946
947
948
949
950
951
952
953
954
955
956
957
958
959
960
961
962
963
964
965
966
967
968
969
970
971
972
973
974
975
976
977
978
979
980
981
982
983
984
985
986
987
988
989
990
991
992
993
994
995
996
997
998
999
1000

